April 5, 1952

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Caesar and Cleopatra and **Antony and Cleopatra**—Final performances of Laurence Olivier's and Vivien Leigh's engagement in the Shaw play and the Shakespeare tragedy. All very eminent. "Caesar and Cleopatra": Thursday and Friday evenings, April 3-4; Tuesday evening, April 8; Wednesday matinée, April 9; and Friday evening, April 11. "Antony and Cleopatra": Saturday matinée and evening, April 5; Monday evening, April 7; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 9-10; and Saturday matinée and evening, April 12. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

The Constant Wife—Katharine Cornell gives her customary demonstration of technique in this revival of Somerset Maugham's comedy about a lady who is clearly too good for her husband, or, indeed, for anybody else. Brian Aherne and Grace George are also in the company. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 5.)

Don Juan in Hell—Shaw's reflections on practically everything, delivered with verve and skill by Charles Boyer, Agnes Moorehead, Cedric Hardwicke, and Charles Laughton. An impressive change from the usual lecture-hall "reading." (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Saturday, May 24.)

Flight Into Egypt—There are a great many good things about George Tabori's play having to do with three people who are trying to escape to the United States, but it is not nearly as stimulating as it should be. Paul Lukas and Gusti Huber, however, give excellent performances as the unhappy refugees, and Elia Kazan's direction is sharp and intelligent. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are the whole cast of this sometimes charming and sometimes monotonous play about a marriage that goes on for thirty-five years. The Playwrights' Company produced it, and José Ferrer is responsible for the direction. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gigi—Anita Loos's version of a novel by Colette has to do with a young Parisienne who grows up in rather unusual surroundings, and it is one of the treats of the season. Audrey Hepburn, who plays the title role, is most competently assisted by Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown, and Gilbert Miller has given the play one of his characteristically handsome productions. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Golden Boy—Despite a number of faults, Clifford Odets' 1937 play about a violinist who took up prizefighting against practically everybody's better judgment is still a fine example of playwriting. John Garfield and Lee J. Cobb are largely responsible for the success of the current revival. The third in a series of productions offered this season by ANTA. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. JU 2-2660. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Grass Harp—Truman Capote has tried to say a lot of extremely difficult things about the people who really own the world, and he has succeeded at least half the time. The costumes and sets were designed by Cecil Beaton, the score was written by Virgil Thomson, and the cast includes Mildred Natwick, Russell Collins, Georgia Burke, Sterling Holloway, and Alice Pearce. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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I Am a Camera—This adaptation by John van Druten of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories" is diverting but not very substantial. As an English streetwalker, though, Julie Harris is a complete delight. William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews help out. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Jane—A slightly wearing visit with some rich folk who speak elegant lines tailored by S. N. Behrman. The play is based on a Somerset Maugham short story, and Edna Best and Basil Rathbone are in the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mrs. McThing—Mary Chase's arch comedy about modern witchcraft, directed by Joseph Buloff, is considerably bolstered by the superior talents of Helen Hayes and the youthful Brandon de Wilde. The cast also includes Jules Munshin, Enid Markey, and Lydia Reed. The second in a series of subscription productions offered this season by ANTA. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

One Bright Day—The playwright had some idea about a company that was turning out adulterated drugs in a Boston suburb; and Howard Lindsay, Glenn Anders, and Walter Matthau are playing important parts in it. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Paris '90—In this one-woman show, Cornelia Otis Skinner impersonates an extraordinary variety of ladies who happened to be hanging around the French capital in the picturesque days of Dreyfus and Lautrec. Miss Skinner's acting is always intelligent, Kay Swift has written an admirable score, and Donald Oenslager's settings are properly stylized, but the whole performance may be a bit too special. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Point of No Return—Paul Osborn has done an excellent adaptation of John P. Marquand's novel about a man who discovers that success isn't really so much, and Leland Hayward has given it a more than satisfactory production. Henry Fonda is magnificent in the leading role and gets fine support from a company that includes John Cromwell, Leora Dana, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Shrike—José Ferrer stars in, directs, and is one of the producers of this absorbing play about a wife who almost drives her husband to suicide. Judith Evelyn is prominent in the action, which takes place in the emergency ward of a city hospital. With Philip Huston, Will Kuluva, Isabel Bonner, and Kendall Clark. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Venus Observed—Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer are very winning in Christopher Fry's comedy, but the plot and the text may be a little too complicated and ornate for non-literary audiences. With John Williams, John Merivale, Hurd Hatfield, and Claudia Morgan. Produced by the Theatre Guild and directed by Laurence Olivier. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35. Through Saturday, May 31.)

Long Runs—The Moon Is Blue: A comedy in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Barbara Bel Geddes figure as an architect, a roué, and a virgin, respectively. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **Stalag 17:** A melodrama set in a German prison camp. With John Ericson, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Paint Your Wagon—The plot, something about the Gold Rush in California, doesn't amount to much, but the songs and dances are very pleasant, and James Barton, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, and Mary Burr do a lot to liven things up. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe provided the music, and Agnes de Mille was in charge of the choreography. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pal Joey—This revival of the O'Hara-Rodgers-Hart saga of a heel has been given a dazzling production and should enchant practically everybody. Vivienne Segal again heads the cast, which now contains Harold Lang in the title role, and Helen Gallagher, Lionel Stander, and Elaine Stritch in approximately that order of importance. Robert Alton's choreography is stunning. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Three Wishes for Jamie—If you have more than the usual quota of pixie in your makeup, you may easily enjoy this Irish legend, but otherwise caution is recommended. John Raitt and Anne Jeffreys are appetizing in the principal roles, and Ralph Blane's music and lyrics are

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

far better than the usual run of such works. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Top Banana—Phil Silvers is miraculously funny in this comedy concerning an ex-burlesque performer now starring in television. Among his assistants are Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. Hy Kraft wrote the book. Johnny Mercer did the music and lyrics, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—call me madam: Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** All those Damon Runyon characters. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** The effect a strong-willed English teacher (Gertrude Lawrence) has upon a royal Siamese (Yul Brynner) and his court. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Well, this French planter meets this Navy nurse—oh, you know. George Britton is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Brass Ring—Sidney Blackmer, Carol Goodner, and Douglas Watson in a play by Irving Elman. Directed by Stanley Gould, and produced by Donald Wolin, in association with Donald Flamm. Opens Thursday, April 10. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, April 3: "Assembly Ball," "The Haunted Ballroom," and "The Prospect Before Us." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 4: "Pastorale," "The Haunted Ballroom," "Khadra," and "Assembly Ball." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 5: "The Nutcracker," "Beauty and the Beast," "Khadra," and "Pineapple Poll." . . . ¶ Saturday evening and Sunday matinée, April 5-6: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 6: "Les Rendezvous," "Harlequin in April," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Pineapple Poll." (Warner, Broadway at 47th St. CI 7-5900. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Now tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Opening performance Friday, April 4, at 8:30, for the benefit of the New York Heart Association; for tickets, call MU 8-1400. Thereafter, performances daily at 2:15 and 8:30, through Sunday, May 11. The doors open at 1 and 7, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement.)

Vaudeville—Betty Hutton, Herb Shriner, and others. Starting Saturday, April 12. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Performances daily at 2:40 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except Sundays, in the sedate Tri-

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anon Room, the dance orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes at dinner and supper. William Adler turns his violin loose in the adjoining rotunda at cocktail time.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music by Michael Kent's quartet in the Palm Court at cocktail time and in the Madison Room during dinner every day but Sunday. No dancing in either place.

Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's musicians, who once tootled gently in the Ritz's Oval Room at the dinner hour, tootle no more brashly in the restaurant here now. No dancing, and no music Sundays.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A skillful restoration of one of the halls of Montezuma. The curator is Ted Straeter, whose dance orchestra constructs a rapturous but vigorous background for his piano from nine on. A rumba band starts making agreeable noises at eight. . . . ¶ In the opulent Plush Room, a European brand of piano music by George Feyer after eight. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The brass rings for this perpetual merry-go-round are, of course, platinum-plated. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Rookies are up to their old (sometimes very old) knockabout tricks in the Terrace Room's ice show, but the lady skaters never looked lovelier. The Adrian Rollini Trio puts in a perky appearance between shows, and there's dancing, too. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, there's Yma Sumac, leaping dizzily from octave to octave like a mountain chamois, and the dances of Mario and Floria. Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's orchestras play for the guests' exercises. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet performs for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre, where Rino Sentieri sings an international repertoire in a fresh young voice.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Evelyn Knight, a prize alumna of the charm school, sings at dinner and supper, and the team of Hoctor and Byrd dance. The scene is the Persian Room, where the bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte also hold forth. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is thoroughly devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dinner and supper dance music in the Grill by Freddy Martin's band, which is large and not given to sudden lurches. Closed Sundays.



St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a firm but gracious stickler for the grand manner, pulsates all evening to the dance music of Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's bands. At dinner, Yvette sings, sometimes tearfully, sometimes cheerfully; at supper, Russell Nype, on parole from Miss Merman's mythical kingdom, paces the floor as he unloads his tenor specialties. On Thursday, April 10, Fernanda Montel, a Parisian *grande dame* with vocal inclinations, will take over at both dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Beneath the entertainingly sardonic deers' heads in the Carnaval Room, Emil Coleman's band prattles away, and James Symington, an engaging young man about town who's having a go at show business, chips in some ballads. Closed Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Blue Barron's orchestra for dancing during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. On Monday, April 7, the baton will be handed over to Woody Herman. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Oh, it keeps the kiddies out of the double-feature movie houses. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The cheering patter of tiny feet is again audible in this ancient château. They belong to, among others, Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, Beverlee Dennis, Chuck Brunner, and Betty Lorraine, who all dance, talk, or sing a wide-awake musical-comedy setting for Carmen Torres' vivid Spanish arias. Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra make dance music.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Empire Room, there's Kyle MacDonnell, a canary with a persuasive trill, and the dances of Peggy Ryan and Ray McDonald. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's bands are on deck all evening. Sundays, Mr. Borr's group plays until twelve by itself. . . . ¶ The Peacock Lounge has Michael Zarin's dance music from seven until one. Closed Sundays.

Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an intimate inglenook the size of the Yale Bowl, is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Le Coq Rouge, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the oldest of all the family retainers, starts his enthusiastic dance music at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **Toni's Caprice,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A well-dressed and salubrious hideaway, where Louis Hawkins, a host in the very best Southern tradition, keeps the local piano in a fine state of resonance. He larks about from six to nine, and again from eleven to dawn. At nine, Herman Arminski starts unrolling some good, solid concert piano. Jo Hurt looks in after the theatre on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays to toss a prankish hairdo and some skylarking songs around. Closed Sundays. . . . **Barberry Room,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): From ten to one, except Sundays, Ralph Strain fills the starlit glade with his rich, romantic piano études. . . . **Little Club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle the whole week long. Above it all, you can hear, if you're determined, Cy Walter's brilliant nocturnes every evening but Sunday. . . . **Beau Brummel,** 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): A new venture by Daniel, the East Side caterer and restaurateur—cocktails, dinner, and supper to the piano of Lynn Mullinax, whose touch is quiet but happy, in a bright, good-natured stage set. Closed Sundays. . . . **Armando's,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An almost prehistoric play pen, affording piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for the North Shore group. Closed Sundays. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Some newcomers have just been added to the mixture, but it's still

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basically Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays.... CELESTE, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney's portfolio of piano music is, like his execution of it, knowledgeable and nostalgic. He plays from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays.... LA ZAMBRA, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Conversation, song, dance, and guitar, all provided by Vicente Gomez, a fairly smart jack of all these trades, during dinner and supper. Closed Mondays.... DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey turns out well-bred piano in this plush parlor at dinner and after the theatre. Sundays, the instrument is in the hands of Harold Cooke.... NINO, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): A boisterous example of 1960 décor, amid which Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield does the same during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... HABIBI, 227 W. 46th St. (JU 6-1978): This showcase for Israeli culture again affords the neatly sung folk music of Hillel and Aviva. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jimmy Durante (a law unto himself) talks, sings, romps, and whatnots all over the place until all hours.... LA VIE EN ROSE, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Dorothy Dandridge, a spectacular objet d'art encased largelv in fringe, sinuously sings some songs that stand out like naughty deeds in a good world, and Robert Clary comes up with a wonderfully comic notion—a Frenchman parodying American and French chanteuses. Dancing to Phil Moore's and Van Smith's trios.... CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): At least through Wednesday, April 9, Nancy Andrews, in a voice heard round the world, sings ballads tending to prove that the wages of sin is success. Kansas Fields, on drums, is the big noise in Claude Hopkins' band.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The first American showing of an esteemed Parisian novelty—Les Frères Jacques, who slyly act out the songs they sing. Queenie Leonard, a bumptious London music-hall comic, and Anita Ellis, a Hollywood oriole, are also around. Behind them, the piano of Stuart Ross and the blithe sounds of the Ellis Larkin Trio. ...¶In the lounge, Bart Howard operates his thoughtful piano at dinner, except Tuesdays. After two in the morning, except Saturdays, Portia Nelson sings with joy and passion about joy and passion, and Billy Roy plays festive piano.... LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Mickey Deems, one of the merriest grigs ever to romp this campus, departs Saturday, April 5. On Monday, April 7, the Three Riffs, singers of homemade silly symphonies, replace him. Julius Monk's roster of divertissement also includes Patricia Bright, a fork-tongued satirist, and Ellen Hanley, a willowy child with an extra-special voice. The eminent Norman Paris Trio is on the bandstand. Closed Sundays.... VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The most educational item is Albert Dekker, on loan from the stage, doing dramatic recitations. Oscar Brand and Phil Raiguel, on loan from the airwaves, get right down to earth with some rather rowdy folk songs, done to their own mountain music, but Gloria Warner, who's a soprano, doesn't seem to get much of anywhere. Between shows, the solid dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays.... ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Except Sundays, Louise Howard, who runs to caricature, swings a shining snickersnee on a few all too familiar types. Except Mondays, Mitchell Gregg sings robust tenor. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off their piano duets, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; amateur nights Mondays.... BYLINE ROOM, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, sort of an institution for nostalgists, offers her special pleading in behalf of love. Sam Hamilton accompanies her and

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plays solo piano the rest of the time. The scene is the small loft over the tumultuous Show Spot bar, where Sylvia Syms, a big girl with a big blue voice, booms away every night but Monday.... BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Well, there's Mae Barnes, singer of songs that sound like the night the dam went out; Kirkwood and Goodman, reading their famous riot act; and the Three Riffs (whose last night is Sunday, April 6), unwinding their frisky numbers. The romantic ditties of Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate get a contrasting background of double-jointed jive from the Three Flames, headed by the catalytic Tiger Haines. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this storied wind tunnel, the variations on themes by Tin Pan Alley are usually intricate and always raucous. Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, and sometimes Mr. Condon do the work. Ralph Sutton, boy wonder, is back at the interlude piano. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays.... NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon's band is doing a rough-and-ready job of rafter-ringing. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's band, which contains Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Dick Wellstood, and Tommy Benford, goes blampety-blamp until all hours. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, is part of the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays.... LE DOWNBEAT, 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9265): Slim Gaillard, whose dialogue is Basic Bop, accompanies his prose poems with a variety of instruments, some played by himself, some played by the up-and-coming Billy Taylor's trio. Oscar Pettiford, J. J. Johnson, Terry Gibbs, and Max Roach also perform, in various combinations and permutations. Jam sessions, too, on Mondays, when this mob is off duty.... CHILDS PARAMOUNT, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Piping-hot music, purveyed by Max Kaminsky and other right-minded men, such as Charlie Queener on piano and Ray Diehl on trombone, is served in the grill Tuesdays through Thursdays until twelve-thirty, Fridays until one-thirty, and Saturdays until two-thirty. Sundays, from 3 to 6 P.M., Mr. Kaminsky and guests make Dixieland jam. Dancing.... THE ALBERT, 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): The jazz piano here is Scotch, of a by no means too smoky brand. It's provided by young Hamish Menzies, who now and then gives tongue to a song. He's around after nine-thirty, except Mondays. The atmosphere, by the way, is faintly cow town.... STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): There's a razzle-dazzle here every weekend. Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, the principals should be Billy Butterfield, Wild Bill Davison, Jimmy McPartland, Oran Page, Georg Brunis, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, Lou McGarity, Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, and Ray McKinley.... CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A triple-decker stand (Friday and Saturday evenings, April 4-5, and Sunday, April 6, at 3) by, it is reliably reported, Red Allen, Big Chief Russell Moore, Buster Bailey, Willie the Lion Smith, Sol Yaged, and Art Trappier. Dancing.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURES—Some excellent examples, in a group drawn largely from the collection of Paul Guillaume; through May 15. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

AFRO—Abstractions, sombre in color and curiously Gothic in their suggestion; through April 12. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER ALPERT—First one-man showing by an artist with a feeling for landscape painting that is occasionally obscured by uncertainties of style; through April 12. (Argent, 42 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

CHESSMEN—A large, varied, and highly interesting collection, ranging from around 2,000 B.C. to the present, and containing some exquisitely handsome examples; through May 15. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.)

CHINESE ART—Ceremonial vessels, figurines, and other objects of art, from the Late Eastern Chou period (650-220 B.C.); through May 7. (China House, 125 E. 65th St.)

MARINA NUÑEZ DEL PRADO—Sculptures, perhaps a trifle too swirlingly patterned, but quite attractive. Most of the subjects are Bolivian Indian types; through April 12. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

DUCHAMP FRÈRES ET SOEUR—Oils by Jacques Villon (Gaston Duchamp), sculptures by R. Duchamp-Villon (Raymond Duchamp), and paintings by Marcel and Suzanne Duchamp; through April 5. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30.)

FANTASY, REALITY, IMPRESSIONISM—A handsome group of paintings, from the fifteenth-century Flemish to the nineteenth-century French, mainly stressing the changes in approach through the centuries; through May 31. (Nicholson, 69 E. 57th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER—A small but very thoroughgoing retrospective, tracing his development from 1909 to the present; through April 12. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

JAMES FOSBURGH—Paintings, including some portraits, rather Murilloesque in style, by a newcomer of considerable ability; through April 19. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—A new set of handsome large woodcuts and drawings, many of them delicately Japanese in influence; through April 15. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the BROWN, 2 W. 46th St.: A showing by seven members of the New York Chapter of Artists Equity, including sculpture by Helaine Blum, and paintings by Grace Greenwood; through April 10. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.... GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A loan exhibition of seventeen portraits, the work of Robert Brackman, John Koch, and Eugene Speicher, among others, for the benefit of the New York Heart Association; through April 22. ...¶Water colors, from the American Watercolor Society, by Andrew Wyeth, Ogden Pleissner, Gordon Grant, and others; through April 5.... MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: New Paintings by such contemporary American artists as Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, and Iver Rose; through April 4.

HUGH S. GUMPEL—Crisp, attractive water colors of Paris, Florida, and other picturesque areas; through April 7. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.)

AUGUST MACKE—First exhibition of any size in this country of paintings by a contemporary of Klee, Kandinsky, and the early German modernists; through April 17. (Fine Arts Associates, 51 E. 57th St.)

MODERN FRENCH—A well-assorted survey of

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BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

works by Braque, Rouault, Picasso, and other modern masters; through April 5. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The hundred-and-twenty-seventh annual of oils, sculpture, and black-and-whites, rather stodgily conservative, as usual, but with—also as usual—a fair scattering of lively works in it; through April 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Elizabeth Olds—Paintings of life in the Indian hill villages of Mexico, done with great sensitivity and charm; through April 12. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Herbert Ryman—Clowns and other phenomena of the circus, done with great spirit and spontaneity; through April 10. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.)

Twentieth-Century British—Oils and water colors by a variety of artists, ranging from Augustus John and Walter Sickert to Graham Sutherland, Paul Nash, and Henry Moore; through April 18. (American British Art Gallery, 122 E. 55th St.)

Vaclav Vytlacil—Rocky Mountain scenes in oil and gouache, painted during 1951 and 1952; through April 12. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Ben Wilson—Paintings, semi-abstract in style, and representing a curious but occasionally quite effective mixture of the grotesque and the sombre; through April 12. (Salpeter, 42 W. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **associated American artists,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Fletcher Martin; through April 19. . . . **contemporary arts,** 106 E. 57th St.: Harold Baumbach; through April 16. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11. . . . **kleemann,** 65 E. 57th St.: David Smith; through April 26. . . . **kootz,** 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Robert Motherwell; through April 19. . . . **rehn,** 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones; through April 19. . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: Georges Rouault; through May 3. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **downtown,** 32 E. 51st St.; through April 19. **janis,** 15 E. 57th St.; through April 26.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Ceramics, textiles, and other work of Japanese craftsmen; through April 6. . . . ¶ The Sixth National Print Annual Exhibition; through May 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Oil paintings, miniatures, and silhouettes of Jewish men and women, done by American artists during the eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries; through July 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan showing of about a hundred and twenty-five oils, water colors, and drawings by Paul Cézanne; starting April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.) . . . ¶ Approximately a hundred lithographs, wood engravings, etchings, and drawings, by Cézanne's contemporaries; starting April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Drawings, and models made from them, of the inventions of Leonardo da Vinci; starting April 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An extremely worth-while exhibition of drawings, lithographs, and other graphics by Odilon Redon and Picasso, the former one of the major influences on the Paris Surrealists; through April 20. . . . ¶ Works by fifteen contemporary Americans, among them Pollock, Baziotes, and Ferber; starting April 10. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A group show by Europeans and Americans; through April 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings by the Pyramid Group, with Gretna Campbell and Paul England among the exhibitors; through April 25. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The big annual exhibition of contemporary sculptures, water colors, and drawings, in an unusually animated collection; through May 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 3, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Mario Del Monaco, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 7:15: "Parsifal," with Astrid Varnay, Set Svanholm, Hans Hotter, and Dezso Ernster. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 2: "Don Carlo," with Delia Rigal, Fedora Barbieri, Richard Tucker, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Victoria de los Angeles, Mario Del Monaco, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, April 7, at 8: "Manon," with Victoria de los Angeles, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Frank Valentino, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 8: "Don Carlo," with Eleanor Steber, Regina Resnik, Jussi Bjoerling, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Hilde Gueden, Mildred Miller, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 1: "Parsifal," with Astrid Varnay, Set Svanholm, Paul Schoeffler, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 1: "Parsifal," with Margaret Harshaw, Hans Hopf, Hans Hotter, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Thelma Votipka, Robert Merrill, and Giuseppe Di Stefano. (A benefit for Haarlem House; for tickets, call MU 3-7720.)

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, April 3: Première of "Wozzeck" (in English), by Alban Berg. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 4: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 5: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 6: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 6: "Der Rosenkavalier." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 9: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and the company's première of "Amahl and the Night Visitors," by Gian-Carlo Menotti. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 10: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 11: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 12: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Cl 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, April 27.)

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—"Princess Ida." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursday through Saturday, April 3-5, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, April 3, at 8:45, and Friday, April 4, at 2:30 (both with Robert Casadesus, piano); Saturday, April 5, at 8:45 (with William Masselos, piano); Sunday, April 6, at 2:30 (with Robert Casadesus, piano); and Thursday, April 10, at 8:45, and Friday, April 11, at 2:30 (performances of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," with vocal soloists and the Westminster Choir).

Charles T. Griffes Memorial Concert—A program of Griffes' music, with Leonid Hambro conducting an orchestra and as piano soloist. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting a chamber orchestra composed of members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, in the last of a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2221. Saturday, April 12, at 8:40.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Thirteen instrumentalists from Rome, under the direction of Renato Fasano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, April 3, at 8:30.)

ZILBERTS CHORAL SOCIETY—S. Silbermintz directing, with Arthur Graham, tenor, and Gloria Perkins, violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MARIAN ANDERSON—Contralto. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30.)

SCHNEIDER QUARTET—The twelfth performance in a sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2221. Monday, April 7, at 8:40.)

GUILET STRING QUARTET—An all-Brahms program, with Naoum Benditzky, cello; Carlton Cooley, viola; and Augustin Duques, clarinet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERTS—Zinka Milanov, soprano; Mia Slavenska and her ballet company; and Bozidar Kunc, piano. A benefit for CARE for Yugoslavia, New York Committee. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8:30.) ... ¶ Rosina Lhevinne and Beveridge Webster, pianos; Carol Brice, contralto; Anahid Ajemian, violin; and others. A benefit for the Juilliard Alumni Association Scholarship Fund. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 2:30.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Jimmy Archey's band (Henry Goodwin, Benny Waters, Dick Wellstood, Pops Foster, and Tommy Benford) along with Bessye Proffitt, blues singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 5:30.) ... ¶ Wild Bill Davison, Georg Brunis, Bobby Hackett, Jimmy Archey, Edmond Hall, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, Gene Sedric, Joe Bushkin, and a bunch of others—assuming they can all make it. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 12, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASEBALL—Exhibition games—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Dodgers, Friday, April 11, at 2:30, and Sunday, April 13, at 2:05. .... **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Yankees, Saturday, April 12, at 1:30.

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 5.) ... ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 12.) ... Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, April 12.)

INDOOR POLO—Saturday, April 5: Final match of the Eastern Twelve-Goal Championship, and another game. ... ¶ Saturday, April 12: Semifinal matches in the Eastern Senior Championship. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8.)

RACING—At **JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, April 28. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 5, and the Experimental Free Handicap No. 2, Saturday, April 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) ... **LAUREL PARK,** Laurel, Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:30; through Wednesday, April 30.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Final children's concert of the season by the Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 12, at 11.)

PLAYS—By the **PLAYMART:** "Cinderella." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sunday, April 6, at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) ... **MERRY-GO-ROUND THEATRE:** "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." A benefit for the New York State Association for Crippled Children. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday, April 5, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9-2585.) ... CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Under the Lilacs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 5, at 3.)

MISCELLANY—Pantomime dramatizations of poems by A. A. Milne. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Saturday, April 5, at 3, and Sunday, April 6, at 1.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The Security Council, the Disarmament Commission, and other commissions and committees meet periodically, and four hundred visitors can be accommodated at each session. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go.) ... ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS SHOW—All sorts of automobile exhibits, featuring, for instance, antique, custom-built, and imported models, famous racing cars, and a flying automobile. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Thursday through Sunday, April 3-6, from 11 to 11.)

COUNTRY ANTIQUES FAIR—In addition to furniture (ranging from the everyday variety to the rare), dolls, coin banks, weather vanes, and so on, you will find here a display of Presidential-campaign memorabilia dating back to Washington. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, April 5, from 1 to 6.)

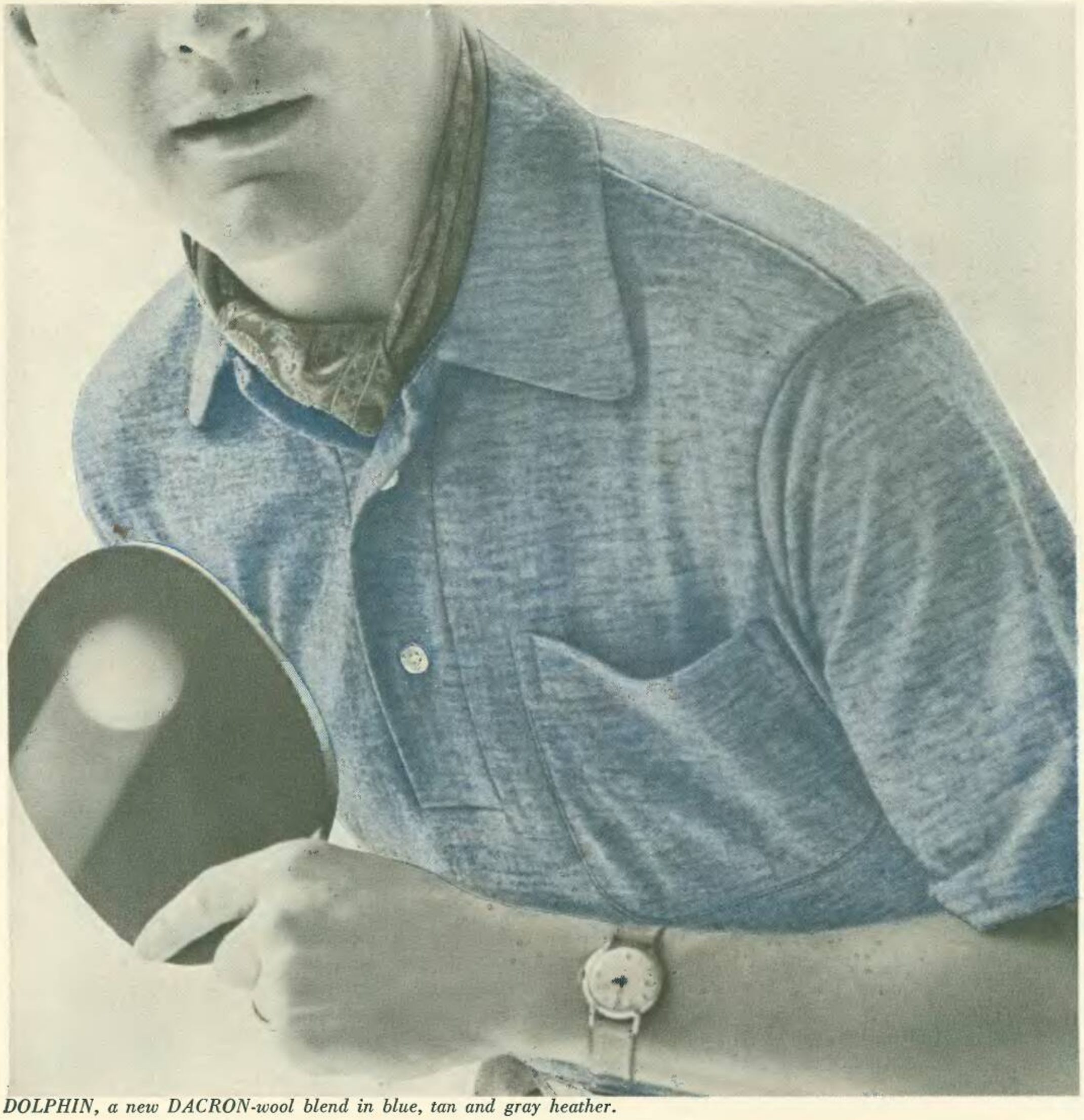
EASTER—Holy Week, as depicted in illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh through the sixteenth centuries; through April 15. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

WEST POINT—A survey comprising pictures, sheet music, letters, and books, commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the United States Military Academy; through June 14. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Forty photographs, taken during the past year by Ann Segy, of scenes on and around the Third Avenue Elevated Line; through May 4.... ¶ A view of spring and summer fashions worn by New Yorkers in the nineteenth century, including two rooms with settings typical of the times—one showing a group at a mid-century tea party, the other a young lady home for the Easter holidays in about 1830. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Planets Along the Zodiac." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, except Good Friday, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Good Friday, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 3, at 1:45: Chinese objects of art, such as Ming and K'ang Hsi porcelains and pottery, from the stock of Roland Moore.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 1:45: Louis XV, Louis XVI, and other furniture, as well as bibelots, laces, and decorations, owned by Mme. Albert de Roche, of Paris, and others.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, April 9-10, and Saturday, April 12, at 1:45: English and American eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture; Early American silver, including a tankard by Paul Revere, Sr., tea services, and porringers; hooked rugs; paintings of European and American schools; Staffordshire lustre pitchers; and Early American glass; collected by William J. B. Macauley and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 5. ... HOUSE OF DUVEEN, 148 E. 56th St. (Exhibition hours: Thursday, April 3, from 10 to



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5)—Thursday, April 3, at 8: Modern French and American paintings and prints by, among others, Utrillo, Vlaminck, and Dufy, from the estate of Gershon Fenster and from other sources.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: April 18-22, April 29-May 4, and May 6-11. . . . EBBETS FIELD: April 18-20, April 22, and May 10-15. . . . POLO GROUNDS: April 15-17, April 23-27, May 13-26.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Columbia. (Philadelphia. April 19.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Yale. (Harlem River. April 26.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Princeton, Harvard, and M.I.T. (Princeton. May 3.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. May 10.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Princeton, Cornell, and Yale. (Princeton. May 10.)

HORSE SHOWS—Secor Farms (Indoor) Horse Show. (White Plains. April 19.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Paoli, Pa. May 3.)

HUNT RACING—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 19.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 19.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 26.) . . . ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 10.)

RACING—At CHURCHILL DOWNS: April 26-May 17. The Kentucky Derby, May 3. . . . BELMONT PARK: April 29-June 9. The Belmont, June 7. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: May 1-17. The Preakness, May 17.

TRACK—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. May 10.)

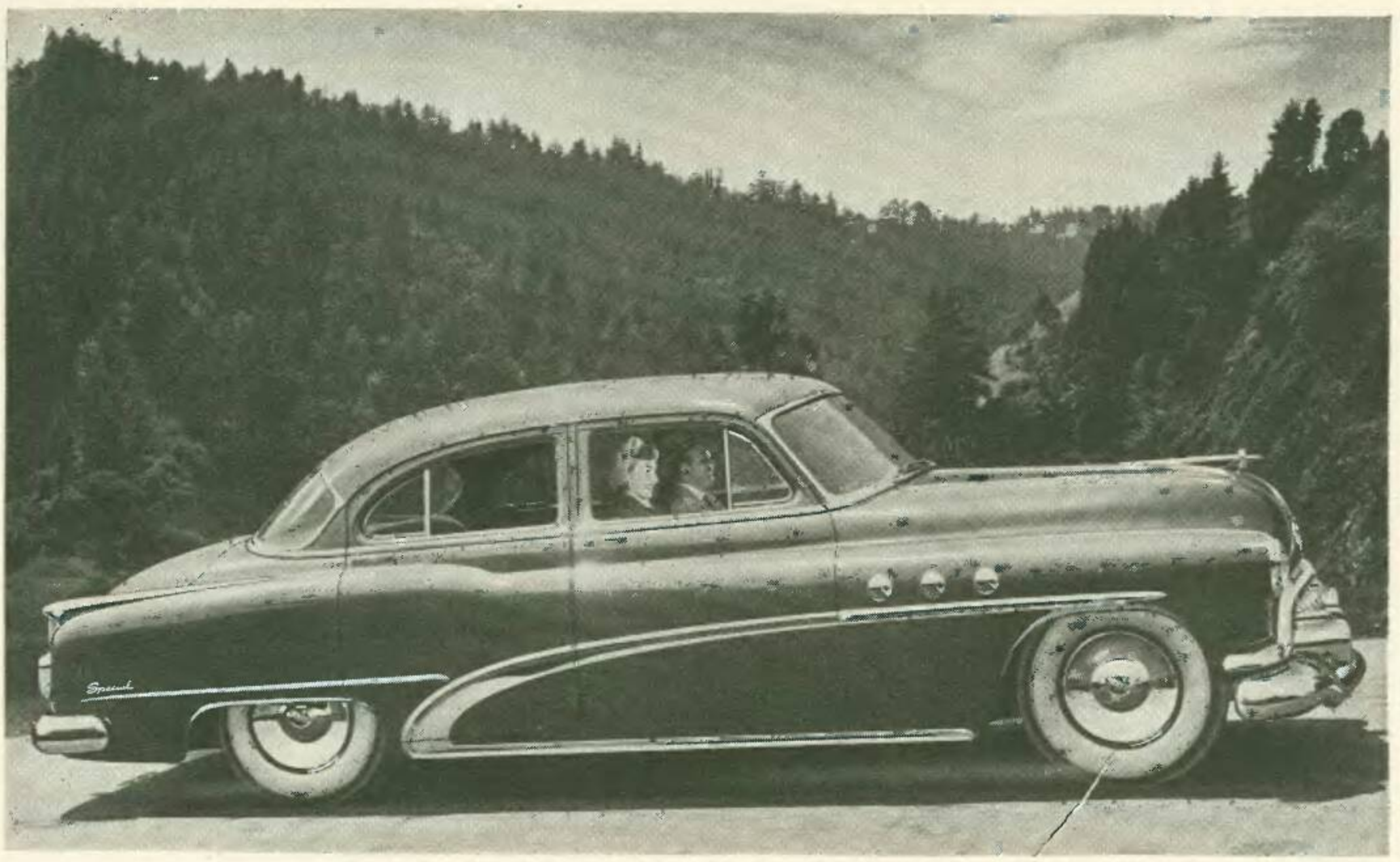
TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway, April 15-May 24.

MUSIC—At CARNEGIE HALL: The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through April 20. . . . ¶ The final concerts in the Robert Shaw Choral Masterwork Series, April 13 and 27, and May 11. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 15. . . . ¶ Columbus Boychoir, April 18. . . . ¶ Victor Herbert concert, April 24. . . . ¶ Regina Resnik, soprano, April 28. . . . TOWN HALL: Shoshana Damari, folk singer, April 13. . . . ¶ Wanda Landowska, harpsichord, April 14. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, April 21 and 30. . . . ¶ Columbia University Glee Club, April 24. . . . ¶ Branscombe Choral, May 1. . . . ¶ Marymount College Glee Club, May 2. . . . ¶ Friendly Sons of St. Patrick Glee Club, May 9.

DANCE PROGRAMS—Martha Graham and her company, at the Juilliard School, April 22-27.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: John Hodiak and Kim Hunter in "The Chase," a play by Horton Foote. . . . ¶ An all-Negro cast in a revival of Gertrude Stein's "Four Saints in Three Acts," for which Virgil Thomson composed the score; the fourth in a series of ANTA productions. . . . ¶ A comedy by William Marchant, "To Be Continued," with Dorothy Stickney, Jean Dixon, and Neil Hamilton. . . . ¶ Olivia de Havilland in a four-week engagement of Shaw's comedy drama "Candida." . . . ¶ A comedy, "Hook 'n Ladder," written by Charles Horner and Henry Miles, with Vicki Cummings in a leading role. . . . ¶ The New York City Theatre Company will present revivals of the Thurber-Nugent comedy, "The Male Animal," with Elliott Nugent and Martha Scott, and Jacques Deval's comedy "Tovarich," with Uta Hagen and Luther Adler. . . . ¶ Jack Carson and Paul Hartman in a revival of "Of Thee I Sing," by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, with music and lyrics by George and Ira Gershwin.

OTHER DATES—Easter Sunday is April 13. . . . ¶ New York State income-tax returns are due April 15. . . . ¶ Narcissus Show, at Essex House, April 23. . . . ¶ Daylight Saving Time starts April 27.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



The African Queen—Katharine Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a stirring dramatization of the C. S. Forester novel about a lady missionary and a hard-bitten river-boat captain who decide, during the First World War, to make common cause against the Germans and attack a ship of the Kaiser's navy. Directed by John Huston and filmed in Africa. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; through afternoon of April 8.)

The Browning Version—Once again, an English film about an English school. This one centers on a crotchety professor of Greek, who goes to pieces when he realizes he has lost his knack for getting his pupils interested in Aeschylus. Michael Redgrave is admirable as the schoolmaster, and is supported by an able cast. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; April 3.)

Detective Story—A first-rate treatment of the Sidney Kingsley melodrama concerning the activities in a precinct stationhouse. The acting is uniformly excellent, and among those on hand are Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, Joseph Wiseman, William Bendix, Lee Grant, and Luis Van Rooten. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 4.)

Five Fingers—James Mason as an Albanian who steals British secrets for the Germans during the Second World War. Purportedly based on a true situation but highly improbable as told here. For all that. it moves right along a good bit of the time. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting April 5. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 9.)

Jour de Fête—A French film dealing with the effect American example has on a rural French postal system consisting of one man (Jacques Tati) on a bicycle. Funny in the manner of the old Mack Sennett comedies. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—A sunny English film with Alec Guinness happily cast as a mousy employee of the Bank of England who manages to swipe a million pounds in gold and baffle all the police in Britain. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Place in the Sun—Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters in George Stevens' engrossing interpretation of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting April 4.)

The River—An adaptation of Rumer Godden's novel about life in India, directed by Jean Renoir with a perceptive eye for subtle drama and rich Bengalese backgrounds. The picture, which was filmed on location, includes in its cast Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, and a remarkable young Indian actress named Radha. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Viva Zapata!—Revolution in Mexico. A film that gets in its best licks when it forgets about being deeply significant and proceeds along the lines of a standard Western. With Marlon Brando and Anthony Quinn. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through April 9.)

The Young and the Damned—A Mexican film, directed by Luis Buñuel, that details the horrendous cruelties of some delinquents around Mexico City but skims a little too lightly over the causes of their dereliction. The cast consists of amateurs. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

REVIVALS

Blithe Spirit (1945)—The Noel Coward romp with ghosts and mediums. An English picture, with Rex Harrison. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Boomerang! (1947)—A Connecticut courtroom melodrama in documentary style. With Dana Andrews and Arthur Kennedy. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; April 6-8.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; April 3.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; April 3.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 4. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 4-5. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; April 6-8.)

Elephant Boy (1937)—An elephant hunt in India. With Sabu, naturally. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; April 5.)

Kon-Tiki (1951)—That trip on a raft from Peru to Polynesia. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; April 3.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 5-7. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; April 6-8.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—A dash of psychiatry and an earful of classical music. A British film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; April 3.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; starting April 9.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 8-9.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through April 6: Dance sequences from nine films (1909-48) with, among others, Anna Pavlova, Vernon and Irene Castle, Valentino, Joan Crawford, and Fred Astaire. . . . ¶ Starting April 7: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919), with Conrad Veidt; and an excerpt from "The Golem" (1920), directed by Paul Wegener. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"My Six Convicts," Millard Mitchell, Gilbert Roland.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through afternoon of April 8: **THE AFRICAN QUEEN.**
From April 8, at 8: "My Son John," Helen Hayes, Robert Walker.

Cinema 48, 121 W. 48th. (CI 5-4246)
"Passion for Life" (in French).

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through April 9 (tentative): "The Captive City," John Forsythe, Joan Camden.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Anything Can Happen," José Ferrer, Kim Hunter.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Singin' in the Rain," Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through April 8: "Meet Danny Wilson," Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters.
From April 9: "Bend of the River," James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy.

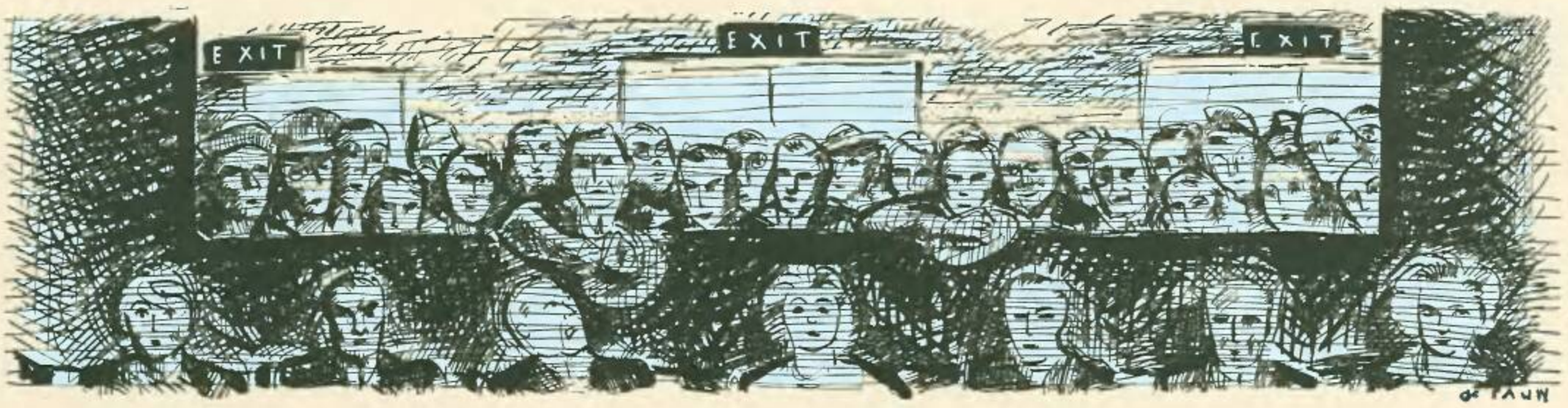
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through April 9: **VIVA ZAPATA!**

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
April 3: "Deadline—U.S.A.," Humphrey Bogart, Kim Hunter.
From April 4: "With a Song in My Heart," Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Flesh and Fury," Tony Curtis, Jan Sterling.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Marrying Kind," Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through April 6: "Les Miserables," Gino Cervi, Valentina Cortesa.
From April 7: "Miss Julie" (in Swedish).



NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
April 3: "Mr. Lord Says 'No!,'" Stanley Holloway, Kathleen Harrison; and "Small Back Room," David Farrar, Kathleen Byron.
April 4-8: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant.
From April 9: **FIVE FINGERS.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through April 6: "The Las Vegas Story," Jane Russell, Victor Mature; and "A Girl in Every Port," Groucho Marx.
April 7-8: "Lady Possessed," James Mason, June Havoc; and "Woman in the Dark," Penny Edwards, Ross Elliott.
From April 9: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina. John Sands.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 5: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant.
April 6-8: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
From April 9: **FIVE FINGERS.**

MURRAY HILL, Park at 42nd. (MU 2-1431)
April 3: **CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA**, revival; and **THE SEVENTH VEIL**, revival.
April 4-5: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant; and "On Dangerous Ground," Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan.
April 6-8: **BOOMERANG!**, revival; and "The Saxon Charm," revival, Robert Montgomery, Susan Hayward.
From April 9: "Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock; and "The Harlem Globetrotters," Thomas Gomez, Dorothy Dandridge.

BEVERLY, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through April 7: "Gigi" (in French), revival, Danièle Delorme; and "Bond Street," revival, Jean Kent, Roland Young.
From April 8: To be announced.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through April 7: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," Ava Gardner, James Mason; and "For Men Only," Paul Henreid, Margaret Fields.
From April 8: "Whistling in Dixie," revival, Ann Rutherford, Red Skelton; and "Whistling in the Dark," revival, Red Skelton, Conrad Veidt, Ann Rutherford.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED (in Spanish).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Man in the White Suit," Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 6: "The Las Vegas Story," Jane Russell, Victor Mature; and "A Girl in Every Port," Groucho Marx.
April 7-8: "Lady Possessed," James Mason, June Havoc; and "Woman in the Dark," Penny Edwards, Ross Elliott.
From April 9: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina, John Sands.

FINE ARTS, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE LAVENDER HILL MOB.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through April 4: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant.
From April 5: **FIVE FINGERS.**

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7241)
Through April 6: "Just This Once," Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh.
From April 7: "Faithful City," an Israeli film. (Theatre will be closed to the public on the evening of April 7.)

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Pardon My French," Merle Oberon, Paul Henreid.

TRANS-LUX 60TH ST., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"Murder in the Cathedral," Father John Groser.

YORK, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through April 4: "When Worlds Collide," Richard Derr, Barbara Rush; and "Submarine Command," William Holden, Nancy Olsen.
April 5: **ELEPHANT BOY**, revival; and "Red, Hot and Blue," revival, Betty Hutton, Victor Mature.
April 6-7: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "Rose of Cimarron," Jack Beutel, Mala Powers.
April 8-9: "Hurricane Island," Jon Hall, Marie Windsor; and "Bowery to Broadway," revival, Maria Montez, Susanna Foster, Jack Oakie.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
April 3: "Everybody Does It," revival, Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell; and "Mystery Street," revival, Ricardo Montalban.
From April 4: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through April 7: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," Ava Gardner, James Mason; and "For Men Only," Paul Henreid, Margaret Fields.
From April 8: "Whistling in Dixie," revival, Ann Rutherford, Red Skelton; and "Whistling in the Dark," revival, Red Skelton, Conrad Veidt, Ann Rutherford.

TRANS-LUX 72ND ST., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
BLITHE SPIRIT, revival.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
April 3: **THE BROWNING VERSION**; and "Pool of London," Bonar Colleano.
April 4-5: "When Worlds Collide," Richard Derr, Barbara Rush; and "Submarine Command," William Holden, Nancy Olsen.
April 6-8: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and "The Voice of the Turtle," revival, Eleanor Parker, Ronald Reagan. Eve Arden.
From April 9: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "Rose of Cimarron," Jack Beutel, Mala Powers.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
April 3: "I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire.
April 4-8: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill.
From April 9: "Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 6: "The Las Vegas Story," Jane Russell, Victor Mature; and "A Girl in Every Port," Groucho Marx.
April 7-8: "Lady Possessed," James Mason, June Havoc; and "Woman in the Dark," Penny Edwards, Ross Elliott.
From April 9: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina, John Sands.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 7: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," Ava Gardner, James Mason; and "For Men Only," Paul Henreid, Margaret Fields.
From April 8: "Whistling in Dixie," revival, Ann Rutherford, Red Skelton; and "Whistling in the Dark," revival, Red Skelton, Conrad Veidt, Ann Rutherford.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through April 4: "September Affair," revival, Joseph Cotten, Joan Fontaine; and "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir," revival, Gene Tierney, Rex Harrison.
April 5-7: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "The Big Night," John Barrymore, Jr., Preston Foster.
April 8-9: **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival; and "Thunder on the Hill," Claudette Colbert, Ann Blyth.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 4: **DETECTIVE STORY.**
April 5-7: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
From April 8: "Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
April 3: **KON-TIKI**, revival; and **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival.
From April 4: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**; and "The Mating Season," revival, Gene Tierney, John Lund.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 7: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," Ava Gardner, James Mason; and "For Men Only," Paul Henreid, Margaret Fields.
From April 8: "Whistling in Dixie," revival, Ann Rutherford, Red Skelton; and "Whistling in the Dark," revival, Red Skelton, Conrad Veidt, Ann Rutherford.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 4: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and "Father's Little Dividend," revival, Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor.
April 5-9: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "Rose of Cimarron," Jack Beutel, Mala Powers.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through April 6: "The Las Vegas Story," Jane Russell, Victor Mature; and "A Girl in Every Port," Groucho Marx.
April 7-8: "Lady Possessed," James Mason, June Havoc; and "Woman in the Dark," Penny Edwards, Ross Elliott.
From April 9: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina, John Sands.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
April 3: "A Song to Remember," revival, Merle Oberon, Paul Muni; and "Too Many Husbands," revival, Fred MacMurray, Jean Arthur, Melvyn Douglas.
April 4-5: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and "The Voice of the Turtle," revival, Eleanor Parker, Ronald Reagan, Eve Arden.
April 6-7: "El Paso," revival, John Payne, Gail Russell; and "White Heat," revival, James Cagney, Virginia Mayo.
From April 8: "Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock; and "The Harlem Globetrotters," Thomas Gomez, Dorothy Dandridge.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Royal Journey," a documentary film of Queen Elizabeth's and Prince Philip's recent trips to Canada and the United States.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
JOUR DE FÊTE (in French).

NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Encore," Nigel Patrick, Kay Walsh, Glynis Johns, Roland Culver.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through April 6: "Rashomon" (in Japanese).
From April 7: "Pictura," an episodic film based on the lives and works of six painters.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE RIVER.

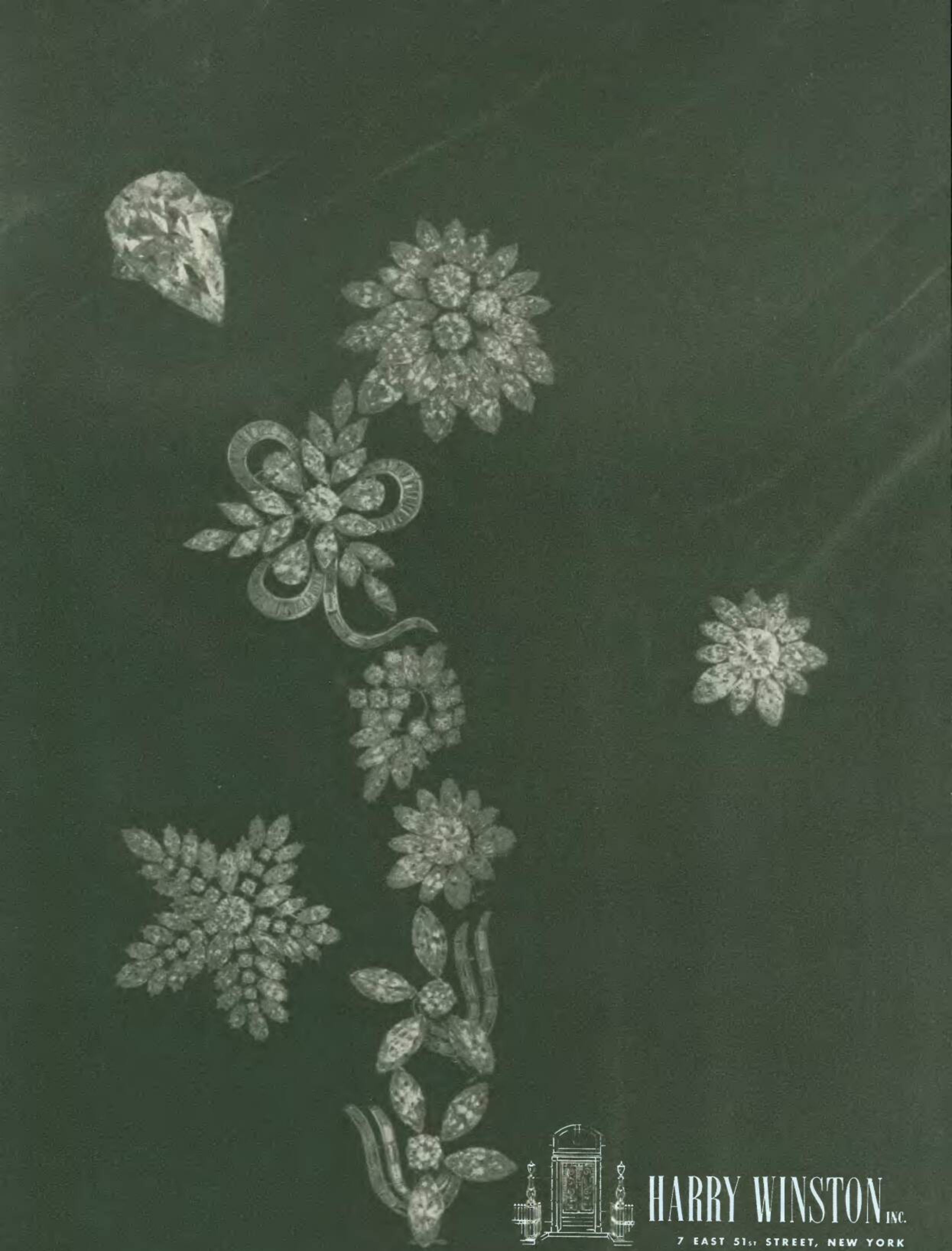
LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"Pandora and the Flying Dutchman," Ava Gardner, James Mason; and "For Men Only," Paul Henreid, Margaret Fields.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 3: "The Secret of Mayerling" (in French), revival, Jean Marais, Dominique Blanchar; and "Minne, the Curious Bride" (in French), revival, Danièle Delorme.
April 4-7: "Mussorgsky" (in Russian); and "Between Eleven and Midnight" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
From April 8: "Confessions of a Rogue" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "The Wench" (in French), revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through April 8: "The Las Vegas Story," Jane Russell, Victor Mature; and "A Girl in Every Port," Groucho Marx.
From April 9: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina, John Sands.

CARLTON, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Through April 5: "Invitation," Van Johnson, Dorothy McGuire; and "It's a Big Country," an episodic film, with Ethel Barrymore, Fredric March, and Gene Kelly.
April 6-7: "I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire; and "St. Benny the Dip," Dick Haymes, Nina Foch.
From April 8: "Phone Call from a Stranger," Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill; and "Rose of Cimarron," Jack Beutel, Mala Powers.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through April 6: "The Las Vegas Story," Jane Russell, Victor Mature; and "A Girl in Every Port," Groucho Marx.
April 7-8: "Lady Possessed," James Mason, June Havoc; and "Woman in the Dark," Penny Edwards, Ross Elliott.
From April 9: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival; and "Aladdin and His Lamp," Patricia Medina, John Sands.



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3 That postcard started things: First, she received a personal letter from the president. Then a representative called, took back what she had left of the product, and told her he was going to take back all her grocer had, too.



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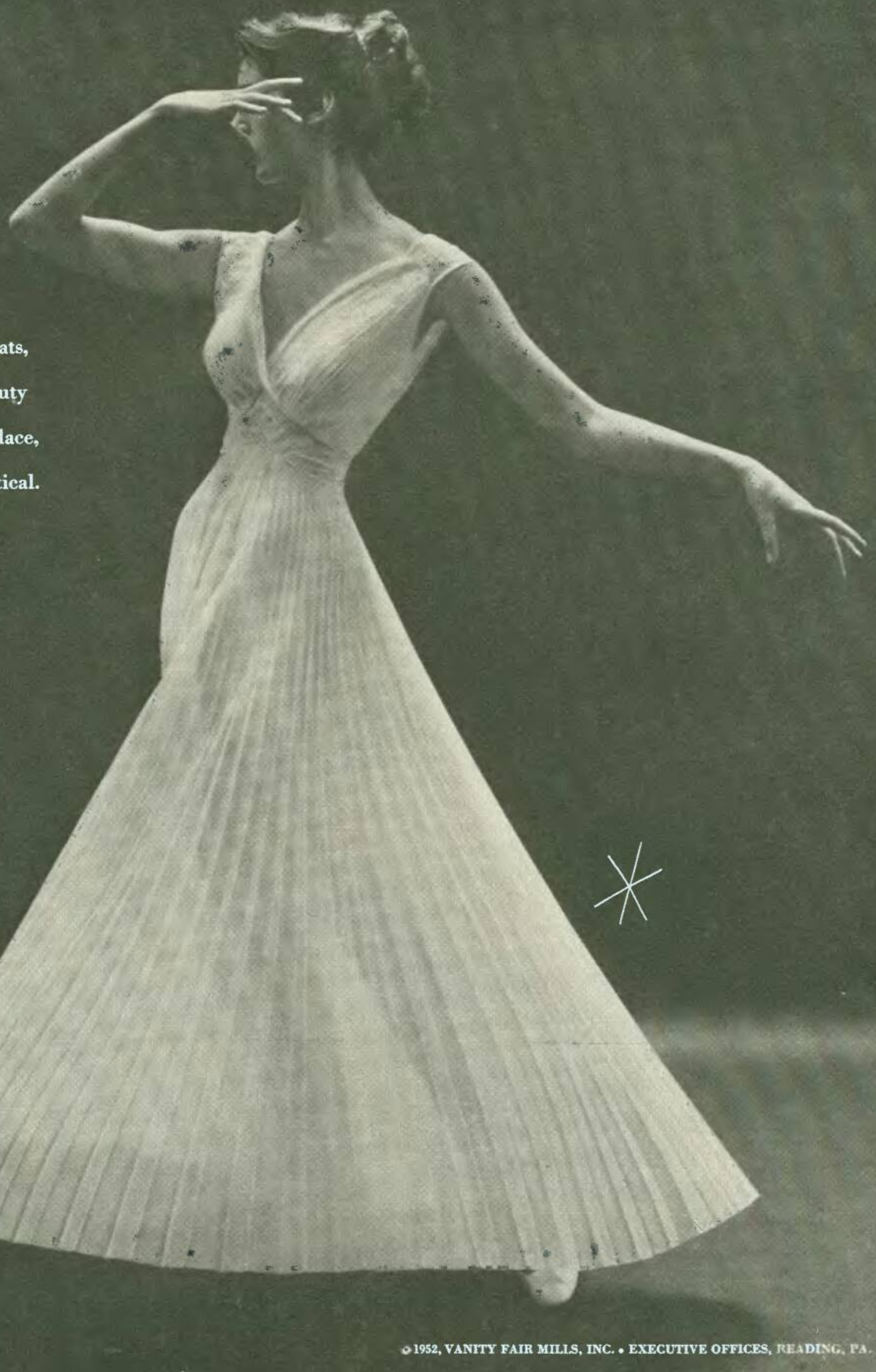
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MARIE SHAW

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girls in their Paris fashions . . .

copied with loving care by Kate Greenaway

Springtime cottons with that French touch: cuffs that melt into button-down pockets, fan pleats, whirly full and away-we-go skirts. First at Altman's in New York . . . and in Parisian colors: French blue or rouge broadcloth. Sizes 3 to 6x, **5.00**. Sizes 7 to 14, **5.95**.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE took our five-year-old daughter on a trip to Mercury at the Hayden Planetarium the other afternoon, and sat tight as our imaginary space ship—a terribly roomy rocket, whose walls were simulated by reflections on the auditorium's sides and dome—left Manhattan and, in a matter of minutes, with many a sound effect reminiscent of Hollywood's version of a Cadillac crunching to a stop in a gravelled driveway, landed on that mysterious planet. Nothing much happened after we got there, except that the sun put in an astonishingly close and coronal appearance. The walls of the auditorium (no longer the interior of the rocket; we had disembarked) lit up with a noncommittal landscape that looked like treeless hills and valleys, and the



lecturer, after some palaver about the gravitational pull of the sun, made a noncommittal reference to the question of whether any life existed up there. We had a feeling that the feigned trip was premature, undertaken without much down-to-planet information, and, back in the balloonlike rocket, we regained Manhattan with relief. On our way out, we stopped at the office of Mr. Frank Forrester, the Planetarium's meteorologist, and he handed us a leaflet containing his outfit's 1952 schedule, which indicates that a trip to the moon beckons this summer. "This will be an adventure-packed expedition through a quarter of a million miles to our nearest neighbor in space," it promises. We asked Mr. Forrester how about the moon anyway, and he said there is no weather there. We doubt whether this summer's trip will be adventure-packed. For adventure, we'd rather bet on one of the trips listed at the end of the leaflet, under the heading "How to Reach Hayden Planetarium": "6th or 8th Ave. subway local, 81 St. Sta. 7th Ave. subway local, 79th St. Sta. 8th Ave. & Columbus bus lines. 79th Street crosstown bus line." Give us the lurching pull of a common carrier, the certainty of living, breathing companionship, and the weather, as variable as you please, that greets you as you emerge from subway or intraplanet bus.

Fourth Life

HERBERT A. PHILBRICK, the thirty-six-year-old counterspy in the Communist Party whose testimony helped convict a number of top Party members in 1949, and whose account of nine years as an undercover agent, "I Led Three Lives," has sold forty thousand copies since it was published, in February, is now leading a fourth life, as an advertising salesman on the *Herald Tribune*, which serialized part of his book last winter. We got to wondering whether it is a help or a hindrance to a salesman to be such a well-known author, and invited Mr. Philbrick to lunch to find out. "It's more of a hindrance," he said. "Once people know who I am—I usually keep quiet about it, so half the time they don't know—it's a terrific job to get them to talk about advertising. They want to talk about the Comrades, the F.B.I., and *me*. It took two lunch meetings with the advertising manager of Hearns—that's one of my accounts—before we got the air cleared and could talk about advertising. All I want to do is give a straight story on the value of the *Tribune* as an advertising medium. It *is* a wonderful advertising medium, you know. Better than eighty-five per cent of our readers are in business management, the professions, and related activities. Twenty-one per cent have incomes of ten thousand a year or more. Our families have more automobiles and more life insurance than those taking any other paper. That includes the *Times*. We know, in fact, that—"

"Mightn't your reputation help you get in to see someone you couldn't otherwise see?" we asked.

Mr. Philbrick favored us with an institutionally chauvinistic glance. "You get entrée very well with the *Tribune*," he said. "It seems to be a highly respected outfit." He paused for a moment. "I've been refused entrée only once," he said. "It happened yesterday, at an apparel store. I suspected some-



thing, and this morning, in the office, I found out that the store is owned by a Communist. If you ever run into a Comrade, you have trouble. Oh, brother! Oh, man! I called on this store, gave my name, and was told that the advertising manager was too busy to see me. I asked if I could wait, and the secretary said no. It was a complete freeze—the only one I've encountered."

Philbrick has been with the *Tribune* two months. Before that, he lived in Boston, where he was advertising manager and sales-promotion manager for the Maintain Store Engineering Service, which deals in store fixtures. In his new job, he has a miscellaneous group of accounts—among them, besides Hearns, Adam Hat Stores and Relaxacizor-Thermatone, which sells a reducing machine. He is pleased because the variety of his *Tribune* accounts is giving him a chance to learn his way around the city. He is no stranger to the *Tribune*. Ogden Reid got in touch with him last spring and signed him up for the articles he subsequently expanded into a book. "Writing for



"How's this for an angle? One evening this guy drops into a movie and finds himself sitting next to a lovely girl. She's a knockout. Right then and there it hits him what he's been missing staying home glued to television night after night."

• •

the *Tribune* was wonderful experience, because I had the benefit of its editorial guidance," he told us. "I had a terrific problem of selection. The *Tribune* editors taught me what to leave out. Mr. Reid asked me to come with the paper after I'd finished my book, last December, and after thinking his offer over for about two minutes I accepted. I was on leave of absence—obtained when I started writing the book, last May—from the Maintain company. It's a fine outfit, but its products are made of cold-rolled sheet steel and, come Korea, that was needed for war materials. We were six months behind on orders. What's the use of promoting orders you can't fill?"

The *Tribune's* most celebrated salesman has just moved his family—a wife and five daughters—from Melrose Highlands, a Boston suburb, to an eleven-room house he has bought in White Plains. He likes golf and hunting, and spends a couple of weeks every year pursuing deer, wildcat, and bear in northern New Hampshire, where he was born. "We went to live in Boston when I was eight or nine, and I've spent most of my life there," he said. "Everything in New York is about twice the size it is in Boston—distances, prices, and so forth." From this statistic Mr. Philbrick excepted Mrs. Ogden Reid, Sr. "She's a tiny woman," he said, "but oh, boy, does she run that paper! It's a great paper and offers an unusual advertising market, sure enough. I have a good product to sell, and I'd rather talk about it than about myself. I want to direct people's attention away from the sensational to the practical business on hand."

He pulled a book of *Herald Tribune* readership statistics out of a large briefcase lettered "Herald Tribune" and began to read to us. We pled an engagement with a man at the *Times*, and left.

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ADMINISTRATIVE INTELLIGENCE: The personnel directory of the National Production Authority lists an Administrative Officer in the Administrative Services Division of the Office of the Assistant Administrator for Administration.

Piggy-Bank Party

WE like to look ahead this time of year, so when National Airlines invited us to a preview of its "summer packaged vacation program to Florida and the Caribbean for 1952" in the Perroquet Suite of the Waldorf the other morning, we hurried over. Waiters were passing trays of drinks, and a cloud of publicity men descended upon us.

"National's slogan for this promotion is 'A Millionaire's Vacation on a Piggy-Bank Budget,'" said one. "The basic piggy-bank vacation includes round-trip air transportation from New York, six nights and seven days at one of fourteen top ocean-front Miami Beach hotels, mostly air-conditioned, plus two sightseeing trips—a four-hour air-conditioned bus tour of the Greater Miami area and a two-and-a-half-hour diesel-yacht cruise through the fabulous man-made islands of Miami Beach. Also various gimmicks at the hotels—free swimming lessons, movies, and so forth. One hundred and eight dollars. You must meet Walter Sternberg, National's vice-president in charge of sales and father of the piggy-bank packaged tour."

"This is the program's third year," said another, "and for the first time we're plugging the whole state of Florida. Piggy-bank vacationers may rent cars for six bucks a day and ten cents a mile, drive anywhere they want, and leave the car at the Tampa, Orlando, or Jacksonville airport, with no charge for returning it to Miami. Miami is undergoing a tremendous change; it's getting a much more stable economy. The garment trade, for instance. Miami seems to be levelling off into a two-season thing."

"We've set up side trips, at piggy-bank rates, to Havana, Nassau, Jamaica, Mexico City, Haiti, Panama, and Puerto Rico," said a third. "Forty-two

per cent of our Florida customers took these extra trips last summer, mostly to Havana. For forty-eight-fifty, the piggy-bank vacationer can fly in only fifty-eight minutes over the Little White House, at Key West, to Havana, the gay Paris of the Western Hemisphere."

"Let's go in to lunch," said a fourth. "We're sort of corning up our program today with a little magic—we've got a magician, Norman Jensen, of C.B.S. Television—but there *is* a little magic in what's happening to Florida in the summer. Some days last summer there were more people in Miami than on a peak winter day. The trade winds cool it at night. They blow in right off the Caribbean."

We blew in to lunch, watched Mr. Jensen do some magic, read a poster proclaiming that National Airlines sold 3,231 piggy-bank vacations in 1950 and 4,835 in 1951, and listened to the father of the piggy-bank packaged tour, Mr. Sternberg, make a speech.

"In the summer months of 1949," Mr. Sternberg, a nice-looking man with a sunburn, said, "National incurred a deficit of $1,245,007. We took our problems to the hotels and the sightseeing people, worked out our package, dramatizing the fact that a summer vacation in Florida is inexpensive, and in the summer of 1950 made a profit of $520,058, reflecting an over-all improvement of $1,765,065. *Last* summer, our profit was $745,765. The piggy-bank package is beamed at every working girl and working boy; seventy per cent of its purchasers are secretaries, stenographers, and salesgirls. We took them away from Atlantic City, the Catskills, and the Adirondacks and moved them fourteen hundred miles to Florida, where they can loll and bronze under a palm tree." In the event that a piggy-bank vacationer hasn't got a piggy bank, he said, National will make arrangements for a loan. He went on to say that last summer some of the working girls complained of a shortage of single men in Miami but this has been fixed. He introduced a Marine Corps master sergeant, who said that a Marine Corps air station has been built eight miles from Miami and the Marines have the situation well in hand.

During the ensuing applause, we made our way to Father and asked him how the Adirondack resort people feel. "That's *not* our area," he said. "It's Colonial Airlines'. If we ever buy Colonial, we'll get people living in the South to go to the Adirondacks in the summer. The piggy-bank itinerary can be made to work both ways."

Research

ONE young matron to another on a Montclair sofa: "Psychosomatic medicine is the bunk. I have more allergies now than I ever did in my most disturbed years."

Miracle Man

ACCOMPANIED by an Italian associate of ours, we dropped into the Sherry-Netherland one day last week to pay our respects to Vittorio De Sica, the Italian director responsible for the admirable films called "Shoe-Shine," "The Bicycle Thief," and "Miracle in Milan." When we arrived at his suite, Mr. De Sica, a gray-haired man with a handsome profile, was in the midst of an interview with a pretty girl from the *World-Telegram & Sun*. "You would be a wonderful actress under my direction," he said, in slow but confident English. "This may take some time," our associate observed. "While we're waiting, I'll tell you something about De Sica. Back in the twenties, he was a kind of local Rudolph Valentino—regarded as such an irresistible lover on the screen that daughters of respectable families were warned to avoid him and his works. When he played on the stage, he became a little more acceptable, but maidens were urged to stay away from his plays."

At this point, Mr. De Sica, in a burst of Italian that sounded enthusiastic to us, sent the girl reporter on her way, and then welcomed us graciously. We advised him that if it was O.K. with him, our pal would chat with him in Italian and give us the dope in English as we went along. He agreed to this. The first intelligence our associate passed on to us was that De Sica had felt low in his mind when he was Italy's dashing young man. "When you are cast in that role night after night, all you crave is old age," he reported De Sica as saying. "Physical decay is your only salvation." Mr. De Sica, it developed, was born to wealth, but some untidy investments his father made reduced the family to poverty. When the downward spiral of the family fortune hit bottom and half a dozen De Sicas were compelled to take up residence in two rooms, Vittorio decided it would be a good idea for him to get a job. Since he'd studied accounting, he headed for the nearest bank, with the intention of becoming a clerk. Fortunately, on the way he met an acquaintance, who said he was doing fine as an actor with Tatiana Pavlova. Figuring that anything was better than the ledgers he had thought he was about to be immersed in, De Sica suggested that his friend put in a word for him with Mme. Pavlova. That did the trick, and in a very short time De Sica had progressed from bit parts on the stage to starring roles in the movies. "What an orgy of bad taste!" he said to our associate. "And what success! But the bad taste I was forced to put up with in those years, when I counted for nothing, was a good lesson in what not to do. The know-how-not is often more important than the know-how."

Although De Sica did some movie directing before he made "Shoe-Shine," it wasn't until that film had become successful in the United States that he was recognized as a director at home. Along with "The Bicycle Thief" and "Miracle in Milan," "Shoe-Shine" established him internationally and brought down on his head the condemnation of the far Left and the far Right. We asked our man to inquire what had happened to the laborer De Sica hired to play the bicycle thief's victim. "He is an actor now," he said, quoting De Sica. "When I first cast him for that role, I made him promise that he would go back to his job after the film was completed. He did go back, but presently he lost his job, on very short notice, as people do in Italy. Since I could not insist he remain in a nonexistent job, I suggested he continue to act. The



woman who played the part of his wife also works in the cinema. She walks about with ostrich feathers that go down to her ankles. What else is there for her to do?" During his quest for a character to play the title role in his new film, "Umberto D.," De Sica confronted an old man who was quietly strolling down the Via Vittorio Veneto in Rome. "Do you want to be an actor in my film?" he inquired. The old man bristled and announced that he was a retired brigadier general. "You have insulted me, sir," he added, "and I must challenge you to a duel." Before the general got around to breaking out his shooting irons, De Sica persuaded him to see "The Bicycle Thief." The old war horse cried for fifteen minutes after the picture ended. "Now will you accept my offer?" De Sica asked. "Alas," the general said, "I am a victim of arteriosclerosis. Had you accepted my challenge, I should probably be dead now." A little shaken, De Sica continued his search for a character, and finally got the man he wanted in Florence. The amenable one was an instructor in Latin and Greek at a classical college there.

Mr. De Sica interrupted his flow of Italian, went to a window, and peered out at Central Park. "Just a sip of New York, if you don't mind," he said. "I have the hope that I am beginning to know it." He went on to say that a group of Italian producers had once proposed a *really* international film—one in which French, Italian, German, and English actors would participate, and which would have Switzerland or Holland as its locale. De Sica told them that this was the surest way to make the worst movie in the world. "I proposed that we make a film about the National Lottery in Rome or Naples," he said. "*That* would be an international film, provided we made it as local, precise, and true to life as we could." "Umberto D." isn't about a lottery. It is the story of a retired small bureaucrat who wants to kill himself. De Sica smiled at us ruefully and said, "An international theme. Don't you agree?"



Literary Criticism

WELL, *this* urchin, returning a book to a library and asked by the kindly librarian whether he had liked it, said, "No, I didn't." "Why not?" asked the librarian. "Because I lost my place and could never find it again," the lad replied crossly.

Roosevelt Likes Ike

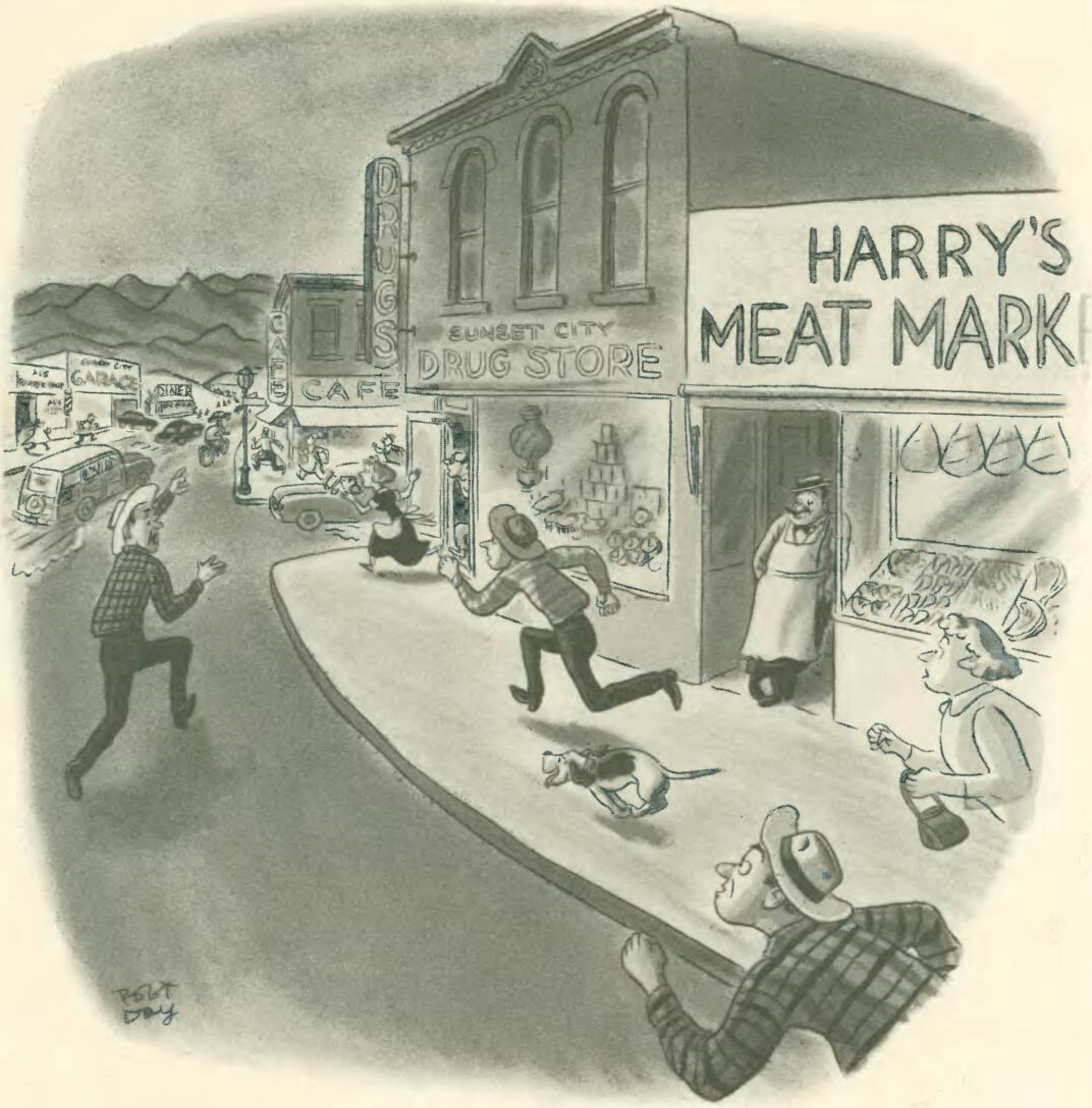
WE paid a social call last week at the newly set-up offices of New York State Citizens for Eisenhower, which occupy a suite on the sixth floor of the Hotel Roosevelt, a political fortress from which the Republicans in this vicinity have launched many a battle. The scene pretty much resembled all the other campaign headquarters we've inspected in our day: a reception desk in the corridor, presided over by a harassed receptionist; phones ringing everywhere; coffee in leaky containers; dozens of much-larger-than-life photographs of the Citizens' choice; and a scattering of well-groomed ladies sitting at desks with their hats on, who, since we knew we were not in the editorial offices of *Vogue*, could only be volunteer workers.

We were greeted by an official who, after loading us down with a folded piece of literature entitled "The Taft Myth" (when we opened it up later, it proved to be a yard wide), offered to escort us around the premises. His own office was brightened by an elephant—all red except for blue ears—made out of balloons. "An attention-getter," he informed us as we began our tour. "Some man came in off the street with it." He added that the headquarters has been approached by all manner of people with other attention-getters—auxiliary license plates with "I Like Ike" inscribed on them in night-glowing paint, a number of songs, including one by an ex-soldier called "Hike with Ike," and countless Eisenhower stickers. "A woman in Massachusetts who had been printing 'Now is the hour for Eisenhower' stickers on a little hand press in the basement of her home wrote us that after the Minnesota thing she had to move out of the cellar and into a commercial printshop," the official said with awe.

We paused at an open door just inside which two hatted ladies were examining a circular object with "I Like Ike" lettered on it. "An ashtray?" our guide inquired. "No, a coaster," said one lady. Our guide frowned. "People might use it for an ashtray anyway," he said. "Not so good." We asked one of the ladies—it turned out she was indeed a volunteer, as are ninety-eight per cent of the Citizens, of both sexes—what her job was. "I guess I'm chairman of hotels," she said. She introduced herself as Mrs. Esther Lewis Leeds, and explained that her job—if it *is* her job—consists of persuading hotel managers to permit petition-signing and fund-raising tables to be placed in their lobbies and of recruiting other ladies to tend them. "I just love to ask people to do things," said Mrs. Leeds. "It's natural for a woman to ask, don't you think?" We remained tactfully silent. Mrs. Leeds said she had already requested, and been allotted, space in the Plaza, Essex House, St. Moritz, Gotham, Delmonico, and Astor lobbies, as well as the Roosevelt, and that she was negotiating with other hotels. "I have an appointment at the Sherry-Netherland with Serge Obolensky," she said. "He was an Army man, too." We asked what about the Waldorf. "They have General MacArthur and Mr. Hoover staying there," she replied, "so you can see it's very difficult for them."

We expressed a desire to meet the chairman of New York State Citizens for Eisenhower—Keith Lorenz, a lawyer, who is also chairman of the New York State Labor Relations Board and is known around the campaign offices as Commissioner. He was on the phone, talking to Henry Cabot Lodge or Tex McCrary or some such cohort, and while we waited for him in an anteroom, we couldn't help listening to a secretary who was also on the phone. "So where are you going Saturday—dancing or something?" she was asking a friend, probably a girl friend. "I'm still waiting for an introduction. . . . Does he bowl? . . . That's where you get along so well—when they bowl. Does he have a car? It makes Jones Beach and everything a lot easier when they have a car."

Mr. Lorenz waved us into his room and told us that the New Hampshire and Minnesota primaries had resulted in a gratifying flow of volunteers but that he could use many, many more. "We're looking for people who are interested in Eisenhower and will work for him but aren't seeking political rewards," he said. "We regard this as a cause. Here in New York, the main problem isn't getting convention delegates—most of the delegates are already with us, except for Hamilton Fish and a couple of other tender spots—but we want to create in this state a ground swell of public opinion that will influence other states." Mr. Lorenz has worked on campaigns before, he told us. In 1944, he helped answer a hun-



"Gold!"

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dred thousand or so letters that Governor Dewey had got from citizens. "We had fifteen lawyers and thirty or forty girls," he said. "Lawyers are good at that sort of thing. They never say too much."

We took our leave of the Commissioner. In his outer office, the secretary was still on the phone, and evidently still on the same conversation. "An old Buick?" she was saying. "What year? . . . 1951?" She paused for a moment. "Well, for a while I was all mixed up, with MacArthur and Taft and everybody," she said, "but then I came up here, and now I think Ike'll win. After all, he's about the best one running. I tell you, this is hysterical."

Warming Up

WE like to feel that the rich are always with us, and therefore hope that the following conversation—relayed to us by a Princeton man, who says it took place in the cloakroom of his alma mater's library—is Mammon's truth:

FIRST UNDERGRADUATE: "Ten thousand a year? That's not very much."

SECOND UNDERGRADUATE: "Well, for a beginning salary you can't do much better nowadays."

FIRST: "Really? My brother is still going to college and he makes ten thousand a year just fooling around with investments."

BLOCK

ON one of her trips between the kitchen and the dining room, as she was gathering up the breakfast things, Mrs. Dunstable happened to glance into the living room and saw that her husband was sitting there in his chair, still in the bathrobe in which he'd left the table. "Better get a move on," she called. "You'll be late for work."

"I'm not going to work," Dunstable answered.

Mrs. Dunstable went over and stood in the living-room doorway, with a stack of dishes in her hands. "What's the matter, don't you feel good?" she asked.

"I feel all right," he said. "It's not that."

"Then what is it? Because it's after eight," she said.

Dunstable was a moment replying. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I've developed a sort of emotional block about the office. I'm not going there."

Mrs. Dunstable returned the dishes to the dining-room table. Then she went into the living room. "Is it that play we saw, about living beautifully and doing what you want?" she asked.

"Oh, for God's sake!" Dunstable crossed his legs. "I'm trying to tell you, I've got this emotional block. Maybe you don't know what that is."

"Of course I know what it is." Mrs. Dunstable had last encountered the term only a few days before. In a daytime radio serial she listened to, there had been an artist, a painter, who'd had an emotional block about his work and had been unable to turn out any stuff till he got straightened around. "But an emotional block—about *office work*?" she said.

"Certainly," said Dunstable. "Why not? What's wrong with office work? I suppose you think I sit there all day with an eyeshade on, and cuff dusters. And that nobody like that could have an emotional block."

Mrs. Dunstable removed last night's paper from a chair, laid it on a table, and sat down in the chair. "Just how do you feel?" she asked. "Can you tell me more about it?"

"I'm tied up in knots, is all," he said. "You know what *that* is."

"Is everything all right at the office?" she asked sharply. "Are you on good terms with your boss?"

"You mean Steve Smith?" he said, smiling ironically. "You heard what I said to Smith when we ran into him on the street during my vacation that time—'And how's Mrs. Smith and all the little Smithereens?' You heard that. What better terms do you want?"

"Then what—" she began.

"I'm trying to tell you, if you'll sit still and listen a minute," he said. "I'm all bottled and jammed up. I couldn't turn out a decent tap of work if I *did* go back. I've gone absolutely stale."

"Oh, that!" Mrs. Dunstable smiled with relief. "Everybody gets to feeling that way," she said encouragingly. "Why, you can get it about running a house. Absolutely sick and tired of it."

"It's not the same thing," Dunstable said tersely, looking over her head and out of a window behind her—a window that offered him a view of successive suburban bungalows not perceptibly different from his own.

"Yes, it is," she said. "But a person can't just stay home because of it. Supposing I woke up tomorrow morning and said I couldn't possibly fix another breakfast? What would you say?"

"I'd say you were having a block just because I was," Dunstable answered. "You belittle this just the way you belittle everything I have. Belittle and pooh-pooh. The way you belittled that lumbago I had last week. You seem to begrudge me everything—even that little lumbago."

"That's not true," Mrs. Dunstable said. "It's not belittling. I'm only trying to keep your spirits up. What's a wife's duty if not to keep her husband's spirits up?"

"Running his ailments down is no way to do it," Dunstable said.

"All right. Let's let that part of it pass," she said. "But tied up in knots! When you put it that way, I think you're making a mountain out of a molehill. Why, everybody thinks of you as being as steady and sound as they come."

"There you go belittling again," Dunstable said. "Why can't I be tied up in knots? Who do you *call* tied up in knots? Fred Quayle, I suppose. You think he's so wonderful and interesting, always talking about what makes him tick and all. But outside of him name somebody you think is tied up in knots. Maybe we just don't talk the same language."

MRS. DUNSTABLE said nothing for a few moments. Watching her keenly, Dunstable went on, "I suppose you think I'm a simple person."

"Oh, not necessarily," she said.

"Yes, you do. It's amazing," Dunstable observed, "how two people can live together for years and not have the slightest idea who they're married to. You, for instance. You take me for something easy, say, in the key of C"—his eyes narrowed—"when all the while maybe I've got five sharps."

Mrs. Dunstable looked from her husband to her hands in her lap. "All right," she said. "Maybe you have this emotional block and are tied up in knots. There's a lot of that going around."

Dunstable began to search for his pipe, which he found under the paper his wife had laid on the table. He gave it a suck to check the draft but did not immediately fill it. He circled the room chewing the stem, one hand in the pocket of his robe, and Mrs. Dunstable found that the words to pursue the discussion came readily enough.

"Why can't you go down to the office?" she asked. "Is it for fear of failure?"





DREAMS OF GLORY

The Case Is as Good as Solved

"Or of success, maybe. Of crystallizing," Dunstable said, hitching up the braided cord of his bathrobe. "Why, even lunch has gotten to be a ritual."

"How?"

"It's not just that I go to the same restaurants and order the same things in rotation," Dunstable said. "It's more than that. When I eat a sandwich, it's the same as the way you may have noticed I eat a piece of toast in the morning. I eat it so the bites come out even with the coffee. I want to break all that up."

"But aren't you stirring this up just to maybe make yourself out a person, or even to break the monotony, or to . . ." She permitted the sentence to expire, remembering that this was ground already conceded him. "What do you suppose is behind this ritual?" she resumed. "Do you suppose you go through it for some hidden reason? Or just because you've got five sharps?"

"It might be a feeling of guilt," he said. "Or a tension about something else. Anything. A human being is like an iceberg, two-thirds under water."

"Or he's like a soil that needs turning over now and then," she said, to show that such metaphors were at her own fingertips. "What will you do about all this?"

"Think things through till I can get myself squared away," Dunstable said.

"What do you mean, squared away?"

"Get straightened around," he said. "Get back some perspective in my attitude toward my work."

"Which I suppose you figure will take time." Mrs. Dunstable sighed acquiescently. "Well, if that's the way you feel, that's the way you feel, I guess."

He turned presently and, with a look of complete surprise, watched her go slowly back to her chores.

MRS. DUNSTABLE's motions were automatic. She was unaware of the dishes in her hands as she carried them into the kitchen and washed them. She frowned as she worked, not in disapproval but in thought. Once, she stepped to the doorway and looked into the living room. Dunstable was back in his chair, one foot on an ottoman, the pipe now kindled. He held it characteristically, a forefinger curled around the stem just behind the bowl, and he twitched his jaw muscles as he gazed through the clouds of smoke. She watched him while she dried a glass, then returned to the sink. By the time she had finished the dishes, the frown had left her face. Purposefully, she dried her hands, hung the towel on its rack, and went back into the living room.

"The quickest way out of this thing is straight through it," she said, sitting down in the same chair as previously. "I think you should go to an analyst."

He removed his pipe and looked at her, waving the smoke away to clear his view. "Really?" he said.

She nodded. "I'm sorry I said you weren't tied up in knots, a while ago," she went on. "Actually, I feel that you're one of the most complicated men I know."

Dunstable gave the gratified grunt of one flattered beyond a more articulate reply, and dropped his eyes.

"I don't believe in letting an emotional block go," said Mrs. Dunstable. "I'd feel better in my own mind if you did something definite about getting straightened around, rather than just trying to work it out in *your* own mind."

Dunstable slid himself upright in his chair, propping his elbows on its arms. "It beats chasing your tail around in a stew," he assented.

"Now, then," his wife said. "Do you know of a good analyst?"

Dunstable rapped out his pipe in an ashtray on his left. "Well, Carmel Edison—she's the woman who used to do our advertising layouts—went to a man named Fanshaw that she swore by. I suppose I could see him."

"Do that," Mrs. Dunstable said. "If he comes highly recommended, then see him." She sighed again, this time to express relief. "I'm glad that's settled. I think you ought to get busy on it as soon as possible."

After a moment's silence, Dunstable rose. Picking a thread from her skirt, Mrs. Dunstable asked, "How much does this man charge?"

"I think Carmel said fifteen

dollars an interview," he answered.

"Fifteen dollars!" she said. "Isn't that a lot of money?"

He smiled charitably. "Not for an analyst," he said. "And for a good analyst it's cheap. Of course, I wouldn't go but once a week or so. That ought to do it."

Mrs. Dunstable shook her head dubiously. "Even so, fifteen dollars a week extra expense, when you're not working. I don't know—" She broke off and got up herself, walking over to a window sill where there was a row of plants. She bent to scrutinize an avocado pit suspended in a tumbler of water by means of four toothpicks thrust into its sides—like the spokes of a wheel—and set on the rim of the glass. "Well, for heaven's sake, what do you know?" she said. "This thing is going to sprout after all!" She peered at it a while longer, then straightened. "Why, I mean there you are," she said. "You want an analyst to get you back to work, but you need an income to pay the analyst."

"Like the Butterscotchmen," Dunstable said. "Couldn't run till they got warm, and couldn't get warm till they ran." He flapped a hand, as though to ask what greater proof of intricacy was required.

Frowning in helpful thought, Mrs. Dunstable said, "Of course, there's one way out."

"What?"

"Well, if you're really set on this thing, hold on to your job," she said.

Dunstable turned this over in his mind. "While I'm getting organized. Well, that figures," he said, nodding to himself.

Mrs. Dunstable glanced at the clock that sat on the mantel. "Call it working temporarily till you begin to feel you've settled back in the groove on a permanent footing again," she said. "Emotionally. It might even be wise to take that inventory overtime they offered you. That would cover the added expense nicely."

"That'd more than cover it," he said. "Well, tell them you'll take it, then," she said. "And, look—don't let on about this. Do you hear?"

He laughed indulgently at her. "Will you quit worrying about how solid I stand at the office? Steve—or my boss, as you call him—has a habit of letting his hair grow for weeks. I keep implying it's because he's so tight. When it's starting to curl around his ears, I say to him, 'Well, Steve, been around to the barbers lately getting estimates?' Does that sound like anything to worry about?"

"Well, just don't let on to anybody there that you're tied up in knots," she said sharply.

"Oh, for God's sake, stop worrying," Dunstable said. "You worry too much."

Mrs. Dunstable pointed at the clock. "It's twenty-two to nine," she said. "You'd better get a move on. You can still catch that quarter-to bus."

Her husband went into the bedroom, pulling off his bathrobe. He had, as usual, shaved before breakfast, so it wasn't more than five minutes before he emerged in a blue pin-stripe suit, buttoning up his vest.

"I think you're doing much the sensible thing," Mrs. Dunstable said.

Dunstable looped a watch chain through the middle buttonhole of his vest as he hurried to the vestibule closet.



He put his hat on and then pulled a topcoat from a hanger. "This way, he can analyze me while I'm treading water," he said.

Mrs. Dunstable had produced a stamped-and-addressed envelope, which she held out to him as she opened the front door. "You'll get a better chance to mail this than I will," she said. He took it as he was still hunching into his topcoat. "Don't forget it, now," she said as he went out the door and started down the front steps to the sidewalk. "Do you hear?"

"Yes, yes," he answered, without turning. At the foot of the steps, he broke into a trot to race an approaching bus to the corner. His loose topcoat billowed out behind him.

"Be sure to tell them you'll take that overtime!" she called after him.

"All right, all right!" he called back.

He thrust the letter into a pocket as he sprinted down the sidewalk alongside the slowing bus. He drew abreast of it at the corner, where it stopped. Mrs. Dunstable watched him get on the bus and the bus door close behind him. Then she shut the door of the house, went back into the kitchen, and, with noticeably more than her normal spirit, resumed her interrupted housework.

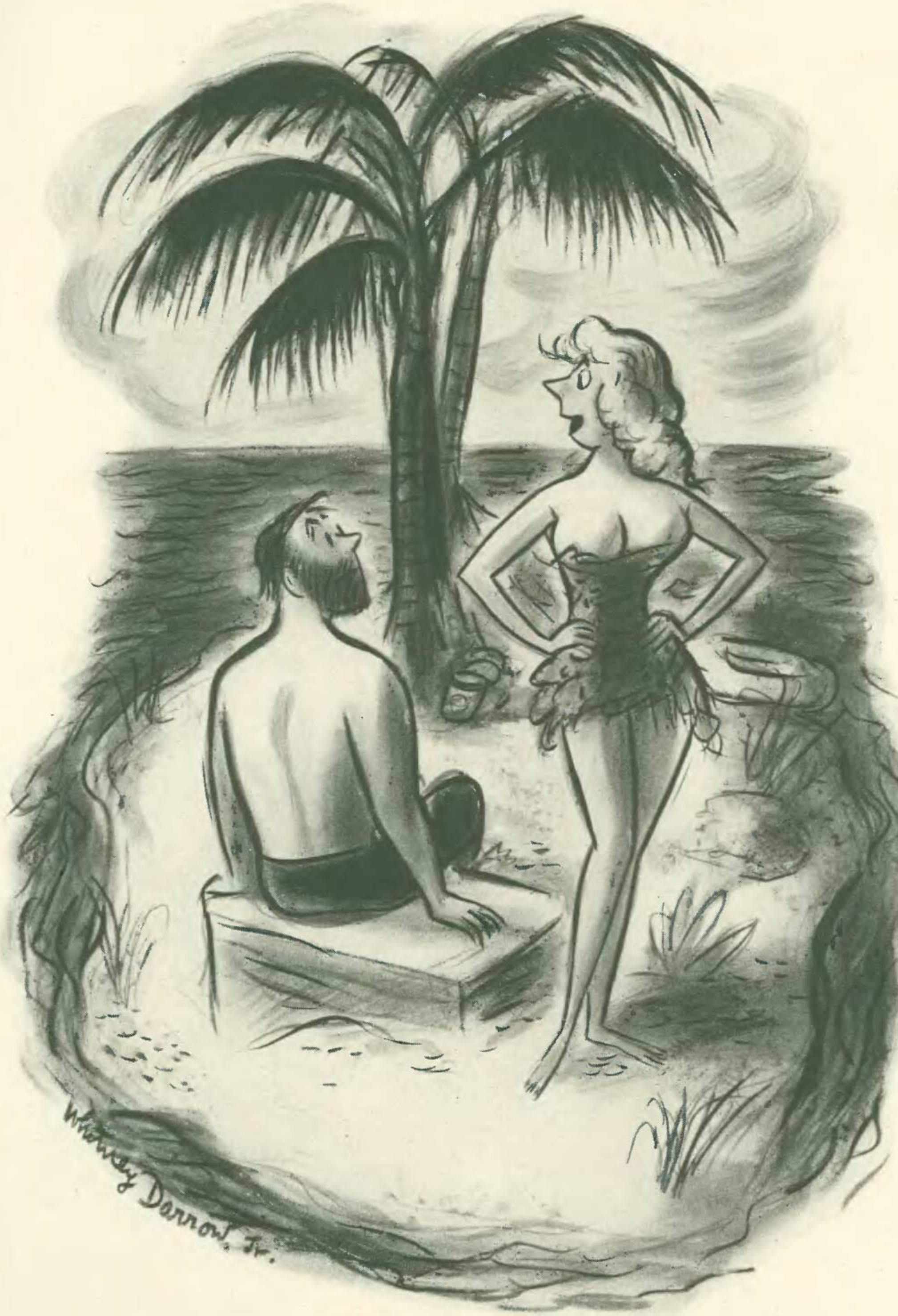
—Peter De Vries

FABLES BULFINCH FORGOT

Medusa and the Mot Juste

Once there was a Greek divinity of the sea named Ceto and she married a man named Phorcus,
And the marriage must have been pretty raucous;
Their remarks about which child took after which parent must have been full of asperities,
Because they were the parents of the Gorgons, and the Graeae, and Scylla, and the dragon that guarded the apples of the Hesperides.
Bad blood somewhere.
Today the Gorgons are our topic, and as all schoolboys including you and me know,
They were three horrid sisters named Medusa and Euryale and Stheno,
But what most schoolboys don't know because they never get beyond their Silas Marners and their Hiawathas,
The Gorgons were not only monsters, they were also highly talented authors.
Medusa began it;
She wrote "Forever Granite."
But soon Stheno and Euryale were writing, too, and they addressed her in daily choruses,
Saying we are three literary sisters just like the Brontës so instead of Gorgons why can't we be brontësauruses?
Well, Medusa may have been mythical but she wasn't mystical,
She was selfish and egotistical.
She saw wider vistas
Than simply being the sister of her sisters.
She replied, tossing away a petrified Argonaut on whom she had chipped a molar,
You two can be what you like, but since I am the big fromage in this family, I prefer to think of myself as the Gorgon Zola. —Ogden Nash

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"Well, if you want to know, I just don't like being taken for granted."

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

THE sisters, Emily Wade and Belle Honeycutt, were alone together in Emily's living room, for Henry Wade had retired to the library, where he was composing a speech to be made at a business convention, the little boys had gone to bed, and young Laura Wade had stayed on at school for a ballet lesson and an early dinner meeting of a discussion group she belonged to. The room was adequately warmed by central heating, but the cold March rain rattling against the windows had a freezing sound, and the two women had drawn their chairs close to the pretty fire that burned, for the sake of ornamental effect, in the basket grate on the hearth. Until that day, they hadn't seen each other in more than a year, so they had been chatting with a spurious air of spontaneity—catching up on family deaths and operations and weddings in an effort to recover a sense of intimacy that they both regarded as a sort of blood obligation. But it was hard going. They had never been alike in temperament and they had lived apart, and quite differently, for a long time. Emily found it difficult to shake off the feeling that she had to keep up a front for Belle and conceal everything but the veneer of her life—harmonious, polished, uncomplicated—which she would show to a chance acquaintance. At last, however, she broached the subject that was constantly in her thoughts.

"I can't imagine why Laura isn't back," she murmured. "She said eight-thirty and it's a quarter to ten now."

"Don't fret," Belle said. "You know where she is. And she said that headmistress—that Miss St. John you wrote me about—was toting all the girls home. What could be safer than to be chaperoned by a female apostle?"

"The name is pronounced 'Sinj'n,' " Emily said.

"Oh," said Belle. "Well, live and learn." A glint of amusement showed in her eyes. "You don't suspect the decorous Laura of slipping off to meet a sailor in a bar, do you?"

Emily tried to smile, but she considered her sister's jest coarse and not very funny. "Really, Belle!" she said. "But she might have telephoned. She knows I worry."

"*They* don't know anybody worries except themselves," Belle said. "And what do they worry about? How to wangle another cashmere sweater out of their threadbare parents."

"No. The child's not greedy," Emily said. But she hesitated, wondering if, after all, the child *was* greedy. Could that common, pathetic foible—the blatant desire to have more than one has a right to—lie at the bottom of Laura's incomprehensible moods, her belligerent withdrawal of sympathy? Emily shook her head almost regretfully; that explanation was too simple. She gazed directly into Belle's small, country-shrewd eyes. "It's that she's so remote. So cold and hostile."

Those were strong words, and as soon as they'd left her mouth, Emily wished she could recall them. It was incredible that she should have spoken so to anyone, even a sister, of her own daughter. But, curiously, she also experienced a sensation of relief, or at least of a fatuous anticipation of relief, like that of a woman who picks out a notably easygoing physician before whom to lay the symptoms of an obscure malaise that has frightened her, hoping not to hear her trouble diagnosed but merely to hear it dismissed—after some cursory questioning—as arising from a trifling disorder.

Belle reached out absently and took a chocolate from the box on the table beside her chair. She bit into it. "A marshmallow," she said. "Fate pursues me with marshmallows!" She laughed. She had the slow, creamy laugh of a woman without much malice or vanity—a woman whose heart has returned, after some aimless wandering, to the human animal's original longing for food and affability. Looking at her sister, Emily thought she did indeed bear a resemblance to the fat country doctor of their youth. She looked like Uncle Chad, who had practiced medicine for forty years, down in Georgia, by instinct and ear (for he'd seldom used the stethoscope that he wore around his neck), and without losing any more patients than the brisk, scientific men up here at the Hopkins. The likeness soothed Emily. It made her feel that she was back in the old office, where the air smelled of wintergreen and pipe tobacco and musty, leather-bound books, and where the Hippocratic oath hung, framed, above the shabby roll-top desk. In a minute, Uncle Chad would pat her hand and tell her she was as cute as a speckled pup and that all she needed was a spring tonic and maybe a few days of salt air at Tybee Island.



"Laura didn't strike me as a monster when I saw her this morning," Belle said. "I thought she was real sweet to drive way down to the depot to meet an old aunt on a seven-o'clock train."

"She's very fond of you," Emily said, feeling grateful for an opportunity to say something nice about Laura. "Frankly, I didn't want her to go. I thought the fog was too thick. But she insisted that she had to meet you because she couldn't be here for dinner and—"

"It was a lovely gesture," Belle said. "It saved me a pretty penny, too. If I'd taken a taxi all across Baltimore—"

"Laura's always lovely to everybody except me," said Emily.

"Well, company manners are a useful thing to have," said Belle.

"It's not only company," Laura said. "She makes a distinction right here in the bosom of the family. With the boys, she's the perfect big sister—always so kind and tolerant, you know—and you never saw such a dear little daughter as Henry has! Why, if *he* had asked her not to take the car out this morning, she'd have been perfectly reasonable about it, instead of putting up a fuss the way she did with me—telling me I was neurotic and had no sense of responsibility toward a guest and—"

"I'm sorry if I've been the cause of a row," Belle said.

"Oh, no," Emily assured her. "Not the cause. Only the excuse for one. She seems to like to find grudges against me."

Belle sighed. "I know!"

"And *only* me," Emily went on. "Now, last week she'd just recovered from the twenty-four-hour flu and she was planning to spend the weekend at Annapolis. One of her school friends has a brother there, and she and her mother had asked Laura to go down."

Belle nodded.

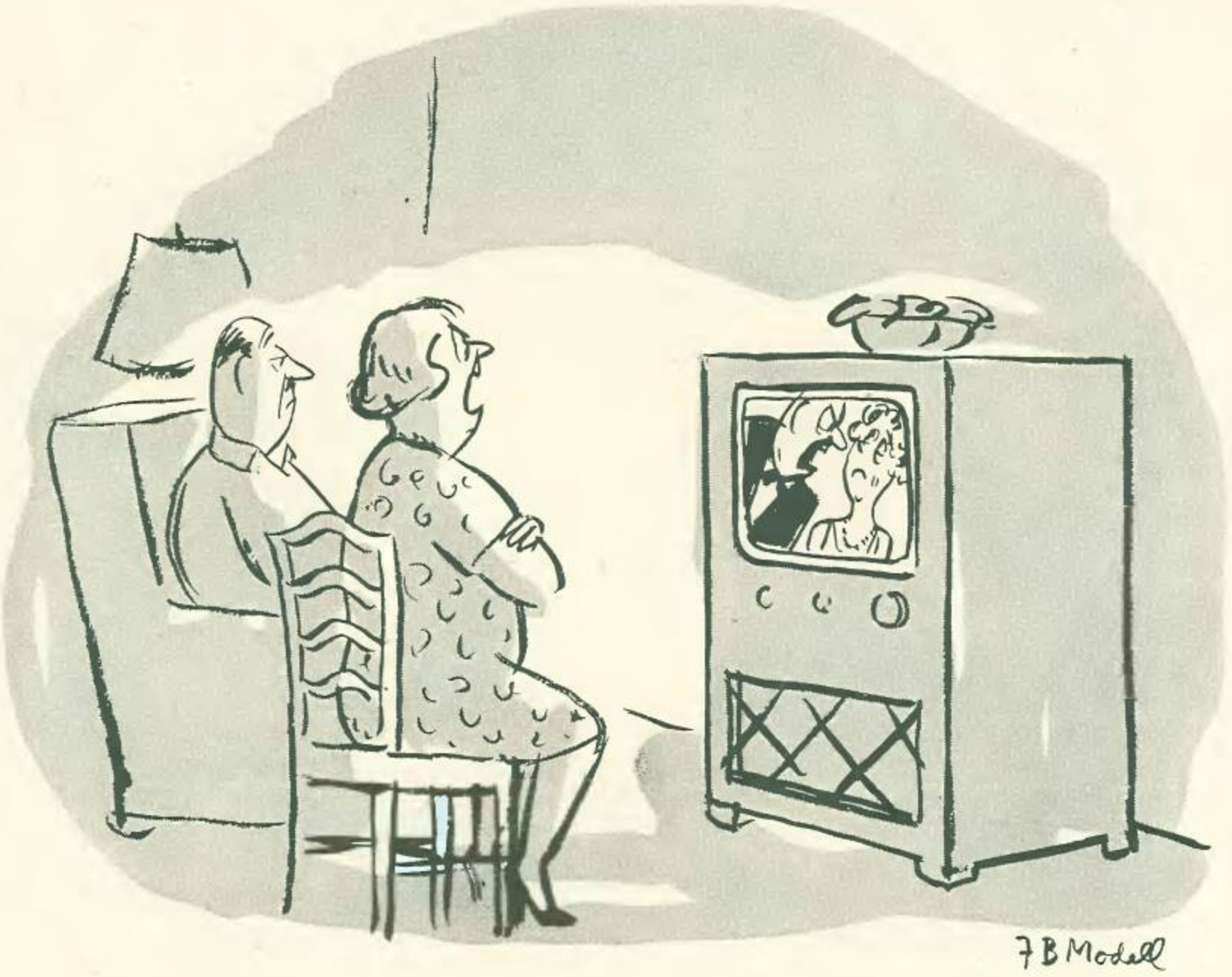
"I was prepared to let her go along," Emily said, "just to avoid unpleasantness. But Henry told her she ought to stay at home and rest. She took it like a lamb from him. She called her friend and said her father thought she wasn't well enough for the trip, and then she went up to her room to read. Henry paced around looking like a man who'd lost his last nickel—he'd rather die than deny Laura any pleasure—and finally he got an apple and carried it up to her."

"An apple?" said Belle.

"Yes. Laura likes apples," Emily said. "So Henry found a big red one in the pantry and polished it all up and put it on a silver tray and—"

"What did Laura do?" Belle asked.

"I heard her exclaiming that he was just the sweetest, most thoughtful daddy in the world," Emily replied. She laughed bitterly. "Now, if *I* had inter-



"I'd like to be married to that bum for just about ten minutes."

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fered with Laura's plans and then offered her an apple—"

"She'd have grabbed it and busted in your head with it," Belle said. Having consumed her marshmallow, she took the candy box onto her lap and began ferreting among its contents. "That's the way with girls," she said. "It's nature. I reckon the mother is a symbol of something they have to rebel against. Inhibitions or repressions or something." She selected an oblong chocolate-dipped candy and tested it gingerly between her front teeth. "A caramel," she grumbled, "and I was hunting for a Brazil nut! Listen, Emmy—didn't you ever hate Mama?"

"Why, no," Emily said. "I'm sure I didn't."

"I did," Belle said cheerfully. "Of course, I didn't call it hating, but that's what it was. Mama was so Christian and pure and understanding. She took the edge off everything. Whenever I had any fun, like taking a drink of corn or going swimming at midnight with the Bellamy boys, I'd think how she'd trusted me. So I'd feel like a heel, and hate her."

"She used to irritate me when I'd been to a party and she'd want me to 'tell all about it,' " Emily said. "But only because she was so eager. I don't remember her as a moral burden."

"You were the baby," Belle said. "Mama'd worn herself out on my character. Besides, you were always up in the clouds."

"What about your own children?" Emily asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Belle said. The shadow of some nameless emotion—resentment, disappointment, fatigue?—passed over her placid countenance. "But I don't feel about mine like you do about Laura. I never thought mine were found in the bulrushes."

THAT was a neat shot of Belle's, Emily admitted to herself. That was precisely how she, and Henry, too, had always regarded Laura—as a piece of good fortune, beyond their deserts, planted in their path by the miraculous grace of Providence. And within limits their attitude was defensible. Laura had indeed been a child to delight any parent. She had begun as an enviable baby, with dimples, coos, and crows, and all the other engaging attributes of infancy, and had grown into a fetching little girl who had possessed curly hair, a sunny disposition, an inquiring mind, and the disarming manner of not acting as if she felt superior to other people. Without questioning the wisdom of their motives, the Wades had arranged the whole pattern of their life to revolve around their daughter. It was for her, really—in order that she could never reproach them with loneliness—that they'd decided to have the two younger children. It was for her—so that she could attend Green Valley Academy, the best and most expensive country day school in the vicinity—that Henry had worked hard and Emily had devised various tricks of juggling the household budget. It was for her that they had bought their modest but pleasant house in a neighborhood that was a shade more impressive, perhaps, than Henry's income warranted.

None of this had seemed to spoil Laura. She had done well at school and had made a number of close friends among girls from the elect of Baltimore society, but she had continued to be simple and unaffected. Nothing had appeared to please her more than to meet Emily in town for an afternoon concert and have a large tea, with sticky buns, and a long, friendly gossip afterward.

And then, last June, Emily had noticed a change. At first, it had not been much. Laura had sulked for a few days when Emily had borne her off to the beach instead of permitting her to remain at home and find a summer job in a hospital or a department store. (Miss St. John, Laura had argued, had said you couldn't understand reality until you'd worked for wages.) After that, Laura had had, intermittently, periods of abstraction—of a kind of restless nervousness—when she seemed almost offended by her mother's conversational overtures and neglected, pointedly, to smile at family jokes. Emily had regarded Laura with sympathy. The child had been studying too hard, she'd thought, and now, with school closed and the tension removed, she was in a slump. Once she was rested, she would recover her old, accustomed equanimity.

But the summer ended and the fall and winter went by, and still Laura was of uncertain temper. She was techy and gloomy by turns, and sometimes for a week at a stretch she would preserve a cool aloofness in the presence of her mother. On rare occasions, provoked by the merest trifles, she was openly insolent; she addressed to Emily cutting remarks couched in stilted language, and assumed a la-di-da manner that would have been high comedy in someone else's daughter.

Emily had heard that adolescents were subject to airs and vagaries. She tried to weather Laura's moods as best

she could. They were a drag on her spirits, though, and she couldn't manage to take them as philosophically as she knew she ought to. Several times, she considered appealing to Laura's sense of justice and affection—begging her to reveal whatever fancied injuries she nursed and to end the long, one-sided feud that she was waging. Emily never did, however, because each time she was on the verge of speaking, Laura's mood of offishness would pass as mysteriously as it had descended. For a few days, she would be as responsive and serene as she'd ever been. Emily thought these halcyon interludes too precious to be spoiled with upbraidings, and she had, moreover, an inkling that to remonstrate with Laura would be as fruitless as to urge an alcoholic to break the liquor habit; when he was drunk, he would be beyond the reach of reason, and when he was sober, he'd be unlikely to believe he could ever have been drunk.

SO Emily suffered in silence. Not until this evening, when her sister's face made her think of the Doctor she had loved, had she voiced her distress.

"My children—" Belle said in a musing tone. "Oh, the boys are all right. Wild. But boys are expected to be wild in Georgia. Boys don't get under your skin like girls."

"No," Emily agreed. She thought of her sons, aged nine and eleven, who were asleep upstairs. She dwelt on them with tenderness, as if to make up for the fact that they didn't mean to her what Laura meant.

"But that Sally!" Belle continued. "She's peaches and pie now she's married and settled down—she knows I wouldn't baby-sit for her if she wasn't! But when she was Laura's age, she was mean as a snake. She was forever taking up with ratty people. She used to run around with the son of the biggest crook in Georgia—and you know we have some powerful big crooks down home! She drove over to Atlanta with him once when the legislature was in session and there were at least two people from every county in the state there to observe her. They wandered up and down Peachtree Street holding hands and acting silly."

"Did you scold her?" Emily asked.

"We had a disgraceful scene," Belle said. "Sally threw things and expressed indignation at my presuming to criticize her friends and her judgment. That was the sacred matter—her judgment! She called me names, and I climbed on my dignity and said if she didn't apologize, she'd have to stay in her room for three days." She shrugged. "It was a rash threat. I had company coming for over Sunday."

"What happened?"

"Oh, next morning I found a note slipped under my door. It said, 'Mother, for the sake of peace and liberty I hereby apologize for calling you a bich'—she spelled it without a 't'!—'and will you please call the cleaner about my green gabardine suit.' "

"What did you do?" Emily asked.

"I accepted the apology, though it still makes me mad to think of it," Belle replied. "I called the cleaner, too." She chewed hard on her caramel, half closing her eyes, as if to savor to the full the juice in her mouth and the juice of an imagined pleasure in her mind. "Suppose I'd ever called Mama a bitch!"

"The Lord would have struck you down," Emily said. "He was on the parents' side in our day."

"Yes," Belle said. "Remember those hand-painted mottoes people used to have in their parlors? 'God Could Not Be Everywhere, So He Gave Us Mothers'!"

Emily laughed, but she realized that the discussion had strayed afield from her own problem. "Laura isn't rowdy," she said. "I wouldn't have you think that, and, of course, she wouldn't be kept on at Green Valley if she were. She's seldom even downright rude."

"Well, then!" said Belle.

"It's something less tangible than that," Emily said. "And more painful." Her mouth felt dry, but she was wound up now and she went on talking, even though she guessed that Belle would think she was refining an already almost invisible point. "She holds me in contempt. She's shut me out of her life." She knew that her words sounded melodramatic, but she didn't care.

"It's that rich girls' school you send her to," Belle said. "All kids are snobs."

"No. Green Valley's not that kind of school," Emily said with conviction. "The pupils come from families that are sure enough of themselves to admire simplicity. And Miss St. John is a real aristocrat—plain as an old shoe. She believes in proper manners and sound scholarship and no nonsense."

"You sound like a brochure," Belle said.

Emily leaned toward her sister. "Oh, Belle," she said, almost in a whisper, "I've lost her! What am I going to do?"

Belle's plump face didn't show comprehension, but it showed compassion.



"Don't let her get you down," she said. "I wanted to wring Sally's neck off. But I didn't let her get me down."

"Laura's different," Emily said.

"She's going through a phase. She can't help it any more than the moon can," Belle said indulgently. "And she doubtless has troubles of her own. Seventeen's a ghastly age." She popped a Jordan almond into her mouth. It rested in the pouch of her cheek and poked out, like a grotesque subcutaneous growth. "I wouldn't be seventeen again for the earth on a silver platter. Would you?"

Emily considered the question. "I don't know. Was it bad?"

"Your memory's failing you. It was miserable," Belle said. "Of course, I was the phlegmatic type. I just sweated through, bored to death. There was nothing to do, out there in the country, except go under the scuppernong arbor and eat grapes, or sit and help Mama make her mayonnaise. But you were artistic. You really suffered."

"Did I?" Emily said. She tried to visualize the scene of her old home. It seemed far away and rather wistful.

"Did you!" Belle exclaimed. "You wandered about like a lost soul. Everything hurt you. Especially beauty. There was a poem you composed on that theme:

The beauty of this winy autumn day
Is like a poisoned arrow in my breast . . ."

"Stop!" Emily cried. "I never showed that to anybody!"

"No, but I used to read your things," Belle said calmly. "I thought that one was real sweet. Do you still write?"

"Heavens, no!" Emily said.

"You should. You had genuine tal-



ent," Belle said. "Me—I can't rhyme 'mine' with 'thine'! And then you were constantly falling in love with these impossible oafs who fell *out* of love before you did. It's a miracle you ever settled on a man as nice and normal as Henry."

"Were my beaux so strange?" Emily asked. She was fascinated in spite of herself.

"Well, there was that slue-footed instructor that you met—God alone knows how—when you were on a fraternity houseparty in Athens. He wrote you a scad of letters. Passionate, in a literary way. He called you 'dear heart,' and said you were a little willow tree trembling in the winds of dawn."

"You did considerable snooping in my desk," Emily observed dryly.

"I had to have *some* entertainment," Belle said. "And when he stopped writing, you went into a positive decline. You made a poem about that. It was good enough for the *Atlantic Monthly*. I memorized it."

"Just so you don't quote it," Emily said.

"But it was fine," Belle said. "It began:

> I lived before this love was born
> And I shall live long after,
> It lies beneath the verdant turf
> Of memories and laughter."

"I can't stand any more," Emily protested.

"The end was the strongest part," Belle said:

> "I shall plant lilies on its grave,
> Whence perfumes rare shall start—
> But, oh, this cold, unburied thing
> Lies heavy on my heart!"

Emily blushed. The verses themselves had amused her, but she was embarrassed by the obvious esteem in which her sister held them.

"I showed it to Papa," Belle said. "He was planning to send you to Europe. To forget."

"I never knew that," said Emily.

"But then you got attached to the queer Bellamy boy—the one that chased butterflies."

"He's a distinguished entomologist now," Emily said stiffly.

"Good for him!" said Belle. "But he cost you a trip. Papa built himself a fishpond instead. Then there was—"

"Spare me the others," Emily said. "I was a child."

"You were seventeen," Belle reminded her. "Laura's age. Has it ever occurred to you that she might be in love?"

"Only in passing," Emily said. Swiftly she reviewed the half-dozen lads, with crew cuts and scrubbed faces, who had been underfoot during the Christmas holidays. "You see, the boys she knows are so young; most of them are in boarding school. And then, how could love turn her against me?"

"Everyone in love is crazy," Belle said.

"Oh, sure," said Emily. "But I don't think that's Laura's trouble."

THERE was a sound of someone coming in the front door. Emily turned in her chair. "Is that you, Laura?" she called.

"Yes, Mother," Laura replied from the hall. "Were you expecting Queen Elizabeth?" Her tone was civil but too overlaid with sarcasm to be entirely good-natured. "I'm hanging my coat in the storm closet. Now my hat. Now I'm taking off my rubbers!"

"She's trying to be clever," Belle said in a barely audible voice. "Maybe you *are* apt to ask her for a play-by-play account of herself. Don't let her roil you."

Laura came into the room. She was a slender girl, dressed in the pastel-colored cashmere pullover (hers was blue) and flannel skirt that almost amounted to a uniform for her generation. Her complexion was naturally pale, but the night air had touched her cheeks with pink, and the ends of her soft, dark hair were lightly spangled with drops of moisture. Her general appearance gave the effect of the elegance and delicate vigor that are found in flowers of the field and distinguish the gently nurtured daughters of the American middle class. She hurried, with a pretty air of pleasure, to Belle's side.

"Oh, Aunt Belle!" she cried in her properly modulated voice. "I feel as though I hadn't seen you at all. This morning didn't count. I was in such a mad rush that—"

"You were a darling to meet me," Belle said. "I was telling your mother."

"I adore meeting trains," Laura said. "I feel so important. And then it was wonderful out this morning. I drove down Charles Street and saw the monument sort of looming through the mist, like the *idea* of a monument taking shape in a sculptor's mind!"

"How's the weather tonight?" Emily asked.

"The way it sounds," Laura said. She nodded toward a window and conveyed the impression that her mother had asked a stupid question. "Freezing rain." She sat cross-legged on the floor and looked up at Belle. "I'm sorry I'm late on your first evening," she

said. "Miss St. John got talking and we lost track of time."

"What did you discuss?" Emily asked, wanting Laura to show Belle how intelligent she was.

"Gosh, I don't remember," Laura said coldly. "Just ideas." She turned to Belle. "I want to hear about Sally's baby. Imagine *you* a grandma!"

She stayed half an hour in the living room, turning on her charm like a lamp for Belle's benefit and dimming it perceptibly whenever she had to address her mother. "I suppose I must get to bed," she said at last, rising to her feet in a single movement. "It's hard to leave the fire and the special company." She bent and laid her cheek for an instant against her aunt's head. "Good night," she said. "I'll bring you a cup of coffee before I leave for school tomorrow. I remember you and early coffee! Good night, Mother."

"Good night, Laura," both women said.

They heard her stop and open the library door before she went upstairs. "Hi, Daddy," they heard her say, and her voice—though it was still Green Valley's best—was more artless than it had been in her conversation with Belle. "I just dropped by to peek at you. If you're driving me to school in the morning, I'd like to tell you about our meeting tonight. I got a lot of new slants on things and I want to discuss 'em with you."

Emily eyed her sister. "Well?" she said.

"I see what you mean," Belle said. "Of course, I'm captivated. She's so pretty and that thing about the monument in the sculptor's mind—it was sheer poetry! And what a vocabulary!"

"They stress vocabulary at her school," said Emily.

"And then I have an odd trick of liking anyone who's nice to me," Belle said. "But I see what you mean. She doesn't care for you very much at the moment. You'll have to trust to time." She smiled ruefully. "It's like Mama used to say when we were broken up about something that couldn't be helped—'Don't struggle. Lie down and let the waves beat over you.'"

Henry came striding in. He looked chipper, like a man who has been diverted by his own wit. "Have you girls mopped up the State of Georgia yet?" he asked. "How about a nightcap?" And to Belle: "Did you talk to Laura? She's my chef-d'oeuvre."

Belle nodded. "You're very fortunate in your children. I like the boys, too."

"Oh, yes," Henry said carelessly. "They're splendid little chaps."

SPRINGTIME CROSSTOWN EPISODE IN FOUR-TIME

As I was crossing Chatham Bar
  In Fortywhich Street west of Lex,
An Eastern Doorman sprang from cover,
  Unmistakable as to sex:
A brilliant Doorman, adult male,
With flashpatch wings and rufous tail,
A piping Doorman whistling clear,
And oh, it was a song to hear!
  Chwee . . . whee,
  And a skyview taxi-taxi-taxi.

The morn was tied with Aprilstrings,
  The bar was warm, the air was sweet,
The Doorman danced and drooped his wings
  And circled bravely in the street.
And when his whistling drew no cab,
Out from the tangle, shy and drab,
A female crept—a little doxy,
Drawn more sure than any taxi.

The Eastern Doorman quit his questing,
Chirruped twice, and they went to nesting.
  Chwee . . . whee! —E. B. W.

• •

He went out to the kitchen and returned with three strong-looking highballs on a tray.

"We ought to fix a little bar in the butler's pantry," Emily said idly.

"Or in your library, behind a sliding panel of false bookbindings," Belle said.

"We can wait until Laura's older and needs something more potent than Coca-Colas for her friends," Henry said. "Though that's a day I don't hanker for." He gave the ladies their glasses and raised his own. "To Demosthenes," he said. "The old gentleman led a hard life."

"How's your speech?" Belle asked.

"Adequate, I hope," Henry said, with a try at modesty. "It's a tough proposition, though. I want it to provoke thought but not slumber." He pulled a chair up close to Belle's. "I'm using one story you might appreciate, if Emily can stand it again."

Emily leaned back in her chair and sipped her highball. She hadn't had a drink for weeks (she was saving money for Laura's dancing lessons) and now she could feel the whiskey taking hold almost as soon as she swallowed it. Before her glass was half emptied, her spirits began to rise on a wave of optimism and resolution. Now was the moment to be seized, she thought suddenly. Now was the time to have things out with Laura.



"Excuse me a minute," she said to Belle and Henry, who, engrossed in the swapping of anecdotes, gave no sign of hearing her. She went into the hall and up the stairs.

LAURA's door was closed. Emily opened it quietly, without knocking. The room was dark except for a gentle, diffuse illumination that seeped through a window from a street lamp. Laura was not asleep. She was standing at the window, gazing out. She was wearing a white flannelette nightdress with long sleeves and a high neck, and her hair, drawn off her ears and brow, was pinned on top of her head. She had a look of timelessness—of unreality, even.

"Laura," Emily said softly.

Laura turned. She had rubbed cold cream on her face and her skin glistened—not greasily, as middle-aged skin might have done, but with a high, hard lustre, like metal or ivory. "Is there something I can do for you, Mother?" she inquired with exaggerated politeness.

"Yes," Emily said. "You can talk to me. You can tell me what's the matter."

"Nothing's the matter," Laura said, smiling unpleasantly. "I was looking out the window. Is that so alarming?"

"You know what I mean," Emily

said. "You know how you've been acting to me."

"I haven't been acting any way," said Laura.

Emily sat down on the foot of the bed. "It won't do, darling," she said. "We were such friends. And then this summer something began to go wrong."

Laura was silent.

"What was it?" Emily asked. "If I've offended you, I think in all fairness you should tell me how. What was it? What did I do?"

Laura was standing now with her back to the window. She had a trapped look, as if she'd been called upon to attack and had no weapon ready to attack with. "Why did you make me go to the beach?" she demanded at last.

"I thought you would enjoy it," Emily said.

"Why did you think so?" said Laura. "I told you I wanted to stay here and do something useful. Be a nurse's aide or work at Hutzler's. But you just dismissed what *I* said!" She paused for breath. "You think you know all the answers, don't you?"

"No," Emily said. "Very few."

"And tonight Miss St. John talked to us about values," Laura continued, on a transparently forced note of indignation. "Perspective, and reality, and a sense of proportion, and how we were apt to take for granted luxuries that the mass of humanity would find incredible."

"Yes?" said Emily.

"What did I find when I came home? You and Aunt Belle hovering over a fire you didn't need. Do you know how many families right here in Baltimore are actually cold?"

"How many?" Emily asked.

Laura hesitated. "A *great* many," she said.

Emily, to her own immense surprise, had to stifle a desire to laugh. "Come now, Laura," she said. "You're trumping up grievances. You had a marvellous time at the beach—remember the moonlight sail and the clambakes at the cove?—and it was better for you than clerking in a store."

"What about working in a hospital?" Laura countered. "That way, I'd have served society."

"A girl your age is serving society when she conserves her health," Emily said. "And you know Miss St. John wasn't hitting at people like us when she spoke of extravagant complacency. She wouldn't begrudge me a fire in my sitting room!"

"Well, no. I guess not," Laura said in a somewhat sheepish tone. "Maybe I did sound priggish. But you're so—"



"I see you as very eager to meet a tall, dark, handsome man."

• •

She stared through the shadows at her mother. "You have no depth."

"Oh?" said Emily.

"I've noticed it for a long time, and it hurts me," Laura said. "Miss St. John was reading us this thing in chapel the other day—this thing about passion—"

"Passion?" Emily said. She tried to imagine Miss St. John, a square-jawed spinster of fifty with a sea captain's voice, lecturing a hundred blossoming maidens on that tricky subject.

"Not the kind you're thinking of. Not sex," Laura said severely. "A dedicated passion for art and beauty. How you had to burn with a 'hard, gemlike flame.' It was a passage from Walter Pater. Did you ever read him?"

"A long time ago," said Emily.

"Well, you don't burn with his flame," Laura said. "You live on the surface. You don't feel anything."

"Don't I?" said Emily.

"Sunday afternoon, I put Beethoven's Seventh on the record-player," Laura said. "I nearly died, it was so tremendous. It was like great tides sweeping me away. And what did you do? You worked on a crossword puzzle."

"I was trying to get the genus of goose," Emily said.

"Why, you haven't even noticed how beautiful it is outdoors tonight," Laura said. She took her mother by the arm and drew her to the window. "Look!" she whispered.

Emily looked. Her house was on a hill, and across the road, where the land began to fall away, stood an elm tree, large and symmetrical. Below the tree were the rooftops of houses that seemed to form a flight of giant steps that went down in the darkness. Tonight, in the spring ice storm, the elm was a huge, sequined fan and the ridgepoles of the roofs were pencilled silver lines. It was a very pretty scene.

"Doesn't it make you want to cry?" asked Laura.

"No," Emily said. She glanced sharply at Laura. The girl was gazing, transfixed, at the tree—as if it represented some mystical truth that she longed to grasp. "We've talked about me. What do *you* want, Laura?"

Laura turned to Emily, lifting her chin, as if that question had been the tossed glove that she'd been waiting

for. "I want—" she began angrily, and paused. Her eyes, reflecting the lamplight, looked bigger than they were. The expression in them became candid and serious and a little scared. "I want to be myself," she said quite simply.

The glaze, Emily knew, was ready to crack. With a caress, with a word, she could bring Laura's proud head down upon her shoulder. Then she could speak of her own youth, which had been—with its withdrawals, its sensibilities, and its reachings out toward impalpable satisfactions—so much like Laura's. And the girl, drawn once again beneath the wing of maternal sympathy, would see that her problems, which had seemed fresh and particular, were only familiar details in a universal pattern of growth.

But Emily realized, in an instant of unaccustomed detachment, that Laura—perhaps half unconsciously—was wretchedly aware of all this, and was striving, for the sake of her soul's freedom, to deny it. The last thing she needed was to feel understood by her mother. Or by herself, for that matter. Her illusion of uniqueness, her deep compulsion to be *mis*understood, and her capricious antagonisms were irksome to all concerned, but in them was the principle of growth. They were, as Belle had said, nature.

Emily moved away from the window.

"Oh, Mother!" Laura said in a childish voice, to which Emily's emotions responded as instinctively as a parent bird responds to a plaintive peep from its hungry fledgling.

"Yes, Laura?" Emily said, forcing herself to sound casual.

Laura flung out her hands, palms cupped, in a vague gesture of wonder and perplexity. She brought one of them to her breast. "Life is—" she said.

"I know," Emily said gently. Quickly she assumed the sort of brisk nursery manner that is calculated to enrage any child with an ounce of spirit. "I must go back to the grownups now, dear," she told Laura. "Get into bed soon and don't forget to shut the register before you open the window."

When she returned to the living room, Emily found Belle there alone.

"Henry's gone to sweeten my glass," Belle said. "La, Emmy! I'm in a golden haze!"

"Good," said Emily. "I must catch up with you." She sat down and took a swallow of her own neglected drink and thought of Laura. She laughed silently, recalling the high-flown phrases the girl had tossed about and the way she had rebuked her, Emily, for entertaining low associations with the word "passion." Then she thought of how Laura had laid her hand upon her heart, in a way that would have been trite on any stage in the world and that had seemed right and natural up there in the shadowy bedroom. And that pretty, unaffected gesture had evoked all the enchanted climate of youth. How would it feel, she wondered, to stand again beneath a canopy of leaves, eating scuppernong grapes, warm off the vine, and bemused by overblown perceptions of beauty and love and pain? Or to look at an icy tree from a cozy room and speak of life?

"Well," Emily murmured to her sister, "it had its charms, no matter what you say."

"What had charms?" asked Belle.

"Being seventeen," said Emily.

Belle nodded. "It seemed dreadful when we were, but it was probably all right. We had so much time before us then, and we didn't dream it could ever run out." She put her hands to the fire as if to warm away a premonitory chill that had touched them. "You know, even mayonnaise doesn't taste the way it did."

Emily lowered her eyes to hide the amusement that she knew was in them. All roads of Belle's philosophy, she thought, led eventually to food.

"I think it's because we're always in a hurry," Belle went on. "We dump all the ingredients in together and turn on the electric mixer. Mama spared no pains with hers."

"It was a task that took hours," Emily said.

"Yes," Belle said, "hours. On hot afternoons, she made it down at the springhouse, where she got the coolth of the valley air. You could hear the rain crows complaining in the grove." Her flat voice sounded drowsy and peaceful. "Mama saved the whites of the eggs for her angel cakes. She just used the yolks. I'd pour the olive oil for her, drop by drop, and she would beat it in with a silver fork."

—Frances Gray Patton

•

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"Oh, they're nice as pie as long as you show a balance, but just get a couple of cents overdrawn and they show their true colors."

PROFILES

THERE'S NO PLACE—II

IV

Trains May Be Slow, but They Get You There

ALLISON CRAIG and John P. Marquand maintained, for the most part, an odd silence during their ride together from New York to Boston on the eight-o'clock train. Craig had taken his seat, No. 26 in parlor car No. 302, at three minutes to eight. He had been convinced, when he glanced across the aisle at seat No. 25, which was empty, that Marquand would miss the train. The thought that he might not, after all, have the opportunity of accompanying Marquand to Boston and Newburyport and gathering material for an article about him for *Sweep*, the two-dollar-a-copy monthly magazine for which he worked, brought beads of perspiration to Craig's forehead. In their way, the three minutes Craig had to wait for Marquand to arrive were a minor nightmare. But Marquand arrived a few seconds before the train pulled out. He was in a fury. He had been certain that the train would pull out without him, since there were no redcaps at the Vanderbilt Avenue entrance when his taxi drew up there. Suddenly, one had come along, and now, safe in Seat 25, he regretted that he had. The redcap had demanded the usual twenty-five cents for his suitcase and twenty-five for his golf bag. Marquand had always considered this price too steep, and, running up against it again this morning, he was so enraged that he was incapable of more than a nod to Craig until several minutes after the train had started.

"Well, sir," said Craig as the train emerged from the tunnel under Park Avenue, "here we are."

Marquand was conscious of having perceptibly winced, and he hoped that Craig had not noticed. There was no point in hurting the poor fellow's feelings—and, moreover, here they *were*.

"Do you mind if I ask you a few questions, just to get the ball rolling?" Craig said.

"Not at all," said Marquand.

"Well, sir," said Craig, "I always believe in first things first." He laughed nervously. "What better way to get the ball rolling than to ask where you were born? Where in New England, I mean."

"As a matter of fact," said Marquand, "I was born in Wilmington, Delaware."

"Well, I'll be damned," Craig said. "Wilmington, Delaware. Not New England, eh?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Marquand.

Craig indulged in another of his nervous laughs. "Well, you know how it is," he said. "John P. Marquand is celebrated as a New England writer. It's a part of the country he understands—he gets under its skin, you might say—and then it turns out that he was born in Wilmington, Delaware."

"I'm terribly sorry," said Marquand.

Craig appeared not to have heard. He was jotting down some notes in a small brown book he had taken from the inside pocket of his jacket. "Well," he said, "we're over the first hurdle. Did you ever go to school in Wilmington?"

"No," said Marquand. "I only lived there for a year or two."

"Oh, I see," said Craig, writing something else down in his book.

"I wonder very much," said Marquand, "if we could talk a little bit later on. I haven't had time to read the paper yet."

"That makes sense," said Craig. "Anyway, it's better to thaw out, and I haven't read the Alsops this morning. They usually hit the situation right on the nose."

Marquand smiled wanly and swung his chair around until it faced the window. He had brought a copy of the *Times* along, and he held it up before his face, but he did not read it.

Craig's simple question, "Where were you born?," had turned Marquand's thoughts in the direction of his parents and his childhood. Now, in the swiftly moving train to Boston, he found himself thinking of his father, Philip Marquand. Philip Marquand, still a charming and twinkly gentleman, though in his eighties, was becoming increasingly forgetful. He was living quietly in Concord, Massachusetts. Marquand visited him from time to time, and on each occasion the old gentleman greeted him in the same fashion. He said, inevitably, "John, where is the money?" Not long ago, Marquand had visited him on a bleak New England day. A heavy snow was falling. Having asked where the money was, Philip Marquand suddenly said, "John, it's time for spring planting. Let's get out of here," and John took him over



John P. Marquand

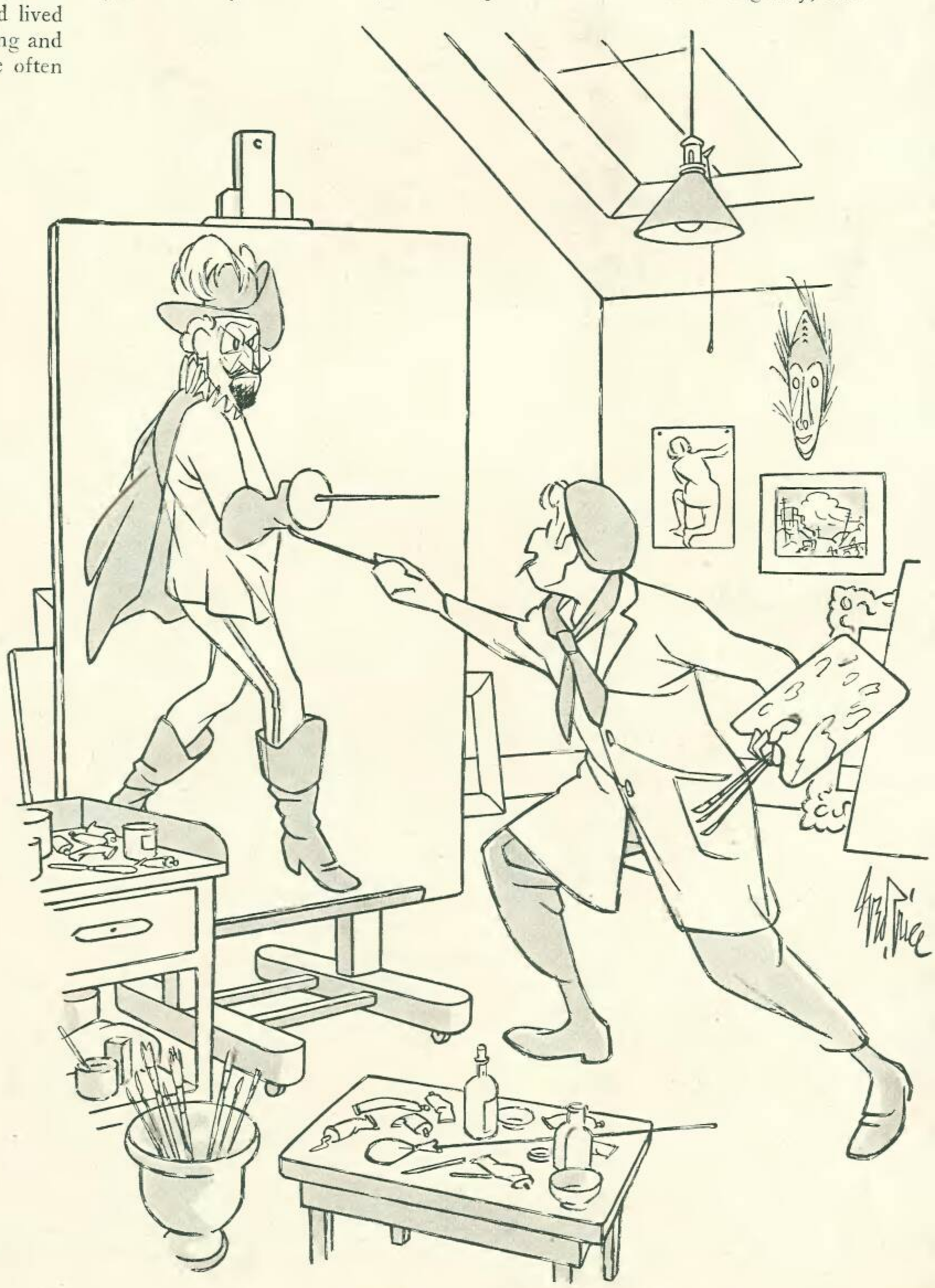
to a window and showed him the white countryside and the ever mounting drifts of snow. Philip Marquand stood for a moment looking out upon the scene, and then turned to his son. "By God, John," he said, "you're right!"

There was no getting away from the fact that he had been something of a trial to John, and to John's mother, who died in 1932. "Where is the money?" The very thought of the question brought a deep tinge of pink to Marquand's face. Where is the money indeed! John and his mother had never quite known where the money went. Marquand remembered now, with a tempered bitterness, that he had, while he was a successful *Saturday Evening Post* writer, commanding the highest rates, established his father in a small business in Newburyport, raising Rhode Island Reds. They were the finest Rhode Island Reds in New England and the eggs they laid brought in a tidy sum. But no one ever quite knew what Philip Marquand did with his money. One morning, he took fifteen hundred dollars in cash from his safe, put on his best hat and coat, selected his favorite walking stick, and announced, with a strange smile, that he intended to spend the day in Boston. He was a short, trim man—he had been the featherweight sparring champion of his class, '89, at Harvard—and he cut an elegant figure as he left for the railroad station, jauntily swinging his cane. Nothing was heard from him for two days. He returned, dejected, on the second evening. The smile was gone from his face and the swagger from his walk. The fifteen hundred dollars

was gone, too. Marquand asked what had happened to the money. "I blew it in, and it's none of your damned business," Philip Marquand said.

That was the way it had always been, Marquand remembered. In fact, that had been the cause of his being born in Wilmington, Delaware, and not in the snowbound hills of grim old New England, as the absurd figure across the aisle had so innocently assumed. Philip Marquand had always been a gambler; even if he won, he ultimately lost, since he would toss his winnings into one grand plunge. This time I will make a killing, he would say, playing a stock-market hunch, and the money would be gone. John, his only child, had lived his entire life in dread of gambling and the gambling habit. In fact, he often wished that the psychologists—though he did not have any special confidence in them—would investigate the roots of gambling and the motives of gamblers. They might discover a great many things that would spare families distress. Philip Marquand's talent for dropping whatever funds he possessed into a seemingly bottomless pit had been a governing influence in the life of his son, and had kept the boy's family pretty much on the move during what writers like to call "the formative years." There had been Marquands in Newburyport since old Daniel Marquand left the Isle of Guernsey, in 1732, and settled in the small seaport town thirty-two miles northeast of Boston. Joseph, Daniel's son, had been a noted and extremely successful privateer during the American Revolution; he grew so wealthy that he became embarrassed about it, and would pray, "Lord, stay Thy hand, Thy servant hath enough." The Lord conceivably heard the cry, for Joseph lost his money. John's grandfather had been a solvent banker, and when he died, in 1900, he left to be divided among his six children, including John's father, an estate in the neighborhood of half a million dollars. John's mother, a Fuller, came from splendid New England stock, and was, in fact, not only the niece but the namesake of the feminist and Transcendentalist Margaret Fuller. By the time John was born, in 1893, Philip Marquand had left New England and taken a job as a civil engineer with the American Bridge Company in Wilmington. Soon after John's birth, the family suddenly moved to Cambridge—to Hilliard Street, off Brattle—and John could still faintly recall playing in the Common Garden. Philip Marquand's father subsequently established him in the bond business, and when John was a lad of six or seven, the family moved to New York, to 51 East Thirtieth Street. He and a nurse would go to frolic with a large hoop in Madison Square park, and look into the windows of the old F. A. O. Schwarz toy store nearby. For a while, matters went well with Philip Marquand. His bond business prospered, and the family moved again, this time to Rye. Looking out the window of the train, Marquand was struck by the curiously fictional circumstances of life, for the train was at that very moment hurtling past the Rye station.

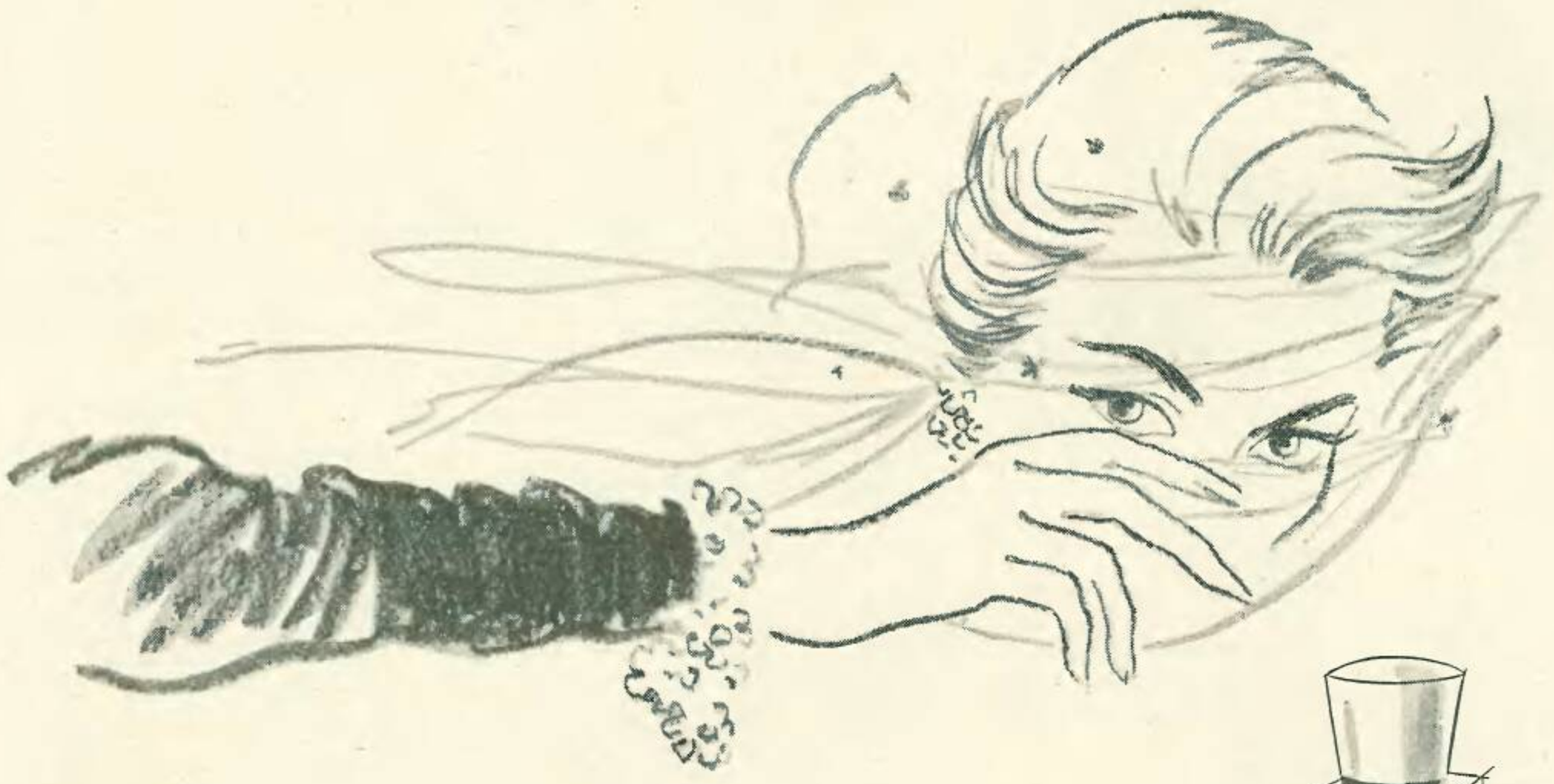
In his mind's eye, Marquand could see again their old house, which stood directly on the Post Road, and the barn behind the house, and the old horse called Prince, who, hitched to the carriage and driven by a coachman, took his father each morning to the Rye station, the same station they had just passed. His father lived elegantly, and



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although there were few cars on the roads in those days, Philip Marquand owned one—an Orient Buckboard, a formidable two-passenger vehicle with the motor behind the seat. Every once in a while, on a Sunday, they would drive together to the American Yacht Club, on the Sound. On Sundays, too, there were races on the Post Road, when the drivers of horseless carriages would find out how far they could go on one gallon of gasoline. The panic of 1907 wiped his father out and, John was convinced, changed the course of his own life. "I was just a well-bred little boy living comfortably with my parents," he often told Adelaide, his wife, while recounting some of the vicissitudes of his life, "and the rug was pulled out from under me." He was fifteen when his father found himself in serious financial difficulties. Philip Marquand fell back upon his engineering skill again and got a job at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. Marquand's mother took the boy up to Newburyport and left him in the care of her husband's two maiden sisters, Bessie and Greta, at the old family homestead, Curzon's Mill, several miles out of town. She then joined her husband in California. The boy attended Newburyport High School, and came under the influence of his two aunts and a great-aunt, Aunt Mary Curzon, who, at eighty-five, played dominoes or backgammon every evening, read aloud from Pepys' "Diary" for three hours before retiring, and whose most frequent conversational topic was the Fire. The Fire had occurred in 1811, and had destroyed not only the wharf and house of her Grandfather Curzon but his three-hundred-ton brig, the George Washington, which had been docked alongside the wharf. The Fire, in the eyes of Aunt Mary, was the most villainous and decisive act in American history—of considerably more importance than such minor incidents as the Civil War.

Marquand's life with his maiden aunts was severely restricted. He always had to be well brushed and combed, and well-behaved. There was little chance for shouting or the horseplay of youth. His aunts were all avid readers, and Aunt Bessie read him every play of Shakespeare's. The classics and the Bible were in constant use at the Mill, and to this day Marquand could recite an astonishing number of passages from the Good Book, and he knew Scott's Waverley Novels pretty much by heart. He missed the old days of swimming and tennis at the American Yacht Club, and he missed, too, the promise



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and security he had come to expect in his life. Looking back now, though, he felt that his having attended Newburyport High, instead of some such place as Groton, St. Mark's, or St. Paul's (the type of school he would normally have been sent to), had had a healthy effect upon him as a writer, for it had introduced him to something or somebody other than the way of life and the crowd he might have fallen in with. His father presently went back to Wilmington, this time with the Edge Moor Iron Works, and soon found himself in Panama, where he became a sort of supervisor at the canal they had built down there. John's mother faithfully accompanied her husband on these journeys, and he could still feel her pain at the unsettled conditions of her life, so unfamiliar, so unlike the quiet Cambridge of her birth. In 1929, his mother came into a small sum of money. John immediately persuaded her to place this in trust for herself and her husband. Philip Marquand was hurt and humiliated. He meant well; he was sure that if he had invested the money wisely and nurtured it—it was just a matter of being shrewd and outsmarting the market—he could have doubled or tripled it. He paced the floor on many occasions, many years later, crying out, "If only you hadn't put that money of your mother's in trust!"

V

You're Only Young Once

MARQUAND became aware that someone was tapping him on the shoulder. It was Craig; he had his notebook in his hand, and his face bore an eager expression. He seemed poised to deliver a few more of his penetrating questions. "I was wondering about education," he said. "You went to Harvard, of course. And the class?"

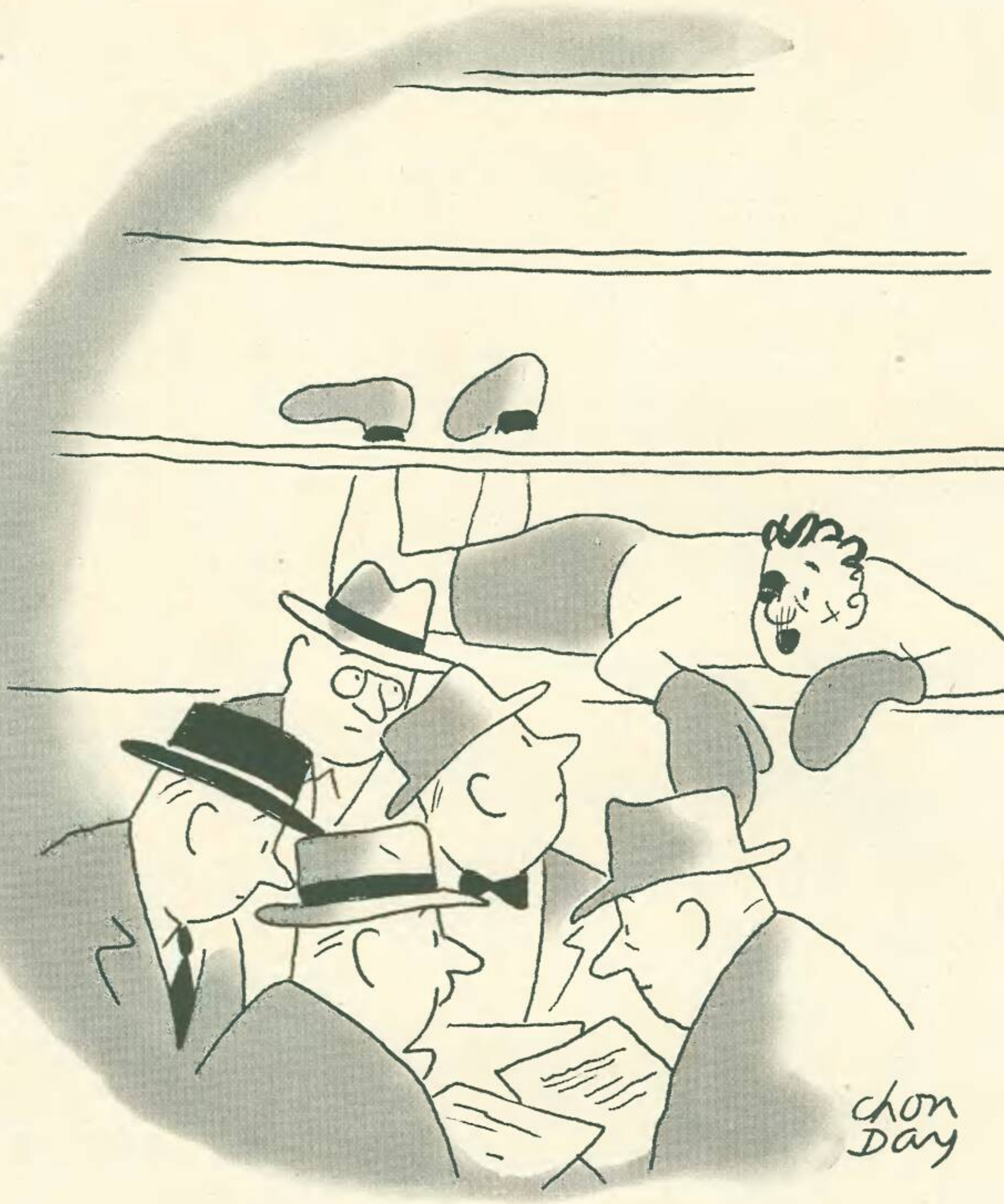
"Fifteen," said Marquand.

"Oh, I see," said Craig. "And did you have a good time there?"

"Not especially," said Marquand.

"Oh, I see," said Craig.

You don't see at all, thought Marquand. How could you possibly see? In fact, how could anyone see, including perhaps himself, since the bitter was so closely connected with the sweet? Harvard was for him in many ways a lonely place, partly because of his natural shyness and reserve, and partly because of his position in life. He had very little money to spend, and as a consequence, although he always wore an overcoat of great warmth and splendor,



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and smoked the best tobacco, he did not mingle with the gay young blades of the Harvard social clubs, such as the Fly and the Porcellian. He was a member of no club, a fact that, if he thought about it at all, he attributed to his having come to Harvard from Newburyport High rather than from one of the numerous prep schools from which graduates poured into Harvard freshman classes, as from a cornucopia. Marquand lived quietly in a boarding house at 7 Linden Street, in Cambridge, and had a parrot who could say "Hello, boys." Before settling down to the routine of liberal arts, he studied metallurgy and chemistry, and achieved local laboratory fame for his ability, in Chemistry III, to operate a blowpipe, with which he could make qualitative analyses much more rapidly than by ordinary laboratory methods. His interest in chemistry threw him into a reserved friendship with another shy undergraduate student, James Bryant Conant, who also lived at 7 Linden. A favorite sport of the residents of 7 Linden, and one in which Marquand occasionally participated, was the Two-Drink Dash, which consisted of the young men's leaving their rooms in 7 Linden at staggered times during an evening, travelling by subway to the Holland Wine Company, a bar on Essex Street, in Boston, drinking down two fast ones, and returning to 7 Linden, the winner being the one who made the round trip the fastest. At the time, the Two-Drink Dash had seemed like an adventure of the first magnitude, such as crossing the English Channel by plane, but now it seemed to Marquand, as he looked back, a bit foolish. Still, there *had* been a challenge in the Two-Drink Dash, and problems to work out, and with the intensity of youth they spent hours debating the proper method of reaching the Holland Wine Company. Some believed that the wisest course was to travel to Boylston Street by subway, which entailed changing trains at Park Street, while others—and, perhaps, Marquand felt, the wisest ones—emerged from the underground at the Park Street station and ran along the Common to Essex Street. Sometimes the journey was in vain; one day he made it to the Holland Wine Company in excellent time and then, to his shame, was refused a drink by the bartender, who said, with a maddening air of authority, "Run along, sonny. You look too young."

But the Two-Drink Dash was merely an ephemeral charade in what had

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been for the most part a lonely period for Marquand. He kept his own counsel and made only a few intimate friends, and his classmates often wondered why they would see nothing of him for weeks at a time. They conjectured about the cause of these disappearances, and concluded that he either was studying hard, had run out of funds and did not feel like facing his companions, or led a dark, mysterious life of his own. Marquand's social life while an undergraduate was on the whole fairly painful, and it was not until many years later, after he had graduated from the hallowed Yard, that he could bear even to think about the celebrated dances at the Somerset Hotel, which everybody who was anybody attended, resplendent in white tie and tails. The dances were invariably preceded by teas, and all the nice little undergraduates were invited to one or another of the teas, at somebody or other's home. Once Marquand accepted an invitation to a tea at a house on Commonwealth Avenue, in Boston. He could still recall the agony of his entrance into the crowded drawing room, alive with knots of conversationalists and friendly chatter. Marquand reached a point against one wall and stayed there for half an hour, during which time he spoke to no one and no one spoke to him. The acid of this discomfiture had etched itself deep in his memory. Not until some thirty years later, when memory had been overlaid by life, did he come to view the experience in some sort of perspective. He could then look upon it with a certain mature tolerance, for he no longer had that same feeling of being alone and unwanted. He was now a member of the Somerset Club and the Tavern Club, a respected author, even a chronicler of the ways and mores of Boston itself. He realized that his painful experience on Commonwealth Avenue had not been the result of a deliberate snub. It had been a perfectly normal occurrence. Everyone in that room, he now told himself, had known everyone else, and they had all assumed, without so much as even assuming it, that he knew everyone, too. That, in a sense, was Boston.

At Harvard, Marquand avoided participating in manifestations of college spirit; the notion of hail-hail-hail and die-for-dear-old-Harvard did not appeal to him. Athletic rallies struck him as juvenile, and he soon developed, as he put it years later, "a spirit of indifference." He kept a sharp eye out for the type known as the Big Man on Campus, and this vigilance served a useful pur-

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pose when he began writing novels because he had built up a storehouse of experience on which to draw for some of his most entertaining characters—most notably Bo-jo Brown, a booster of monumental proportions, who was satirized in "H. M. Pulham, Esquire." Marquand's small circle of devoted friends were not only enormously impressed by his intelligence but were enormously amused by his ability to mimic everything and everybody in the Harvard world, but many years after his graduation, and after he had made his mark in the literary world, he was constantly running into members of his class he had never so much as said hello to during his undergraduate days, and they almost invariably claimed to have had a warm friendship with him "back at Cambridge." Marquand never could figure out why such encounters always secretly delighted him, and he now recalled that while passing through Hawaii during World War II, he happened upon one of the Harvard greats, a former celebrated backfield runner. When Marquand was at Harvard, this man had never nodded to him. Indeed, he had moved in an orbit several million light-years away from that of Marquand's, but in Hawaii the football player, who was doing wartime duty in the Islands, said, "Hello, Johnny! Do you remember the time I picked you out of the gutter at the Woodcock?" The Woodcock was a Boston dine-and-dance establishment of the period, where the sportier members of the Harvard undergraduate body went to meet scarlet women. Marquand had never set foot in the place, but he discovered that he was flattered by the man's story, and he could not bring himself to disabuse him of it. On the other hand, even though he met each year with a group of fifty or more of his classmates who called themselves the June Brides and congregated at the Essex County Club, on the North Shore, in Manchester, he found the activities of alumni and alumni groups a phase of life almost entirely worth ridiculing.

He and other old Harvards often remarked upon the loneliness of their lives at Harvard and the feeling of insularity that had affected those who were unwilling to throw in their lot with the herd. One night, many years after all three of them had graduated, he met up somewhere with Archie Roosevelt, one of Teddy's sons, and Robert Nathan, the writer, and the talk turned, as it so frequently did among Harvard

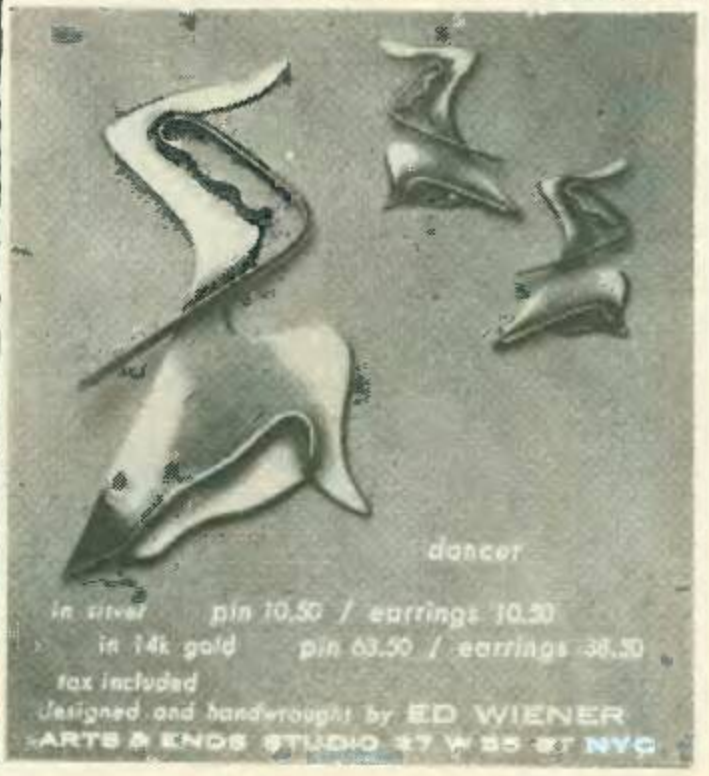


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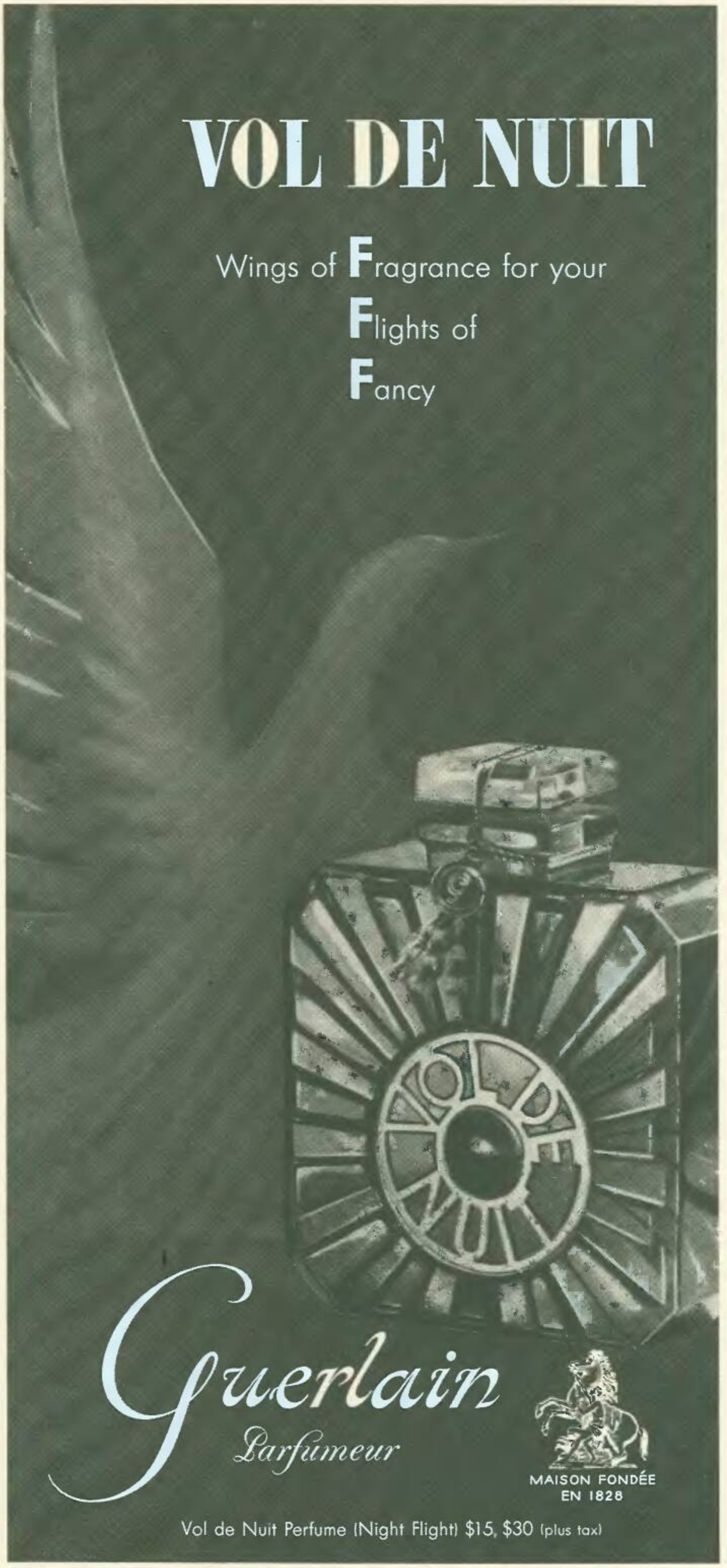


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men, to Harvard. Nathan remarked sadly that he hadn't known anyone at Harvard, that he had always crossed to the other side of the street when one of the big wheels came along, and that no one had had anything to do with him, because he was Jewish. Now that he was a successful writer, he said, he was appealed to continually to make a speech or produce some literary contribution to some alumni publication. Marquand smiled wryly and said that the experience was not unique. He, he said, did not even have the excuse of being Jewish. "My situation was much worse than yours," he went on. "They would ask where I had gone to school, and I would tell them Newburyport High, and a look of horror would pass over their faces. Now I get nothing but letters from classmates addressed 'Dear old Johnny' and asking me to do such and such." Archie Roosevelt smiled broadly. "You fellows had it easy," he said. "Look at my situation. I was the son of a former President of the United States, perhaps the most famous figure of his time. I had gone to Groton. Do you think anyone paid any attention to me? I never made the Porcellian."

Marquand glanced at his watch and realized that the train would soon be in New Haven, and it occurred to him that although he might not have had a roaring good time at Harvard, he had undoubtedly made out better than if he had gone to Yale. He once had had a Harvard character alight from a Boston train for a cigarette and a stretch on the New Haven platform, and the very thought of New Haven and of being there had made the character shudder. No, Harvard had not been all loneliness and hard work. There were, after all, the days on the *Lampoon*. Candidates turned up each Wednesday evening in the Candidates' Room and submitted their stuff; two pages of a scrapbook had to be filled with their published work before they could become members of the editorial board. The initiation was a ceremony he would never forget. He was ordered to stand in a window of the *Lampoon* offices and cry out, at the top of his voice, "FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! RAPE! RAPE! RAPE! Don't shoot! I'll marry the girl! My name is John P. Marquand." Not long before, Marquand had gone over some back numbers of the *Lampoon* of his period, and he had to confess that the humor in them completely escaped him. He had the feeling that he was reading something in code. He almost wished he had not



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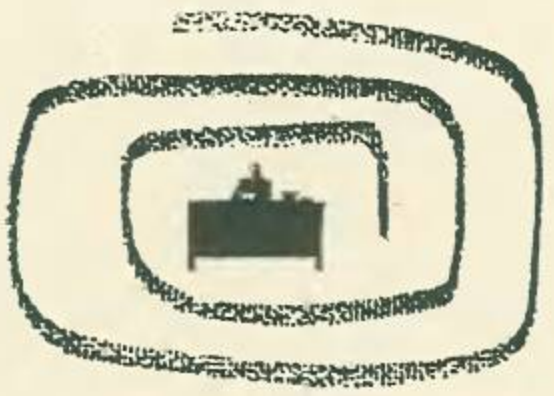
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looked into the matter, for he had run across such jokes as:

FIRST MAN: "Are you going to the garbage men's ball tonight?"

SECOND MAN: "No, I rather think it beyond the pale."

And yet, looking at the old numbers had brought back some of the good times, such as the *Lampoon* dinners, and the sense of superiority that came over a young man once he was a staff member and in a position to judge the contributions of those seeking a place on the staff.

The train stopped at New Haven for several minutes to change engines, and Marquand and Craig stepped out onto the platform for a smoke.

"After your formal education was completed at Harvard," Craig asked, once again taking out his notebook, "what did you do?"

Marquand felt for a moment as though he were about to wince again. "I went to work on the Boston *Transcript*," he said politely, and Craig set down the fact in his notebook.

"The *old* Boston *Transcript*?" asked Craig.

"The very same one," said Marquand as the conductor mercifully cried "All aboard!"

"Working on the *Transcript* must have been an experience," Craig said, after they had settled down again in their seats.

"It was an experience, all right," said Marquand, pulling a set of galley proofs from his briefcase. He pretended to read them, and out of the corner of his eye he could see that Craig was daydreaming and not too anxious to pursue his questioning.

The *Transcript*. Marquand had not really thought of the *Transcript* for years. He could recall that his father helped him get the job there; the managing editor, George S. Mandell, had been a classmate of Philip Marquand's. The old *Transcript's* offices were at the corner of Washington and Milk Streets; they were pretty dusty, and the place had about it an air of tradition. Now the *Transcript*, like so many other things of one's youth, was gone, and, thinking of its demise, Marquand remembered the remark that used to be made to young fellows who were trying to get on its staff. "You may not get paid much," people would say, "but the *Transcript* will take care of you in your old age." One morning, the *Transcript* just rolled over and sank noiselessly, like a tired old vessel in a distant, lonely sea. In Marquand's time, the *Transcript* paid new reporters fif-

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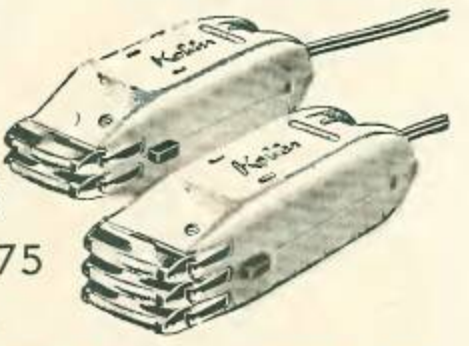
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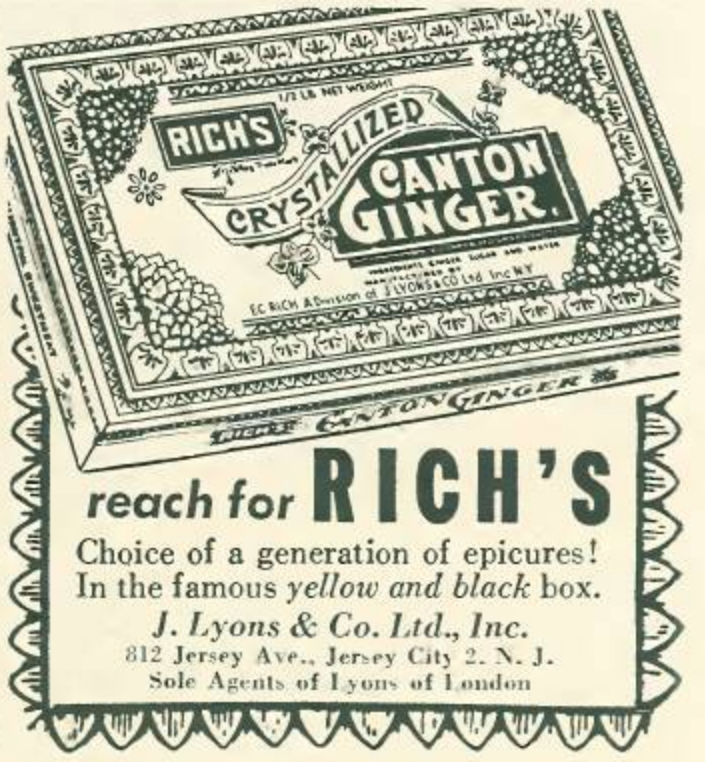
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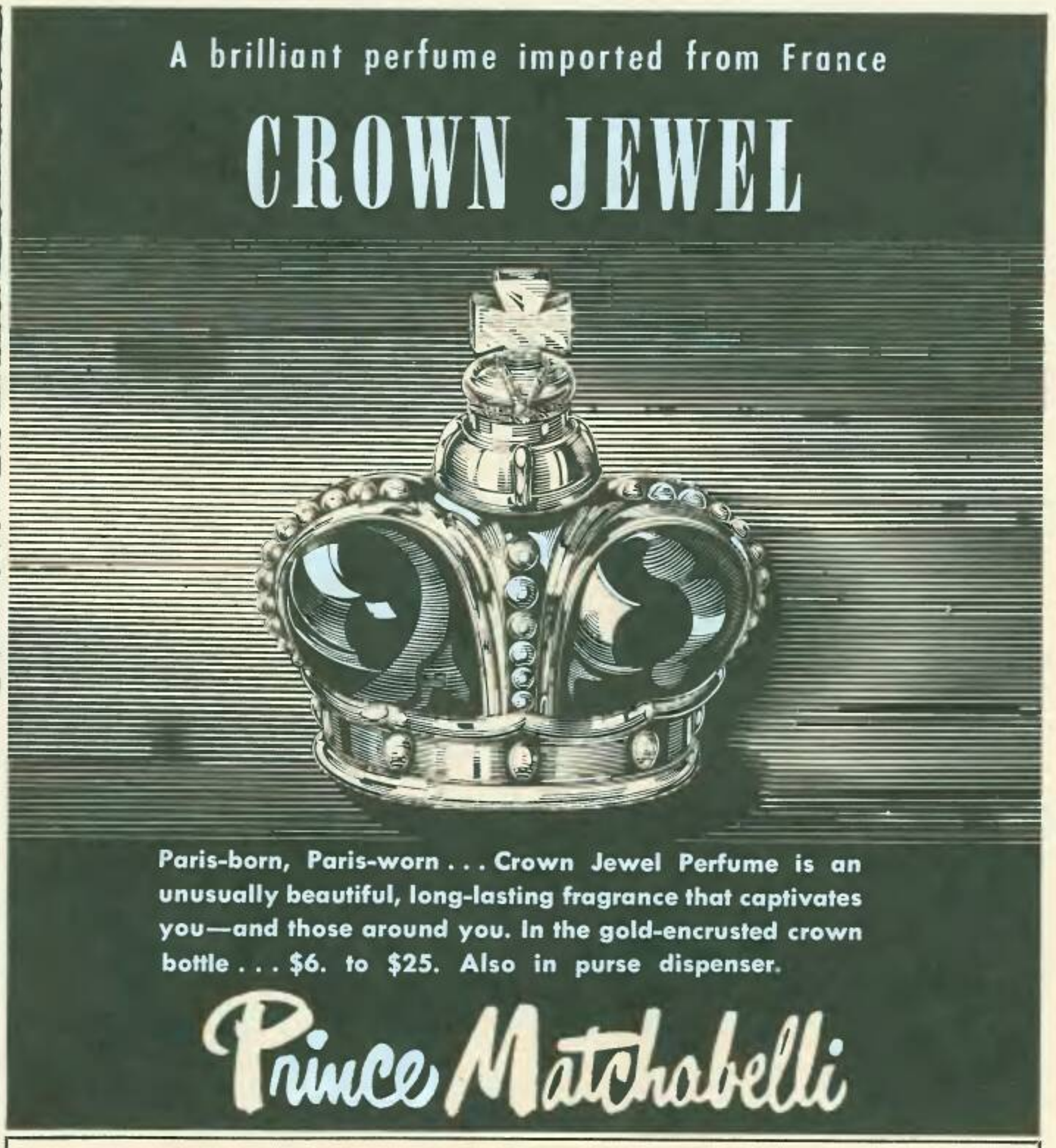
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teen dollars a week. He lived on his salary for a year, taking quarters in a rooming house for two dollars and fifty cents a week. The *Transcript* management permitted itself a few minor charitable indulgences; on Election Night, when everybody hung around the office awaiting the returns, all hands were served a free meal, and on Thanksgiving Day each and every member of the staff was entitled to a free turkey, which was to be picked up at the Faneuil Hall market nearby. Marquand had to admit that he showed no special aptitude as a reporter. He covered an Orangemen's parade and some sort of strike, and he went around to see how the war then raging in Europe had affected Boston charities. He found that it had not affected Boston charities to any dramatic extent. The city editor was on the verge of letting him out when, in a moment of kindness, he installed him as an assistant to Burton Kline, the *Transcript* magazine editor, whose section was published as part of each Wednesday's and Saturday's paper. Kline made Marquand school-and-college editor; in addition, Marquand clipped items of interest from the British papers.

The *Transcript* was a maze of feature departments; there was an automobile editor, a column of jokes called "Facts and Fancies," a women's-club editor, and a department called "Churchmen Afield." Marquand had enjoyed himself in a mild way; he knew everybody on the staff and everybody knew him. The *Transcript* was, in a sense, a family. H. T. Parker, the famous drama critic, whose perceptive reviews were always signed "H.T.P.," took a liking to the young man and often invited him to go along to openings. Boston was a great theatre town in those days; the Hollis was operating, and the Boston and the Plymouth and the New Wilbur; and, for musicals, the Colonial; and Keith's, for vaudeville, a form of entertainment Marquand despised, even though he occasionally reviewed the Keith's bill. He and Parker would eat a sedate dinner and head for the theatre. "Don't talk to me between the acts," H.T.P. always said. "I don't want my opinion prejudiced." And Marquand scrupulously obeyed the injunction. Old H.T.P. There was a character. We don't have that kind any more, Marquand mused; why, he always wrote with a pencil, and he had a cubicle off the city room, from which he would emerge from time to time, shouting, for all the city room to hear, "I will not be disturbed! I will not be





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disturbed!" There was no getting away from it, the *Transcript* had provided an enriching, if circumscribed, experience.

VI

C'est la Guerre

THE world itself was pressing in on Marquand, as it was on all the young men of his generation, and although he was never one to shed public crocodile tears in later years over what some writers called "the lost generation"—the very term nauseated him—he was to be swept up in the contemporary currents as much as any man. Marquand was a member of Battery A of the First Massachusetts Artillery, and just prior to America's entrance into the war he obtained leave from the *Transcript* and went with his battery, by day coach, to Fort Bliss, outside El Paso, on the Mexican border, where he stayed from July to September, 1916. He was a private and a cannoneer, and he shared a tent with good old Bruce Lancaster; also, good old Gordon Hammersley was in his battery. Marquand never did a blessed thing at Fort Bliss but clean up manure, and he did not take too kindly to Army life, but it added a layer of experience to what had gone before, and he did enjoy the reception the battery received when it returned to Boston and, accompanied by local ice-wagon horses, marched through the streets past cheering crowds.

When the United States entered the war, in April, 1917—there were high hopes that once the Hun was defeated, the world would see a new era of progress—Marquand went to Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. Plattsburg was filled with fine men. Thomas Jefferson Coolidge was there. The Yale contingent was there, too—Morris Hadley, Kenneth Simpson, and the rest. Marquand found Plattsburg terrifying—he was a young man who had no great inclination toward barracks life—but he did well. He could not permit himself to do less. One misstep at the camp and he would be shipped home before his three months were up—an inconceivable humiliation. For if one were sent home, what would one say? When he left Plattsburg, as a first lieutenant, he went to Camp Devens, and from there to First Army Headquarters Regiment at Fort Greene, Indiana. He could speak and write French, and the authorities felt that he would be of great use on the other side, doing a sort of military-police job when the troops disembarked in France—handling various questions of a *parlez-vous* nature. He

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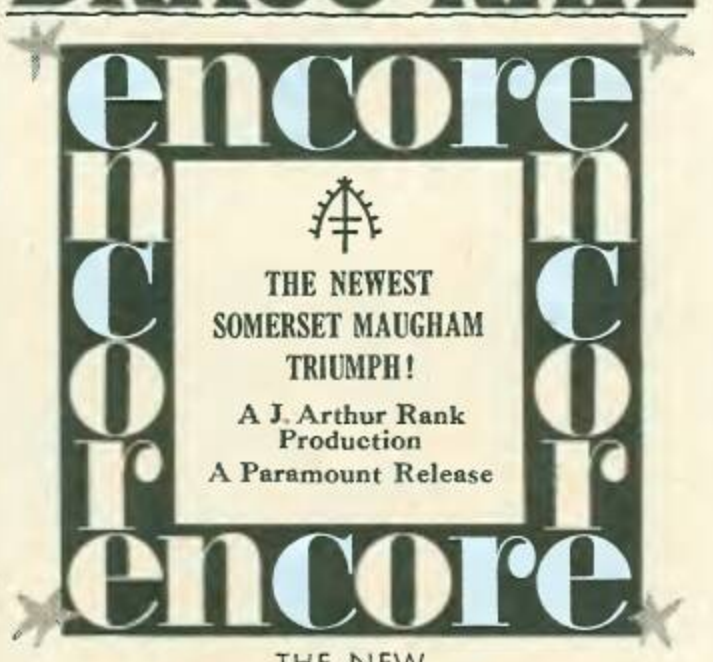


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went over with a motley group, which included a good many New York policemen, some society boys, and an assortment of Canucks and Creoles. When they got to France—this was the Army—they were promptly shipped to an artillery school outside Bordeaux, where Marquand became proficient in artillery orientation. The instructor was one of those men one never forgets. He was a battle-scarred Frenchman, a veteran of many French colonial struggles, and he was the proud possessor of a gold jaw, a silver skull, and a wooden leg. This grizzled warrior liked Marquand immensely, and when the group was getting ready to move up to the front, he issued orders for Marquand to stay behind and become an artillery instructor. The carnage at Château-Thierry was about to begin, and Marquand felt the need to get into action. He protested the order. The old Frenchman was incredulous. Such enthusiasm struck him as ridiculous. "I cannot understand, *mon fils*," he told Marquand. "I simply cannot understand why, after you have looked at me, with my gold jaw, my silver skull, and my wooden leg, you should still wish to get into action. You can stay here in Bordeaux, teach, and have wine, women, and pleasure. *Quelle folie!*"

Marquand preferred to forget his experiences in the war. Even now, seated in the weather-controlled comfort of the parlor car, decades after the event, he preferred to forget the war; he was not one to recount his battle experiences. He fought bravely and well from July, 1918, to the end of October, much of the time with the 77th Regiment Field Artillery, in the bloody business of the Vesle River and at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne, and the war was to him, in retrospect, a great deal of noise, and many guns going off, and masses of dead, and thousands upon thousands of tired men. He had no big memories of the war, since he had pushed it deep inside his mind, and only the most inconsequential incidents remained near the surface. He could recall—and in recalling wondered why he recalled—passing through a village on the way to Château-Thierry and watching a group of soldiers scrambling madly in a yard for a mess of old French coins from the days of Louis XVIII and Charles X. The coins had been placed in a well for safekeeping. A shell had burst nearby and sent the coins flying, and the men were scrambling for them. That was the vignette of the war that stayed with him, and he attached to it no special significance. Perhaps the wild scram-

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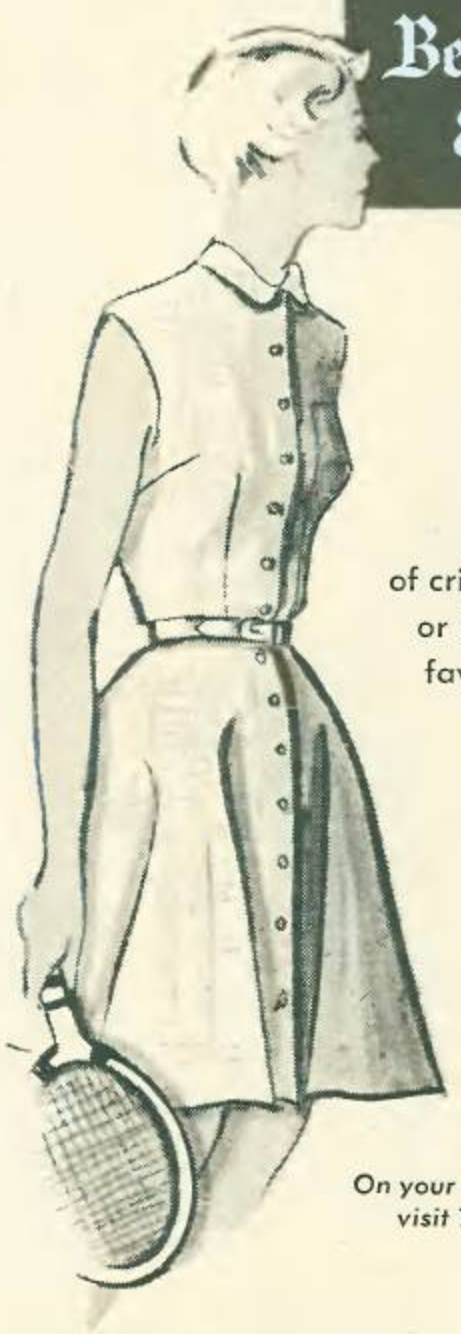
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bling of the men had some deeper meaning for him, but he was not aware what it could be, and he rather doubted whether it meant anything more than that a tired group of bored, slogging men had found a momentary diversion. One tried to forget the bloodshed, even as one tried to forget the bloodshed of World War II. He tried not to think of the morning at Iwo Jima—the morning of the landings, as the perfectly timed invasion got under way. He had gone out there as a correspondent for a magazine, and he watched the attack from the bridge of the Nevada. The efficiency and the machinelike quality of the military operation held him spellbound. The Nevada went as close to the beach as possible and fought it out with Japanese shore batteries. The air was filled with phosphorus and flame, and the LCIs went toward the shore, paralleled the shore, and were about to shoot when the Japs let loose. One of the small boats came back alongside the Nevada, her scuppers running with blood. And yet even amidst the coldly calculated horror of the invasion, he saw, as he could still see most vividly—he was on the bridge with the captain and the admiral—a Filipino mess boy bringing up some coffee and sandwiches just as one of the Nevada's big guns went off. The mess boy was lifted off the floor and the dishes were lifted off the tray, and then the sandwiches and coffee were back on the tray, and the mess boy had his feet on the floor again and was serving the admiral and the captain as though nothing had happened.

Marquand passed through Paris a few days before the armistice in November, 1918, but he engaged in none of the hinky-dinky and ooh-la-la revelry that so many veterans of the first war lovingly recall. He certainly did not feel like a hero, and there was nothing to celebrate then. He stayed in Paris forty-eight hours. The military police objected to the pants he was wearing. They hauled him in, and he told them the pants were regulation. "The trouble with you is you've been behind the lines too long," he said. Furthermore, he suggested that if they didn't like the pants he was wearing, they could damn well find him another pair. They were impressed and let him go.

Once back in the States, Marquand did what thousands upon thousands of other men were doing. He went to visit his parents briefly—they were in Wilmington again at the time—and he looked around for a job in New York. There was no great difficulty finding work. Kline, his old Boston editor, was







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now at the *Tribune*, working on the magazine section. F.P.A. was on the staff, and Denys Wortman, and journalism in New York had an exciting quality about it, but Marquand felt that there was no future in newspaper work, that it was a horizonless grind. After he'd been on the paper a year, he bumped into Robert Benchley one night at the Harvard Club. Benchley told him of a job as copy writer at the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. A competition was to be held for it. Marquand ran neck and neck with one of his war buddies, and both were taken on. Here was a new world, a world of vigor, push, drive, slogans, dollars—a hustling, bustling world, unlike anything in his experience. Advertising was the new giant loudspeaker of American free enterprise, the full-throated, blaring horn telling millions what to eat, what to drink, and what to wear, and doing it by the subtle arrangement of words. America was flexing her muscles after the war, and advertising was her wheat germ, her bodybuilder, her direct wire to the know-how that was to make her the finest, most glittering, best-oiled, and best-run productive machine on earth. The J. Walter Thompson people had some pretty big accounts—Yuban, Veedol, Tydol, Lux. Marquand wrote copy for a suspender outfit, and did other chores about the office, but he was not happy, even though in later years he always insisted that the writing of advertising copy was more beneficial to a writer than newspaper work, since it dealt with basic fears and emotions. He had a strange desire "to write." It was neither entirely conscious nor entirely unconscious. He felt no particular dedication to style or form. When he thought about writing a story, the most important element seemed the telling of the story. One day in 1921, Stanley Resor, the president of the agency, said to him, "John, I don't believe you have the business instinct." Marquand was pleased beyond measure. He had saved four hundred dollars, a substantial sum in the year 1921, and he could now go off and write. He went first to Newburyport and stayed with



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his aunts, and then to Cambridge and stayed with a friend of his mother's. He had an idea for a costume story, a cloak-and-dagger novel, which he planned to call "The Unspeakable Gentleman."

VII

The Leaves of Memory Seemed to Make a Mournful Rustling in the Dark

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

CRAIG interrupted Marquand's thoughts. He leaned across the aisle of the parlor car, and said, "Tell me about your very first novel."

Marquand was ready for him. "Oh, no. I look back on it with horror," he said.

"I guess it was a foolish thing for me to ask about," Craig said. He sank back in his chair with such a defeated air that for a moment Marquand was tempted to talk to him. But then he returned to his thoughts of "The Unspeakable Gentleman."

He finished the novel, had it typed, and took it to Brandt & Brandt, the literary agents. They thought the story had merit, and sent it to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The *Journal* bought it for two thousand dollars and ran it as a serial. At J. Walter Thompson's, Marquand had been making sixty a week, and the two thousand looked awfully big. "The Unspeakable Gentleman" began, "I have seen the improbable turn true too often not to have it disturb me. Suppose these memoirs still exist when the French Royalist plot of 1805 and my father's peculiar role in it are forgotten," and ended, many pages later, " 'Very much relieved,' he said, 'and yet—and yet I still feel thirsty. The rum decanter, Brutus.' " Marquand today found it difficult to read his earlier stories, and it was only with a good deal of will power, and rarely, that he ever did.

"The Unspeakable Gentleman" presented special problems and unique pains. A few nights after he finished his manuscript, he took it to the University Club, where he was meeting his old classmate George W. Merck. He and Merck started out together for an apartment house in the Thirties, on Park Avenue, where they were to call for some girls and take them to dinner. When Marquand entered the taxicab, he had the manuscript in a suitcase, and it was not until late in the evening that he realized, with a sudden wave of chill terror, that he had left the suitcase in the cab. The manuscript was not found for ten days—



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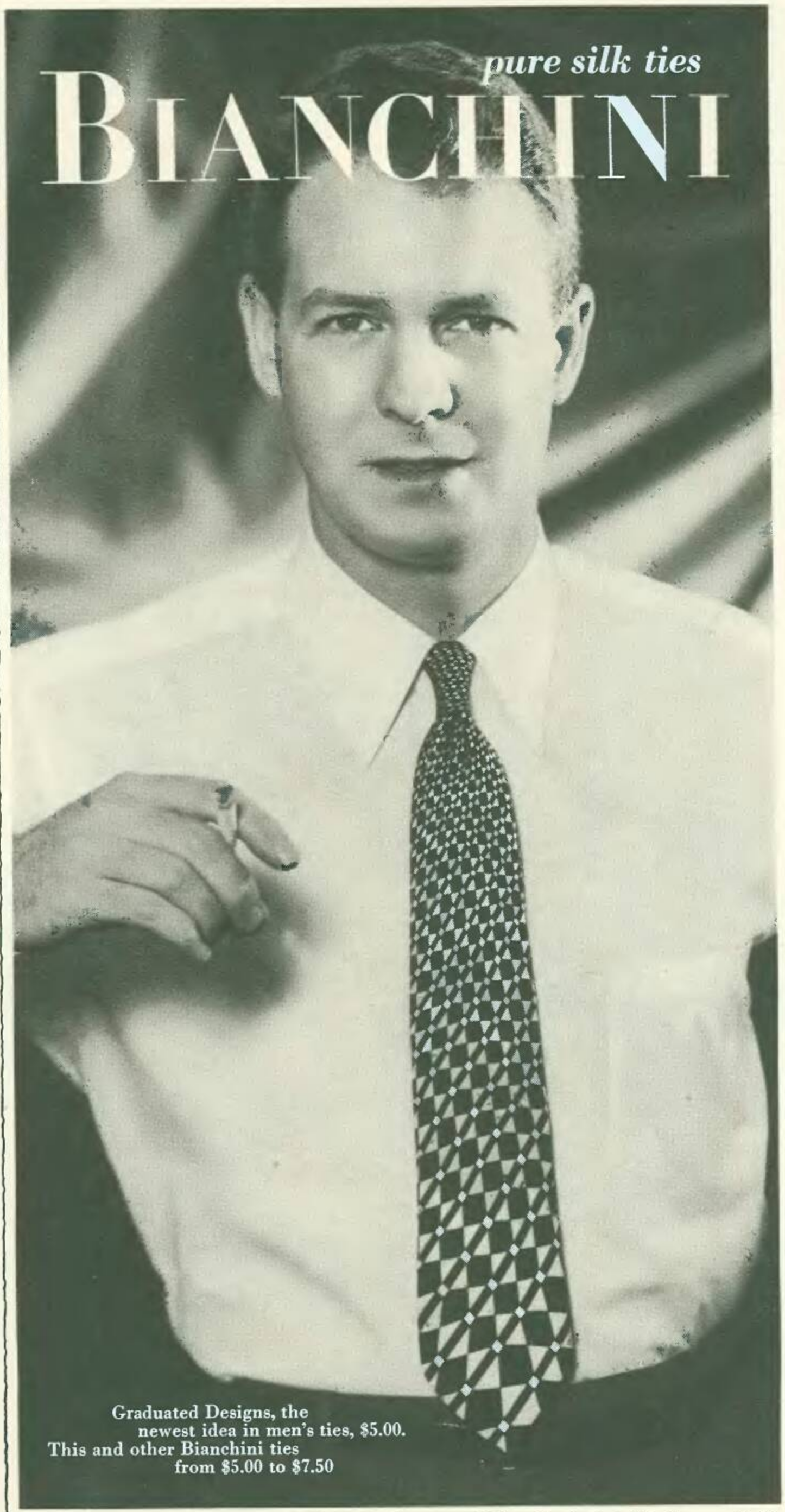
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ten terrible days for Marquand—and then only after good old George had done some diligent private-detective work. Marquand was in despair and almost ready to abandon writing as a profession. He was never again to be without a carbon of his work.

The success of "The Unspeakable Gentleman"—it was published in book form by Scribner's after its magazine appearance—encouraged him to go on. The late George Horace Lorimer, then editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, was enthusiastic about his work, and began to pay him five hundred dollars apiece for short stories. The late Ray Long, at that time editor of *Cosmopolitan*, who was not a man willing to see another editor develop a writer who seemed destined to reach popular heights, instantly began to compete with Lorimer. Lorimer responded, through Brandt & Brandt, with a long-term, high-figure contract. In those days, Marquand was just writing the best he could, and as rapidly as possible, and he aimed his products at the popular market without the slightest remorse. One lived and functioned as best one could.

Marquand's life now was to take a strange, and decisive, turn. While working in Cambridge, he had met Christina Sedgwick, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander C. Sedgwick, and the niece of Ellery Sedgwick, the distinguished editor of the staid *Atlantic Monthly*. The Sedgwick family was one of the intellectual prides of intellectual Boston—scholars, writers, teachers, ministers. They were among the select group who were final arbiters of taste. They were steeped in the traditions of their city, where American culture had been founded and had flourished, and they were nourished by their family traditions. They were a tightly knit group, proud, even arrogant, and to young Marquand from Newburyport and the *Saturday Evening Post* they had an indefinable, awesome quality. Marquand nervously crossed his legs in the parlor car. He tried to shake off his thoughts, but they persisted against his will. He rose and walked to the vestibule of the car, and stood for a moment looking out at the countryside of Rhode Island, but still the thoughts were with him. One can never dismiss some thoughts that lie most deeply within one; no effort of the will can do it. Christina, the mother of his first two children, was dead now. She had died not long ago—many years after she and Marquand were divorced. The marriage lasted nearly thirteen years, a tenderly



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happy and tenderly unhappy period for him. He tried to shake the thoughts off, but they would not leave. The period with Christina seemed so far away and yet so near, so much like an experience in a different, delicate world and yet so full of pain and anguish. One can never explain such things. And still they mean so much to a writer—not at the time, God knows, when only the happiness and pain are present, but later, in retrospect. Flashes of memory—scenes and incidents—passed through his mind with the very swiftness of the train that was taking him to Boston.

Christina was a fragile and exquisite, almost otherworldly, person, and Marquand had fallen deeply in love with her. They became engaged in Rome—a classic spot for such an event—in 1922. At the time, he was travelling abroad to look with fascinated eyes at the cathedrals and paintings he had had no time to observe during the war, and she was travelling with her parents. The Sedgwicks moved about Europe with quiet, unhurried, *fin-de-siècle* elegance. Wherever they went, they ran into other Sedgwicks, or collateral Sedgwicks, or, at the very least, people from Boston. Journeying with the Sedgwicks through Italy, looking with wonderment at the glorious relics, at the Tintorettos and the Raphaels, and joining up at the end of each day in some hotel lobby or restaurant with a group of understanding Boston people, Marquand sensed the meaning of Boston and the hold it had on its own kind and on the world. Boston meant a great deal to Marquand, more than he could say.

Marquand and Christina were married back in the States, after the tour. They were married in Stockbridge, at the church where her Uncle Theodore Sedgwick preached. They returned for the reception to the old Sedgwick mansion on the main street, a red house gracefully fronted by an elm-studded lawn. The scene came back to him sharply twenty-six years later, when his own daughter, also named Christina, was married in the same church. Marquand was embarrassed about going. He had not seen the Sedgwicks since he and Christina were divorced, and he felt that his presence might cause uneasiness among many. Still, his daughter insisted that he give her away, a request that he had no desire to turn down. "I will come, Christina," he told her, "but don't ask me to attend the reception." She agreed that he could slip away immediately after the church service. His daughter understood his



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feelings. There were many occasions after Christina's wedding when he thought about its fictional qualities: how he walked down the same aisle with his daughter, in the same church where he had been married, past pews filled with many people who had been at his wedding, seated upright and stately, and wearing on their faces that expression of solemn, half-expectant gaiety that one so often sees at weddings. Yes, it was an ordeal, giving Christina away, and when it was over, and Christina and her husband, Richard E. Welch, Jr.—he was a fine young man, with an excellent New England background, even if a year or so later he did absent-mindedly turn up one night at the Somerset Club wearing a tuxedo, green socks, and brown shoes—had been sealed in holy wedlock, Marquand was touched by the approach to his side of the elderly Ellery Sedgwick. He had rather thought that Ellery, who walked somewhat painfully with a cane, would avoid him. "John," Ellery said, "come back to the house with us. I want you to walk with me through the dog cemetery." Marquand said he would. It had been many years since he had walked through the Sedgwicks' dog cemetery, an ancient burial ground behind the house (the Sedgwicks themselves were buried elsewhere in town, in a pie-shaped burial ground known as the Sedgwick Pie; at the center lay an old ancestor, Judge Theodore Sedgwick, and other Sedgwicks surrounded him, their heads away from the center, so that when they rose they would all face Judge Theodore), clotted with small, well-tended graves, over which stood minute, handsome headstones testifying in Latin to the virtues of deceased Sedgwick dogs: Zozo, Kai, Benvenuto Cellini—a series of canine celebrities going back more than a hundred years and today resting in ancestral quiet. He and old Ellery walked through the garden behind the mansion—by that time rented from the Sedgwicks by a Stockbridge doctor, but put at the disposal of the Sedgwicks for the wedding ceremony—until they came to the dog cemetery. Ellery suddenly spotted a fresh, unfamiliar grave among the Cellinis. Two begonia plants stood beside a tiny, makeshift headstone, and a small American flag added a touch of poignancy to the scene. Ellery leaned heavily upon his cane and peered at the stone, and his face became pale. He read aloud the words on the headstone. "'To Tubby,'" read Ellery, "'the cutest dog that ever was.'" Ellery Sedgwick lifted his stick in the air and brought it down upon the be-



gonia plants. "Blasphemy!" he cried. "Blasphemy!"

In a sense, that was part of the old Boston that he himself had known when he was married to Christina. He wished now that he could stop the flood of thoughts, but there was no turning back. He had done his writing at Wiscasset, in Maine, and in Newburyport, and in Boston, and in an apartment in Cambridge, and in 1927 he and Christina bought a house on Beacon Hill, at 43 West Cedar Street—a lovely three-story place. He paid twenty-nine thousand dollars for the house, and he told the real-estate man he felt the figure was high. The real-estate man seemed wounded by the comment. "You can't go wrong on Beacon Hill," he told him. Marquand sold the house in 1938 for eleven thousand dollars. Assuredly, you *could* go wrong on Beacon Hill. Many things had gone wrong on Beacon Hill. There could be no more strained relationship for a writer than the one Marquand found himself in vis-à-vis the Sedgwicks. To the Sedgwicks, there was only one magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and only one type of literature, spelled with a capital "L." Christina's mother never read anything that her son-in-law John wrote, and she was not ashamed to tell him so. He wrote serial after serial, hot-and-heavy adventure stories, stories of China, of the Civil War, of families in a small New England town. He worked long and hard, and made no pretensions whatever about his work, and felt no condescension toward it, either. Years later, he was to remark that he always did the best he could at whatever he was doing. The Sedgwicks' attitude hurt him deeply. They looked down upon him as a popular fictioneer, almost a pulp writer. One winter, he and his wife stayed with the Sedgwicks in Stockbridge. The house had a broad foyer with doors opening off it. Marquand was working in one room off the foyer, and Christina's brother, A. C. Sedgwick, was working in another, directly opposite. Marquand was applying himself to a serial, Sedgwick to a novel called "Wind Without Rain." Mrs. Sedgwick rapped on Marquand's door one afternoon and asked him if he would mind stopping work and taking her son's dog, Chou-fleur, out for its mid-afternoon walk. "He's writing, you know," she said. That same winter, Marquand went down to New York and returned with a number of tropical fish. Mrs. Sedgwick was puzzled. "Why did you present us with tropical fish, John?" she asked. "It seemed a



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bit chilly up here," he replied. Mrs. Sedgwick was not amused.

Marquand did everything that was humanly possible to bring in as much money as he could. He soon found that marriage was difficult in Boston for a writer. First, a maid was required, then a nurse, then a governess, then many evenings with Boston society. But he thought he was doing pretty well, pretty well indeed. "I ruptured myself in those days with slave ships and Java Heads," he remarked in later years. When his daughter Christina was a year and a half old, she had a bad bout of pneumonia, and then suffered a second attack of the illness. A rib had to be cut and the incision had to be drained, and she spent an entire winter in Children's Hospital, in Boston. Marquand worked feverishly on a serial called "Warning Hill" and received a thousand-dollar advance on it—a large sum, he thought—from Little, Brown. Before that, Scribner's had published nearly all his books, and the late Max Perkins had encouraged him, but Perkins' advances were somewhat meagre and he needed the money. (He had stuck with Little, Brown ever since.) In view of his industry, he was seriously hurt when one or another of the Sedgwicks would remark, "Why don't you write something nice for Uncle Ellery?" Write something nice for Uncle Ellery, indeed! And get paid handsomely with a check for a hundred dollars, and perhaps a silver inkwell!

And yet Boston charmed him in many ways. He worked at home, and ate his lunch at the Tavern Club, a men's club of considerable elegance, several mottoes of which make use of the word "bear," including "Bear with Us," and the symbol of which is a large stuffed bear. If one saw under the surface of Boston, one found that it had many wonderful qualities, many more than most American cities. He liked the notion of the Boston trustee—that unique Boston institution, perhaps closer to the notion of a London solicitor than anything else in this country. His own trustees, Welch & Forbes, took care of everything for him; he gave them an unrestricted power of attorney and they collected his royalties, paid his bills, handled ailing pets, and even bought him clothes on occasion. Their offices were austere, and contained a jawbone that had figured in the celebrated Dr. Parkman murder case—the firm had been Sohier & Welch then, and had represented Professor Webster—and overlooked the old burial ground off Park Street, where John Hancock lay,



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along with Paul Revere, James Otis, the mother and father of Benjamin Franklin, and old Sam Adams. (Old John Adams was buried in Quincy.) Marquand enjoyed his visits to the offices of Welch & Forbes; in fact, he enjoyed the company of Welch and Forbes themselves, two impeccably groomed young Boston men, souls of honor, with a sense of responsibility. He enjoyed hearing them say of him, "We are just hewers of wood and drawers of water for J. P. Marquand. We furnish logistic support to J. P. Marquand." He liked to look out over the old graveyard and recall that in the early days of Boston young sports from the fine houses on Park Street would emerge at night and sit on the tombstones, drinking champagne.

The Somerset Club pleased him, too, with its fantastically good, and cold, sweet Martinis, its corndodgers, its Madeira sauce with peppercorns, for sea food, its third-floor sign reading, "This watercloset for emergency use only; other watercloset available on the second floor." The Athenæum, at 10½ Beacon Street, was a joy—a private library, the members of which owned shares in it, where tea or bouillon was still served in the afternoons: with three plain crackers, three cents; with three crackers and cheese, five cents; with one plain cracker and one sweet, three cents; with one plain cracker and cheese and one sweet, four cents; with extra sweet crackers a penny apiece; and extra plain crackers two for a penny. He relished the sign that had been put up many years ago in the Athenæum and that read, "Copies of *Cosmopolitan* are available for the duration of the Coolidge articles."

When you came down to it, he supposed, Boston was an acquired taste. One had to know these people in order to appreciate them—people like good old Gardi Fiske, who was the only World War I ace to fall out of an airplane, catch hold of the rear struts, and clamber back aboard, and who worried not at all about the hereafter, since, as he once remarked to Marquand, "I know the Bishop, who is up there, and if there are any good clubs, he'll get me in." Marquand marvelled at the manner in which aristocratic Boston conserved the principal of its acquired wealth, and marvelled as well at its public spirit and its lack of extravagance or vulgar display of affluence. There was no shame in dressing tackily. Why bother about a run in one's stockings, or an old hat? Everybody knows you can afford better. Boston was symbolized



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once for Marquand when he recognized an elderly couple who were standing by the newspaper-and-candy counter at the Back Bay station. He knew they had recently given a million dollars each to Harvard. When he saw them, they were, in a subdued but firm way, arguing; one wanted a package of peppermint Life Savers, the other a package of orange Life Savers. They could not settle on which one to buy. Yes, there were times when, returning to Boston, just as he was doing now, he wished that he were living there again, even with all the memories. He knew the old feeling. He would look at the Esplanade, or walk through the Public Garden or past the Somerset, and he would think of the quiet of Beacon Hill and wonder why he didn't live there again. And then, if he stayed any time at all, the feeling of restlessness would start up. Something about Boston, perhaps its conservatism, perhaps its holding on to old ideas and its antagonism to new ones—the very things he loved about the place—would turn him against it, and within ten days or two weeks, like a man being smothered under a blanket, he would struggle desperately to get out. And he could not help remembering, although the thought pained him greatly, how he said to Christina, while they were still married, that he would like to—had to, in fact—write a book someday about Boston and the Boston type. He was thinking of a man to be called George Apley. Christina looked at him, startled, and said quietly, "We'll have to leave Boston, of course."

The porter gently tapped Marquand on the shoulder. "Back Bay station," he said. Marquand rose from his seat, and he and Craig stepped down onto the platform. "Mr. Marquand," said Craig as they picked up their bags and headed for the street, "I wish that sometime you would tell me a little something about Boston." Marquand smiled a peculiar smile. How could he ever tell him? How could he ever tell anybody?

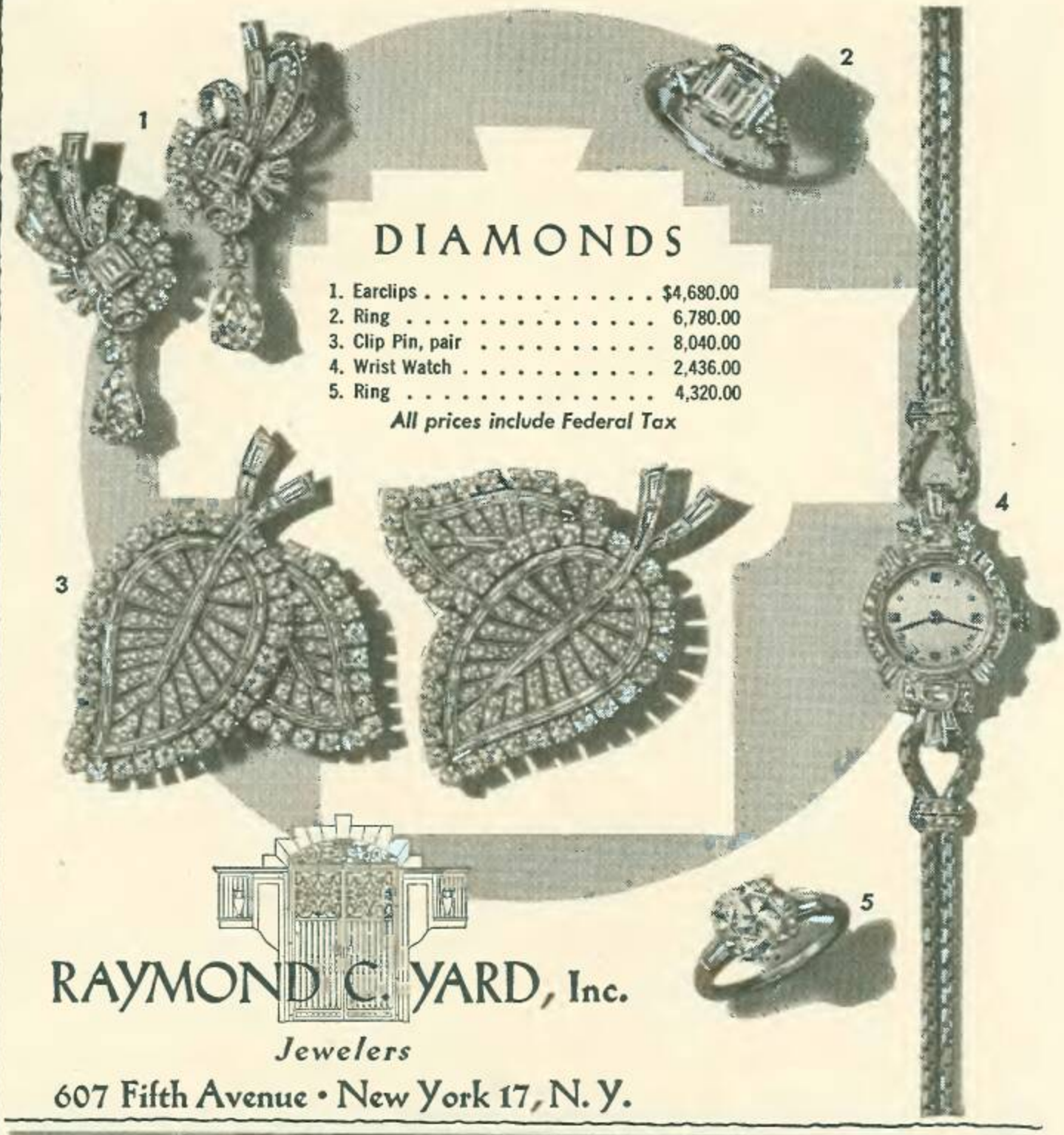
—PHILIP HAMBURGER

(*This is the second of a series of articles.*)

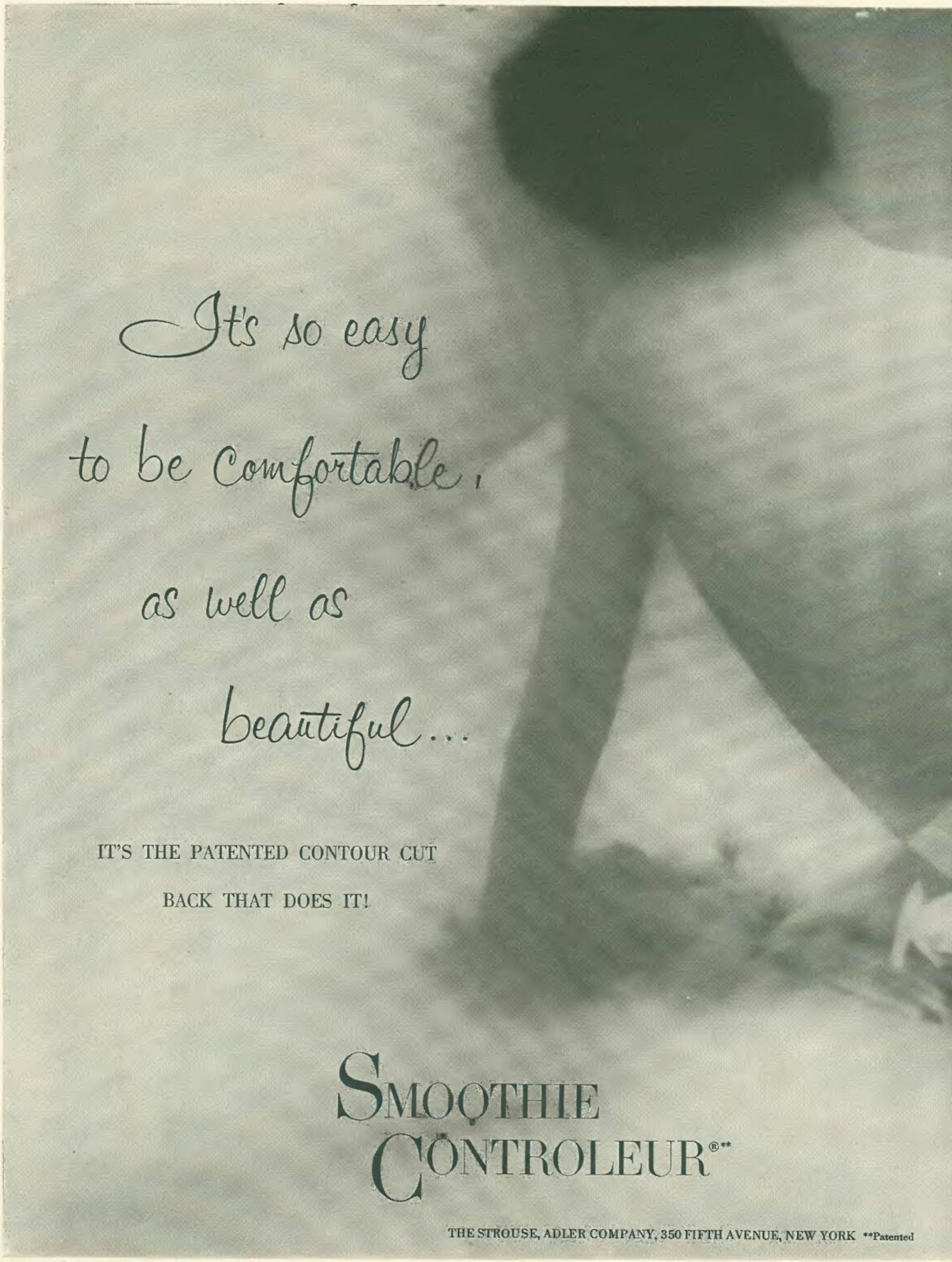
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"As a magazine photographer," writes David Linton, "I am primarily interested in people and the events that are important to them. To me, the emphasis should always be on what a picture has to say; not how it was made." Linton used a Rolleiflex exposing at 1/10th of a second at f/5.6 with floods reflected from the floor and ceiling.—*U. S. Camera 1952.*

So much for *you*, David Linton!






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THE THEATRE

THE WIND IN THE WILLOW

IN "The Grass Harp," at the Martin Beck, Truman Capote, whose looks and behavior may occasionally suggest a miniature of the late Alexander Woollcott, seems to be saying that the meek shall indeed inherit the earth. There are two sisters in it, whose abode in time and space is never specifically fixed, though the clothes and the décor appear to be somewhat those of the early years of this century and the idiom has traces of the South. Anyway, one of these two is the manufacturer of a medicine contrived from local herbs and guaranteed to cure dropsy. The other, a self-centered and rapacious woman, plans to do her out of it, abetted by a swindling physician, and the next thing you know, the heroine, disgusted with these goings on and presumably with the callousness of life in general, is discovered in the woods, perched up in a tree house designed by Cecil Beaton and sometimes swept by gentle pastoral music composed by Virgil Thomson, who also has a taste for the bizarre. She is accompanied on this excursion by a buxom colored girl, whose ideas about life, sex, and connected matters can probably best be described as realistic, and by a boy, a cousin, who takes a passing schoolgirl for a wade in an adjacent river for obvious purposes. These three are soon joined by a retired judge of a philosophical disposition, who explains, among other things, that there is a lot to be said for retiring from the world and who, in a respectful and tentative fashion, asks the heroine to marry him.

This scene has something of the innocence of Eden or perhaps of remembered childhood, but its mood is soon shattered by the entrance of a crew of villagers, inspired by the predatory sister, who are clearly hostile to any such deviation from normal behavior. It is very hard to synopsize Mr. Capote's plot in a rational manner, and I can only tell you that, besides those previously mentioned, the cast contains a local barber, a baker's wife, a cleric and his wife, a postmaster, a young woman who turns up under the tree peddling cosmetics, a choir mistress, and a sheriff and a couple of the members of his posse. After a certain amount of violence (the boy is shot by a backward deputy, for reasons that elude me at the moment), the dropsy specialist comes down from her roost and, with her sister, goes back to the family mansion. The final scene contains a moral lesson to the effect that ruthless schemers generally carry the seeds of their own defeat and also that the world may easily belong to the unworldly. In addition, it offers the faintly comic spectacle of the judge hurrying offstage in a coonskin cap, having renounced his matrimonial aspirations and apparently determined to go back and live in a tree.

Mildred Natwick, who was the best Prossy in "Candida" that I ever saw, and whose performances in pieces like "Blithe Spirit" were incomparable, too, plays the virtuous sister, and I think she does it magnificently. There is further excellent work by Georgia Burke, Russell Collins, Alice Pearce, Sterling Holloway, Ruth Nelson, and Johnny Stewart, none of whom can possibly require any encomiums from me. The invaluable contributions made by Mr. Beaton and Mr. Thomson have already been noted, and I can think of nothing else to say except that Robert Lewis, as the director, always seems to understand what Mr. Capote is up to, something that occasionally escaped this reviewer.



"You just swallowed his Outer-Space Cadet ring, that's what."

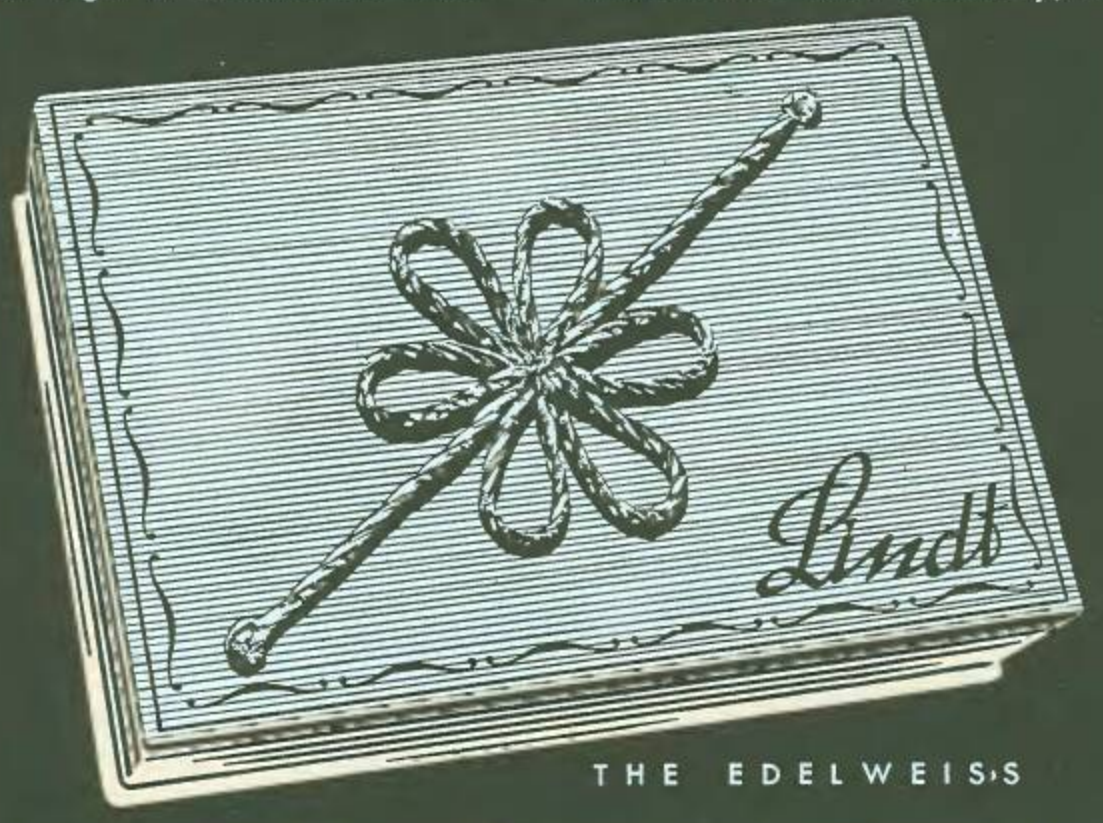
THERE was almost no visible resemblance between "Dark Legend," a play by Helene Fraenkel that appeared very briefly at the President Theatre last week, and the case history, of the same title, that Dr. Frederic Wertham published a few years ago. Dr. Wertham's book was a detailed and perceptive study of matricide, based mainly on the murderer's testimony. Its thesis, as nearly as I can understand the special jargon of psychiatry, was that a mother and a father fixation can readily exist simultaneously in the

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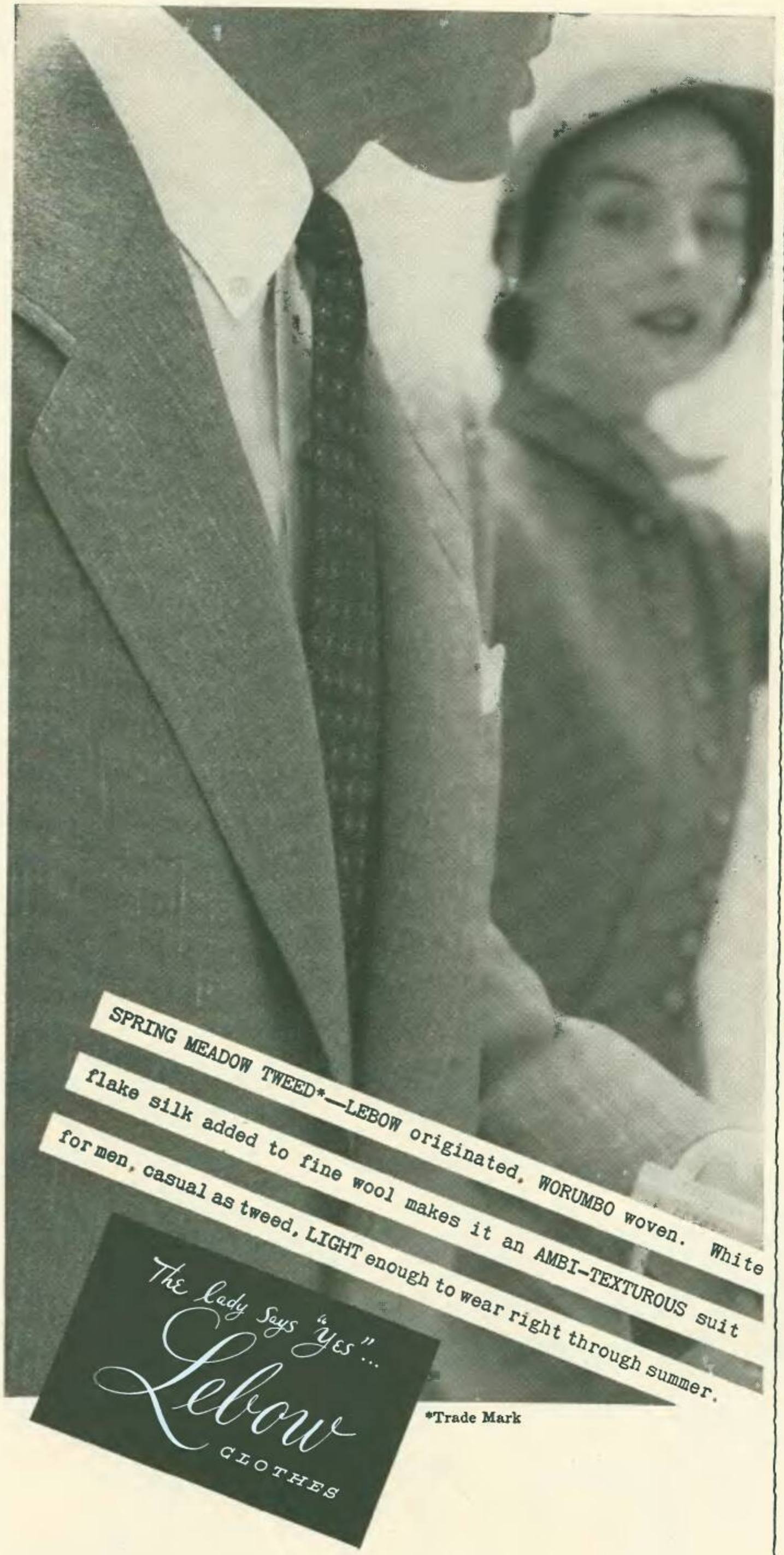


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same person. The case in question was that of a young Italian-American boy, whose father died when he was eleven. The child had been content with the relationship between his parents, but the new conditions were too much for him. He became, that is, the theoretical head of the house and (I think you'd better go to Freud here) in a sense his mother's suitor. As it developed, she was an adulteress, unusually free with her favors, and this set up a mounting series of tensions in her son that drove him in the end to kill her. Thanks in part to Dr. Wertham's ability to quote copiously from "Hamlet" and "Orestes," Gino—the protagonist's name in the novel—escaped the electric chair and was simply given an indeterminate sentence in jail.

In the book, all this struck me as valid and fascinating. Miss Fraenkel's play, however, was something quite different. The mother was fundamentally a virtuous woman, who took one lover instead of everybody who came along; the son was a high-school boy who excelled in mathematics (it was apparently an effort for the real Gino to express himself in the English language); and the whole landscape was crowded with figures who seemed to be impersonating organ-grinders, male and female, as much as anything else. Some meritorious acting was done by Olive Deering, as the victim of thirty-seven stab wounds; by James Lipton, who just couldn't control his conduct; and by Penny Santon, who gave a very persuasive imitation of a setter. Not another thing crosses my mind.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

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4. Whow ast hef amoush umorist from Paducah, Kentucky?
5. Which State is nicknamed "Sunflower State"?
6. Thel ast German Kaiser was Wilhelm I, II,o r II?I
7. Fromw hati sv ermouth made?
8. Ona s hopd oor, whatd oes thes igni cio np arlea nglais mean?
9. Whatc ountry furnishedt hes et gingf or Kipling'sp oem "Mandalay"?
10. Herpetophobisi sa fearo f what?—*Charlotte (N. C.) News.*

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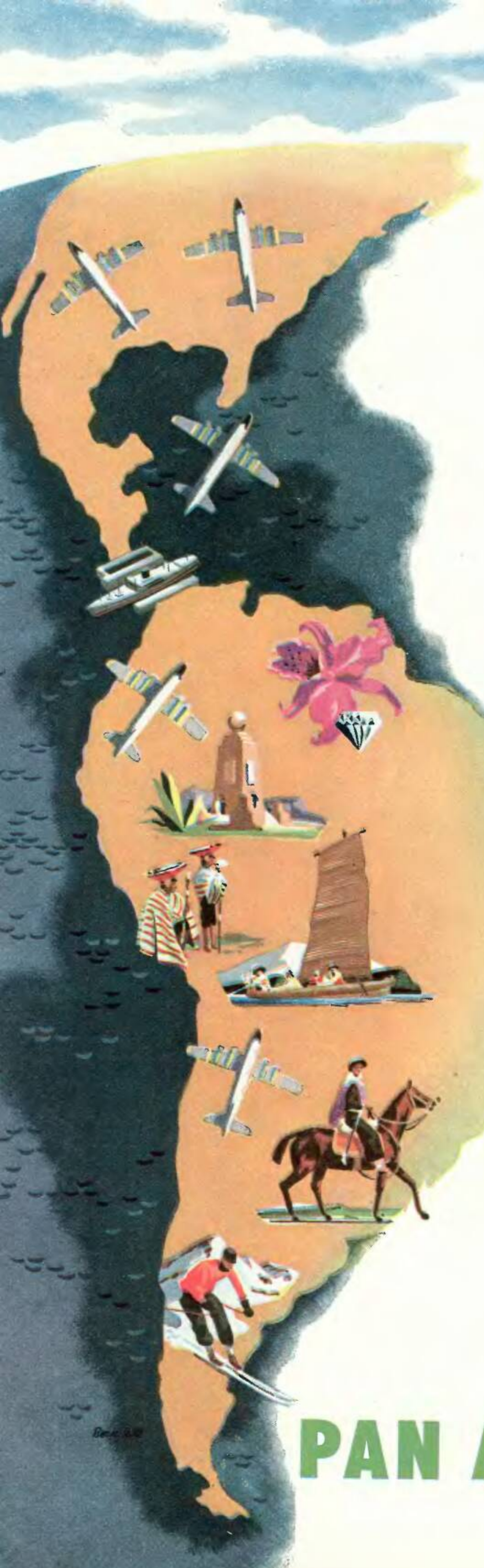
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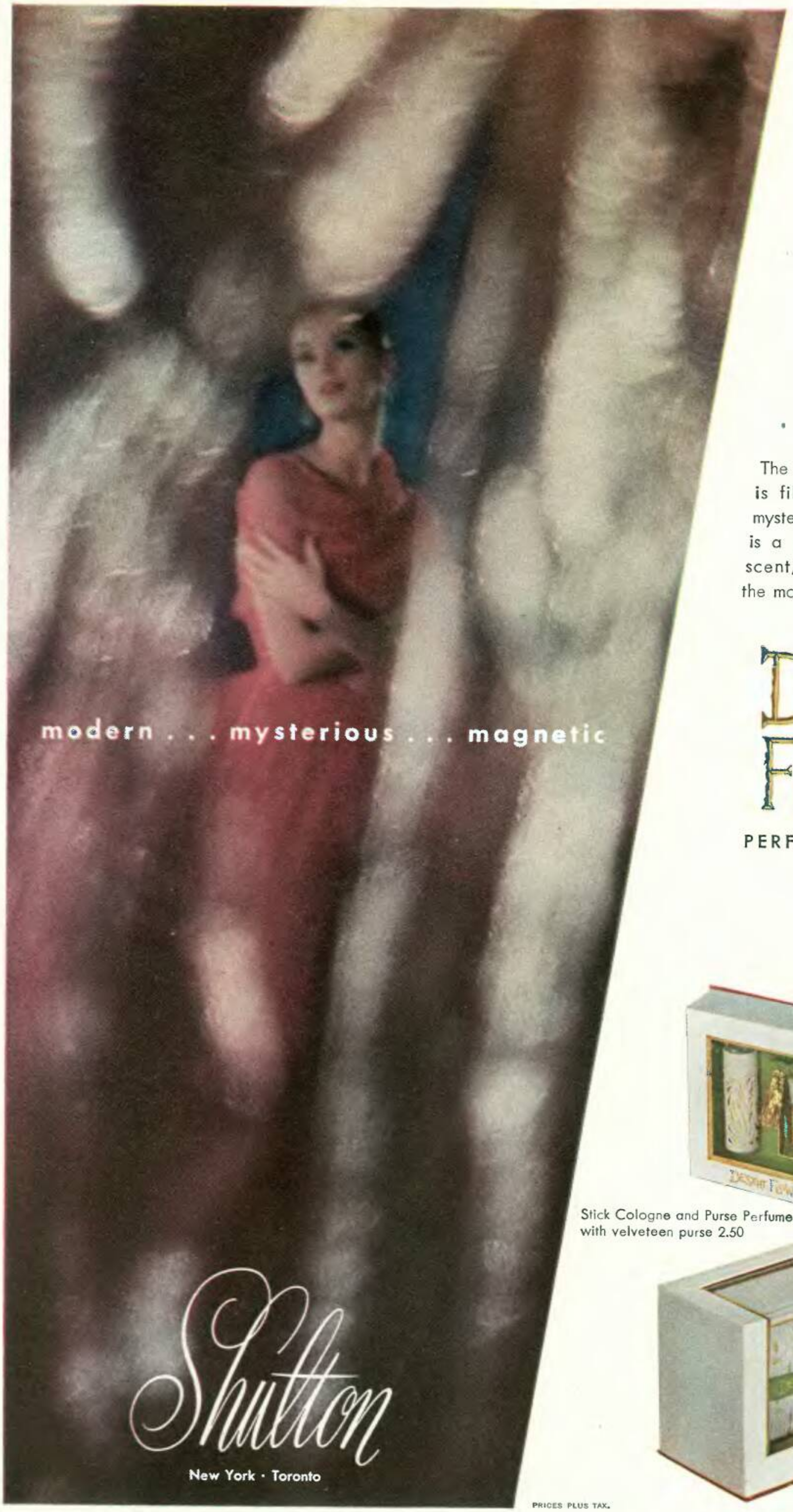
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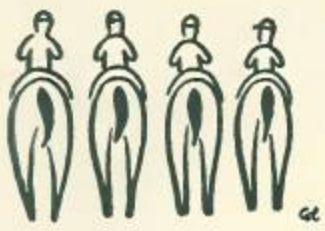


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THE RACE TRACK

Like Father . . .



THIS would be a fine week to talk about the improvements at Jamaica if there were any improvements at Jamaica. I visited the track the other morning, and it doesn't look a great deal different from the way it did when we left it last November. One thing made the trip well worth while, though. I spent some time in the company of Hirsch Jacobs, inspecting the two-year-olds by Stymie that Jacobs is bringing to the races this season. He has five of them. Four are fillies—Our Cricket, Pufaway Sister, Arista, and Heiress—and the fifth, Virginian, is a colt. I daresay I'm an old fussbudget, but, with the exception of Arista, I didn't think they were as big as they ought to be. They do have good legs, however, and that's pretty important. Speaking of size, Jacobs insists that Stymie is not a big horse. "He just looked big," he says. "When he came on the race track, he'd blow himself up like a pouter pigeon. You could see the difference when he was relaxed." The little Stymies vary in color. Virginian is a brown, Arista and Our Cricket are dark bays, and Heiress is registered as a gray but looks like a roan if I ever saw one. Pufaway Sister is a chestnut; her coat is the same shade as Stymie's, and it shines like burnished copper. Most of Jacobs' fifteen yearlings by Stymie are chestnuts.

If memory serves—and memory in this case got an assist from Jacobs—Virginian, except for his color, looks very much the way Stymie did when he was young, and runs like him, too, even to the way his tail streams out behind. Virginian is not a homebred. Jacobs bought him from Jack Skinner, who owns the farm in Virginia where Stymie used to spend his winters. The price was $12,500. (When Jacobs was claiming horses like crazy twelve or fifteen years ago, he wouldn't have spent much more than that getting together a stable.) My pick of the fillies is Heiress, whose mother is Mahmoudess, a daughter of Mahmoud. Heiress wintered at Santa Anita, and C. V. Whitney was so taken with her conformation when he saw her out there that he decided to breed one of his Mahmoud mares to Stymie. Arista is a strapping filly but a little high-strung, I

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am told. She may settle down, however, for she wasn't making too much of a row about some dental work she was having done when I saw her. Our Cricket, who was the first of the Stymies to come to the races, and who won the first pop out of the box at Hialeah a couple of months ago, seems to be just a useful animal. And I don't expect too much of Pufaway Sister, either; she's such a little thing. She's a May foal, and won't be two years old for about eight weeks, but she'll grow, and for all I know she may make me look very foolish. The Stymies, of course, are not the only horses Jacobs has at Jamaica; as a matter of fact, he has thirty-eight in training. Another of his two-year-olds whose looks I liked is a colt by Platter. His name is Honest Bread.

NOW that we have the consolation double (you can read all about how that works in your racing program), I respectfully pass on to the Racing Commission and the racecourse managements a couple of suggestions from my old playmate Show Parlay. He thinks—and I heartily agree—that when there are discrepancies between the weights published with the entries and those listed in the program (the weights are sometimes changed overnight), the changes should be announced over the public-address system, along with the other corrections the management announces. Now and again there's a shift of as much as seven pounds, and people might like to hear that rather than some such gratuitous information as "The horses are on the track." My friend also suggests that what is called the morning line of odds be printed in the program as well as shown on the tote board. You can't always see the whole tote board; Jamaica, especially, has its blind spots. Colonel Martingale will lay a point better than the market that nothing will be done about it, though.—AUDAX MINOR

•

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LE DOWNBEAT, a night club set up behind an unpromising store front on West Fifty-fourth Street, in that short, bleak stretch between Broadway and Eighth Avenue, specializes in the jolting, runaway variety of jazz known as bop, and some lively performers are on hand there now, as I discovered when I stopped by the other night. As you go in, you see a long, crowded bar, and beyond that a small room, little more than a widening of the foyer. At the rear of this is a narrow balcony, accommodating some additional tables and, instead of chairs, hassocks. A few rapt couples were sitting around the room when I arrived, and the Billy Taylor Trio—piano, bass, and drums—was on the bandstand, going at it. Taylor, a studious-looking young pianist with a fine technique and a pleasing sensitivity in his work, ran through hushed arrangements of "Love Is Here to Stay" and "What Is There to Say?," and made louder, all-out demonstrations of several other pieces, including "Tea for Two" and "Good Groove." Then the Taylor Trio was joined by Terry Gibbs, a short, wiry young vibraphonist, who worked in front of the bandstand, right out there with the customers. (I believe I mentioned that it's a small place.) He began with a remarkable exhibition of speed and stamina, flailing the keys rapidly and at times almost viciously with his little hammers, striving for greater complexity in each successive chorus of a violently boppish piece. He took things easier through a couple of slow choruses of "What's New" and then set out at top speed again in "Crazy Rhythm." A few minutes of this brought him to the end of his physical endurance, and, his head soaked with sweat, he went over and leaned against the bar, letting the trio bring the piece to a close.

Slim Gaillard, the star of the current show, took over next. He isn't a bop man at all, but an exceedingly gifted jazz musician and a natural clown. A tall Negro with enormous hands, he stood at the microphone and strummed an electric guitar, a wide, artless grin on his face and a mischievous, faraway look in his eyes. He hummed softly and

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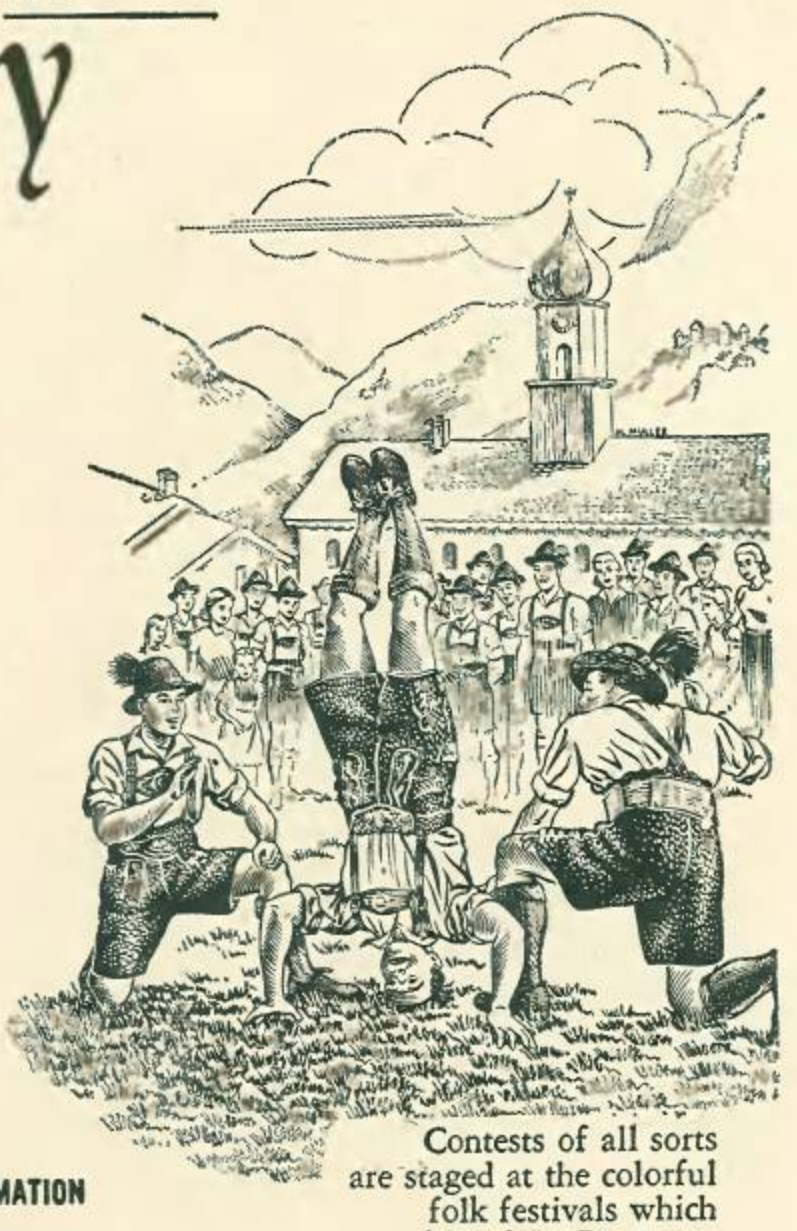
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throatily, and every so often the distant look vanished and he uttered a wild, meaningless phrase and burst out laughing. He kept this up for quite a while, the trio following his lead. Gibbs, rested now, returned to the vibraphone and watched him expectantly, hammers poised. After several false starts, Gaillard hit on a fast tempo and began feeding Gibbs swift musical phrases, which the vibraphonist instantly repeated, occasionally embellishing one of them, to his own great satisfaction. Gaillard's glee and the frenzy of their work mounted steadily to a boisterous finish.

After this was over, and Gibbs had retired, Gaillard unslung his guitar and went to work on—one after another—the piano, the bass fiddle, the vibraphone, and a pair of bongo drums. He handled each instrument with an astonishing natural talent and a childlike pleasure in tricky playing. For example, he played the piano palms up, with the backs of his fingers; he tapped out "Jingle Bells" on the smaller drum by sliding the fingers of one hand along the drumhead to produce different pitches while his other hand beat out the rhythm; he used swizzle sticks to play the vibraphone; and he strummed below the bridge of both the guitar and the double bass. The invention and impromptu air of his performance, and his delight in it, created a sunny and irresistibly innocent atmosphere, a nice contrast to the routine harshness of the boppers.

ACROSS town, between Lexington and Third Avenues on Fifty-sixth Street, at a room called the Albert (originally and briefly known as the Jicky Club), a handsome young Scotsman named Hamish Menzies plays both straight jazz and popular songs in a moody fashion. There's a capricious quality about his work, as if he weren't sure what he was going to do next. He is a composer, too, and sings a number of his pieces to his own accompaniment. His creative instincts express themselves in appealing light ballads and arch patter songs of the kind that gave a fellow named Dwight Fiske a vogue around here some years ago, when wickedness seemed more attractive. Menzies is obviously a man of many talents who is still seeking a direction for them. His piano music is among the best to be heard in town.

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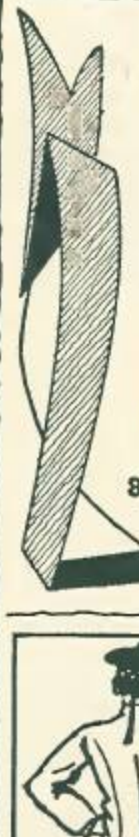
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ing—is currently weaving around till all hours in a small and in some ways forbidding spot called Danny's Bagatelle, on University Place, in the Village. A compact man about the size of a jockey, Lyman has, as many café old-timers know, a small, pure voice, which he uses so quietly that you must listen hard—and you do—to catch his words. He has a vast repertoire of long-forgotten sentimental and comedy songs, and he intersperses them with standard pieces he has taken a liking to over the years. A tight grin lights his face when he comes to a phrase he particularly enjoys. As he sings, he strolls around, now dropping into a vacant chair among the customers at a table, now sitting alone at a table and going through the motions of playing a piano, and occasionally he accompanies a departing guest all the way to the front door—still singing, though he is inaudible to most of the patrons. Ruby Hill, a sleek charmer with a contralto voice, is also on the bill here, and she impassionedly sings such songs as "Happiness Is Jes' a Thing Called Joe," "Am I Blue?," "Autumn Leaves," and "Something I Dreamed Last Night." . . . There's really nothing to say about Evelyn Knight, the leading lady of the current show at the Persian Room, except that she is a carefully groomed young woman who has a ragtag collection of songs, mostly novelties, and a hostesslike manner that seems to please the guests. I would like to mention, though, the youthful dance team that precedes her—Danny Hoctor and Betty Byrd. They have a winning act, distinguished by Hoctor's superb tap-dancing and engaging personality. . . . Jazz is breaking out once more, after a long lapse, down in that part of the Paramount Building's catacombs allotted to Childs. A five-piece outfit governed by the diminutive and redoubtable trumpet player Max Kaminsky runs off the venerable Dixieland favorites. Of course, the boys have to mix in waltzes, fox trots, and rumbas for the dancing guests, but they manage to cut loose frequently during the evening with their own sort of music. —D. W.

•

"Buddy" Underwood, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Underwood, is spending his mid-term vacation from the U. of Md. working in the House Office Building. "Buddy" is majoring in the study of Criminology.—*Upper Marlboro (Md.) Enquirer-Gazette.*

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

A GAME OF WILD INDIANS

DURING the second week in August, 1946, an elderly man, a middle-aged woman, and a boy of ten dragged themselves, singly and painfully, into the Presbyterian Hospital, in the Washington Heights section of Manhattan, where their trouble was unhesitatingly identified as typhoid fever. This diagnosis was soon confirmed by laboratory analysis, and on Thursday morning, August 15th, a report of the outbreak was dutifully telephoned to the Department of Health. It was received and recorded there, in accordance with the routine in all alarms of an epidemiological nature, by a clerk in the Bureau of Preventable Diseases named Beatrice Gamso. Miss Gamso, a low-strung woman, had spent some thirty callousing years in the Health Department, but the news gave her a turn. She sat for an instant with her eyes on her notes. Then, steadying herself with a practiced hand, she swung around to her typewriter and set briskly about dispatching copies of the report to all administrative officers of the Department. Within an hour, a reliable investigator from the Bureau was on his way to Washington Heights. He was presently followed by one of his colleagues, a Department public-health nurse, several agents from the Bureau of Food and Drugs, and an inspector from the Bureau of Sanitary Engineering.

Typhoid fever was among the last of the massive pestilential fevers to yield to the probings of medical science, but its capitulation has been complete. It is wholly transparent now. Its clinical manifestations (a distinctive rash and a tender spleen, a fiery fever and a languid pulse, and nausea, diarrhea, and nosebleed), its cause (a bacillus known as *Eberthella typhosa*), and its means of transmission have all been clearly established. Typhoid is invariably conveyed by food or drink contaminated with the excreta of its victims. Ordinarily, it is spread by someone who is ignorant, at least momentarily, of his morbid condition. One reason for such unawareness is that for the first several days typhoid fever tends to be disarmingly mild and indistinguishable from the countless fleeting malaises that dog the human race. Another is that nearly five per cent of the cases become typhoid carriers, continuing indefinitely to harbor a lively colony of typhoid bacilli in their systems. The existence of typhoid carriers was discovered by a group of German hygienists in 1907. Typhoid Mary Mallon, a housemaid and cook who was the stubborn cause of a total of fifty-three cases in and around New York City a generation ago, is, of course, the most celebrated of these hapless menaces. About seventy per cent, by some unexplained physiological fortuity, are women. The names of three hundred and eighty local carriers are currently on active file in the Bureau of Preventable Diseases. They are called on regularly by public-health nurses and are permanently enjoined from any employment that involves the handling of food. More than a third of all the cases that occur here are traced to local carriers but, because of the vigilance of the Health Department, rarely to recorded carriers; new ones keep turning up. Most of the rest of the cases are of unknown or out-of-town origin. A few are attributable to the products of polluted waters (clams and oysters and various greens).

The surveillance of carriers is one of several innovations that in little more than a generation have forced typhoid fever into an abrupt tractability throughout most of the Western world. The others include certain refinements in diagnostic technique, the institution of public-health measures requiring the chlorination of city-supplied water and proscribing the sale of unpasteurized milk, and the development of an immunizing vaccine. Since late in the nineteenth century, the local incidence of typhoid fever has dropped from five or six thousand cases a year to fewer than fifty, and it is very possible that it may soon be as rare as smallpox. Banishment has not, however, materially impaired the vigor of *Eberthella typhosa*. Typhoid fever is still a cruel and withering affliction. It is always rambunctious, generally prolonged, and often fatal. It is also one of the most explosive of communicable diseases. The month in which it is most volcanic is August.

THE investigator who led the sprint to Washington Heights that August morning in 1946 was Dr. Harold T. Fuerst, an epidemiologist, and he and Dr. Ottavio J. Pellitteri, another epidemiologist, handled most of the medical inquiry. One afternoon not long ago, when I was down at the Bureau, they told me about the case. Miss Gamso sat at a desk nearby, and I noticed after a moment that she was following the conversation with rapt attention. Her interest, it turned out, was entirely understandable. Typhoid-fever investigations are frequently tedious, but they are seldom protracted. It is not unusual for a team of experienced oper-



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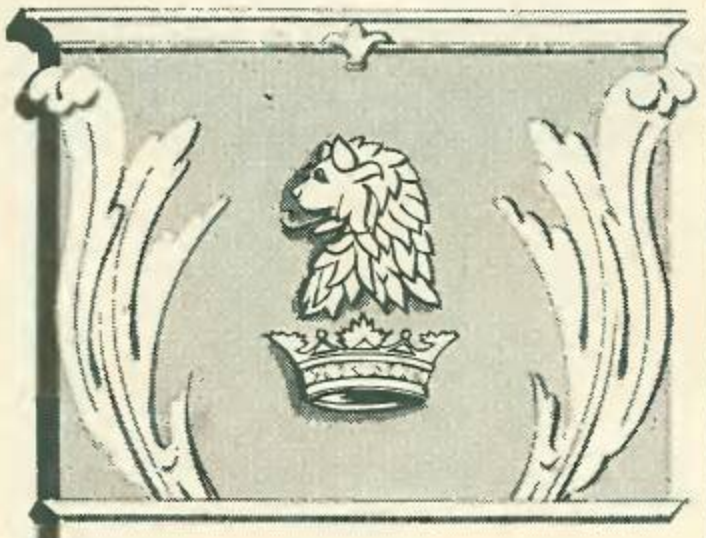
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atives to descry the source of an outbreak in a couple of days. Some cases have been riddled in an afternoon. The root of the trouble on Washington Heights eluded detection for almost two weeks, and it is probable that but for Miss Gamso it would never have been detected at all.

"I got to Presbyterian around eleven," Dr. Fuerst told me. "I found a staff man I knew, and he led me up to the patients. It was typhoid, all right. Not that I'd doubted it, but it's routine to take a look. And they were in bad shape—too miserable to talk. One—the woman—was barely conscious. I decided to let the questioning go for the time being. At least until I'd seen their histories. A clerk in the office of the medical superintendent dug them out for me. Pretty skimpy—name, age, sex, occupation, and address, and a few clinical notations. About all I got at a glance was that they weren't members of the same family. I'd hoped, naturally, that they would be. That would have nicely limited the scope of the investigation. Then I noticed something interesting. They weren't a family, but they had a little more in common than just typhoid. For one thing, they were by way of being neighbors. One of them lived at 502 West 180th Street, another at 501 West 178th Street, and the third at 285 Audubon Avenue, just around the corner from where it runs through the five-hundred block of West 179th Street. Another thing was their surnames. They were different, but they weren't dissimilar. All three were of Armenian origin. Well, Washington Heights has an Armenian colony—very small and very clannish. I began to feel pretty good. I didn't doubt for a minute that the three of them knew each other. Quite possibly they were friends. If so, it was reasonable to suppose that they might recently have shared a meal. It wasn't very likely, of course, that they had been the only ones to share it. Ten-year-old boys don't usually go out to meals without their parents. Maybe there had been a dozen in on it. It could even have been some sort of national feast. Or a church picnic. Picnic food is an ideal breeding ground for the typhoid organism. It can't stand cooking, but it thrives in raw stuff—ice cream and mayonnaise and so on. And if a carrier had happened to have a hand in the arrangements . . . I decided we'd do well to check and see if there was an Armenian carrier on our list."

"We found one, all right," Dr. Pellitteri said. "A widow named Chris-

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tos—she died a year or two ago—who lived on West 178th Street."

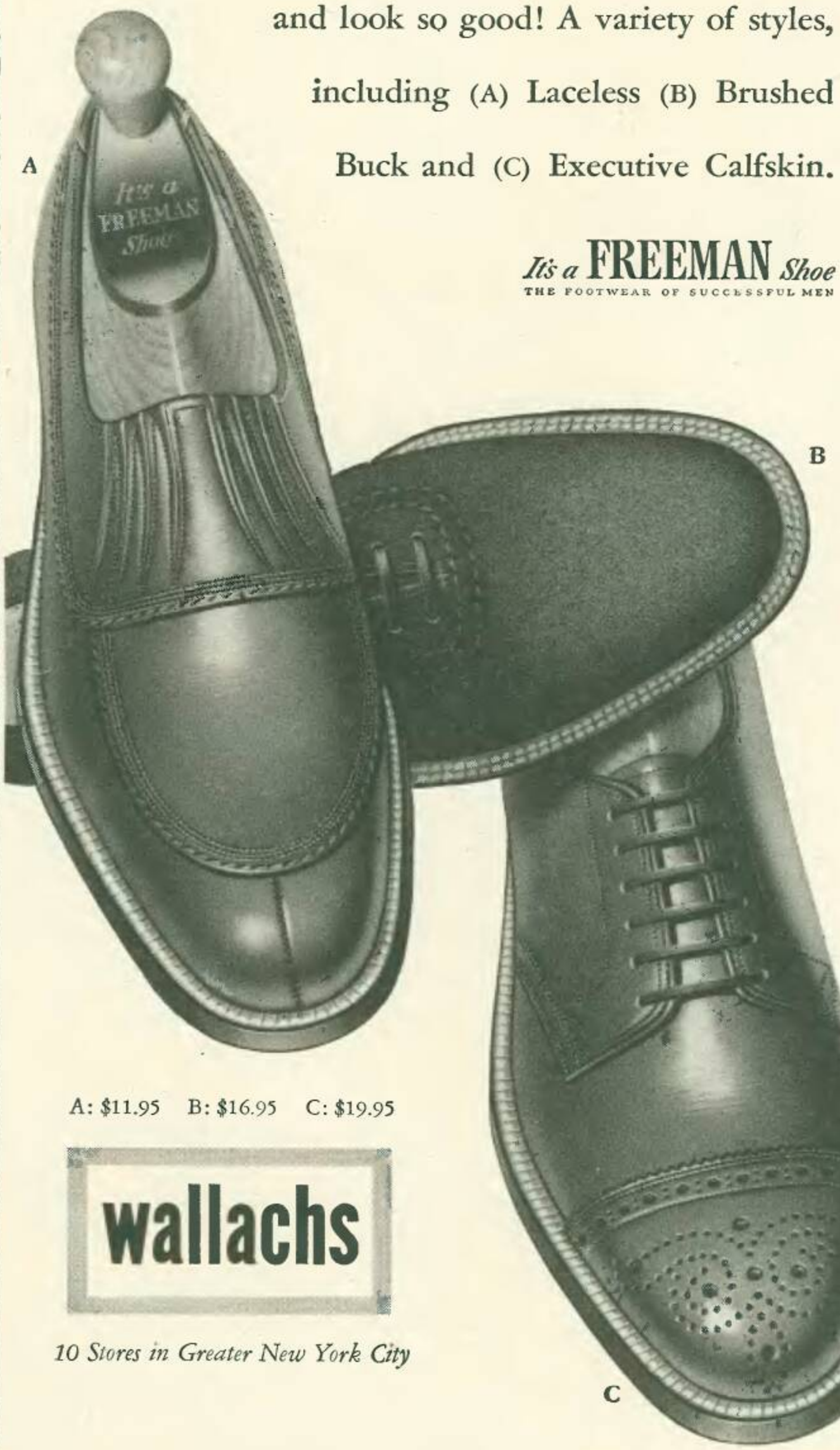
"To be sure, we had only three cases," Dr. Fuerst went on. "But I didn't let that bother me. I've never known an outbreak of typhoid in which everybody who was exposed got sick. There are always a certain number who escape. They either don't eat whatever it is that's contaminated or they have a natural or an acquired immunity. Moreover, the incubation period in typhoid—the time it takes for the bug to catch hold—varies with the individual. Ten days is about the average, but it can run anywhere from three to thirty. In other words, maybe we had seen only the vanguard. There might be more to come. So in the absence of anything better, the Armenian link looked pretty good. I called the Bureau and told Bill Birnkrant—he was acting director at the time—what I thought, and he seemed to think the same. He said he'd start somebody checking. I went back upstairs for another try at the patients."

"That's when the rest of us began to come into the picture," Dr. Pellitteri said. "My job was the recent social life of the Armenian colony. Ida Matthews, a public-health nurse, took the carrier angle. Neither of us had much luck. The file listed twelve carriers in Washington Heights. As I remember, the only Armenian was Mrs. Christos. At any rate, the nurse picked her first. I remember running into Miss Matthews somewhere on Audubon toward the end of that first afternoon. She told me what progress she had made. None. Mrs. Christos was old and sick, and hadn't been out of her apartment for a month. Miss Matthews said there was no reason to doubt the woman's word, as she had a good reputation at the Department—very coöperative, obeyed all the rules. Miss Matthews was feeling pretty gloomy. She'd had high hopes. Well, I knew how she felt. I'd hit nothing but dead ends myself. Our patients didn't seem to be friends. Apparently, they just knew each other. The priest at the Gregorian church in the neighborhood—Holy Cross Armenian Apostolic, on West 187th Street—knew of no recent feasts or festivals. He hadn't heard of any unusual amount of illness in the parish, either. No mysterious chills and fevers. And the Armenian doctors in the neighborhood said the same. They had seen nothing that resembled typhoid except the cases we already had. Before I gave up for the day, I even got in touch with an Armenian girl who used to work at the De-

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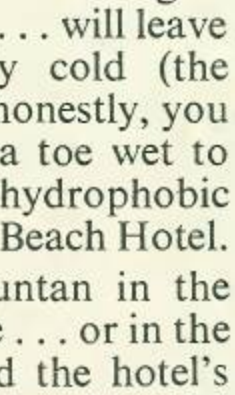
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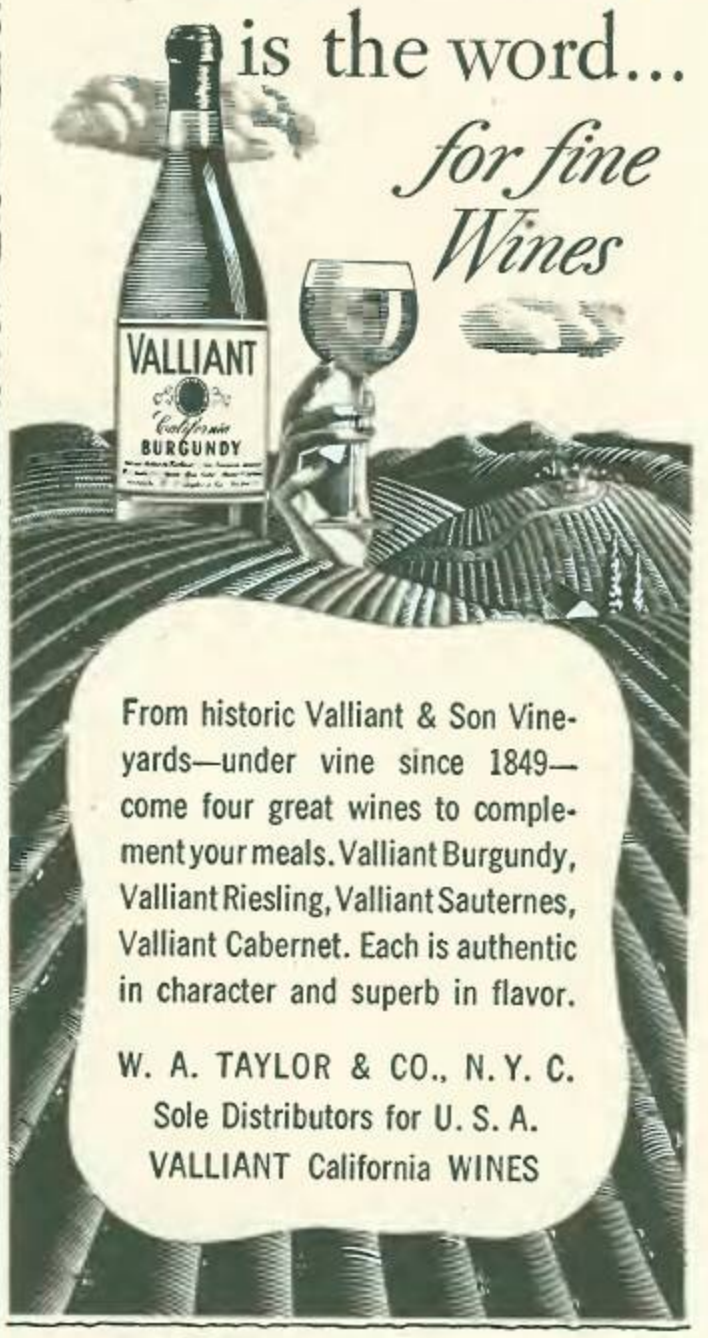
partment. The only thing I could think of at the moment was a check of the Armenian restaurants. When I mentioned that, she burst out laughing. It seems Armenians don't frequent Armenian restaurants. They prefer home cooking."

"I got Pellitteri's report the next morning," Dr. Fuerst said. "And Miss Matthews'. I was back at the hospital, and when I called Birnkrant, he gave me the gist of them. I can't say I was greatly surprised. To tell the truth, I was relieved. The Armenian picnic I'd hypothesized the day before would have created a real mess. Because the hospital had reported two new cases. Two women. They lived at 500 West 178th Street and 611 West 180th Street, but they weren't Armenians. One was Italian. The other was plain American. So we were right back where we started. Only, now we had five cases instead of three, and nothing to tie them together but the fact that they all lived in the same neighborhood. And had the same brand of typhoid. There are around a dozen different strains, you know, which sometimes complicates matters. About the only thing Birnkrant and I could be sure of was that the feast theory—any kind of common gathering—was out. I'd had a word with the new patients. They had never even heard of each other. So the link had to be indirect. That gave us a number of possibilities. The source of infection could be water—either drinking water or a swimming pool. Or it could be commercial ice. Or milk. Or food. Drinking water was a job for Sanitary Engineering. The others, at the moment, were up to us—meaning Pellitteri and me. They were all four conceivable. Even ice. You can find a precedent for anything and everything in the literature on typhoid. But just one was probable. That was food. Some food that is sold already prepared—like potato salad or frozen custard—or one that is usually eaten raw. All we had to do was find out what it was, and where they got it, and how it got that way. Birnkrant and I figured out the area involved. It came to roughly four square blocks. I don't know if you know that part of Washington Heights. It's no prairie. Every building is a big apartment house, and the ground floors of most are stores. At least a fourth have something to do with food."

"I was in the office when Fuerst called," Dr. Pellitteri said. "Before he hung up, I got on the phone and we made the necessary arrangements about questioning the patients and their families—who was to see who. Then I took

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off. I wasn't too pessimistic. The odds were against a quick answer, but you never know. It was just possible that they all bought from the same store. Well, as it happened, they did. In a way. The trouble was it wasn't one store. It was practically all of them. Fuerst had the same experience. We ended up at the office that evening with a list as long as my arm—half a dozen fruit-and-vegetable stands, four or five groceries, a market that sold clams, and an assortment of ice-cream parlors and confectioneries and delicatessens. Moreover, we couldn't even be sure the list included the right store. Most people have very strange memories. They forget and they imagine. You've got to assume that most of the information they give you may be either incomplete or inaccurate, or both. But there *was* a right store—we knew that. Sanitary Engineering had eliminated drinking water, and we had been able to rule out swimming and milk and ice. Only one of the group ever went swimming, all but one family had electric refrigerators, and none of them had drunk unpasteurized milk. It had to be contaminated food from a store. That much was certain."

"It was also certain that we had to have some help," Dr. Fuerst said. "Pellitteri and I could have handled a couple of stores. Or even, at a pinch, three or four. But a dozen or more—it would take us weeks. Let me give you an idea what an investigation like that involves. You don't just walk in the store and gaze around. You more or less take it apart. Every item of food that could conceivably cause trouble is examined, the physical setup is inspected for possible violations of the Sanitary Code, and all employees and their families are interviewed and specimens taken for laboratory analysis. So we needed help, and, of course, we got it. Birnkrant had a conference with the Commissioner the next morning and they talked it over, and the result was an engineer and another nurse and a fine big team from Food and Drugs. Very gratifying."

"And Miss Matthews," Dr. Pellitteri said. "We had her back again. She had finally finished with her carriers. They were all like the first. None had violated any of the rules."

"As expected," Dr. Fuerst said. "The average carrier is pretty coöperative. Well, that was Saturday. By Monday, we had made a certain amount of progress. We hadn't found anything yet, but the field was narrowing down. And all of a sudden we got a little nib-



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ble. It came from a confectionery called Pop's, on 178th Street, around noon. Pop's had been well up on our list. They sold ice cream made on the premises, and the place was a neighborhood favorite. Which meant it got a very thorough going over. But we were about ready to cross it off—everything was in good shape, including the help—when it developed that the place had just changed hands. Pop had sold out a week before, and he and his wife, who'd helped him run it, were on the way to California. Needless to say, Pop's went back on the list, and at the top. Also, somebody did some quick checking. Pop and his wife were driving, and their plan was to spend a few days with friends in Indianapolis. That gave us a chance. We called Birnkrant and he called Indianapolis—the State Health Department. They were extremely interested. Naturally. They said they'd let us know."

DR. FUERST lighted a cigarette. "Then we got a jolt," he said. "Several, in fact. The first was a call from the hospital. Four new cases. That brought the total up to nine. But it didn't stay there long. Tuesday night, it went to ten. I don't mind saying that set us back on our heels. Ten cases of typhoid fever in less than a week in one little corner of the city is almost unheard of in this day and age. The average annual incidence for the whole of Washington Heights is hardly half a case. That wasn't the worst of it, though. The real blow was that tenth case. I'll call him Jones. Jones didn't fit in. The four Monday cases, like the three Armenians and the Italian and the American, all lived in that one four-block area. Jones didn't. He lived on 176th Street, but way over west, almost on Riverside Drive. An entirely different neighborhood. I had a word with Jones the first thing Wednesday morning. I remember he worked for the post office. That's about all I learned. He hardly knew where he was. When I left the hospital, I called on his wife. She wasn't much help, either. She did all the family marketing, she told me, and she did it all within a block or two of home. That was that. She was very definite. On the other hand, there was Mr. Jones. He had typhoid, which doesn't just happen, and it was the same strain as all the rest. So either it was a very strange coincidence or she was too upset to think. My preference, until proved otherwise, was the latter. I found a phone, and called Birnkrant

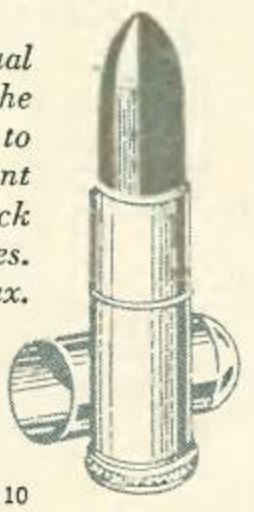
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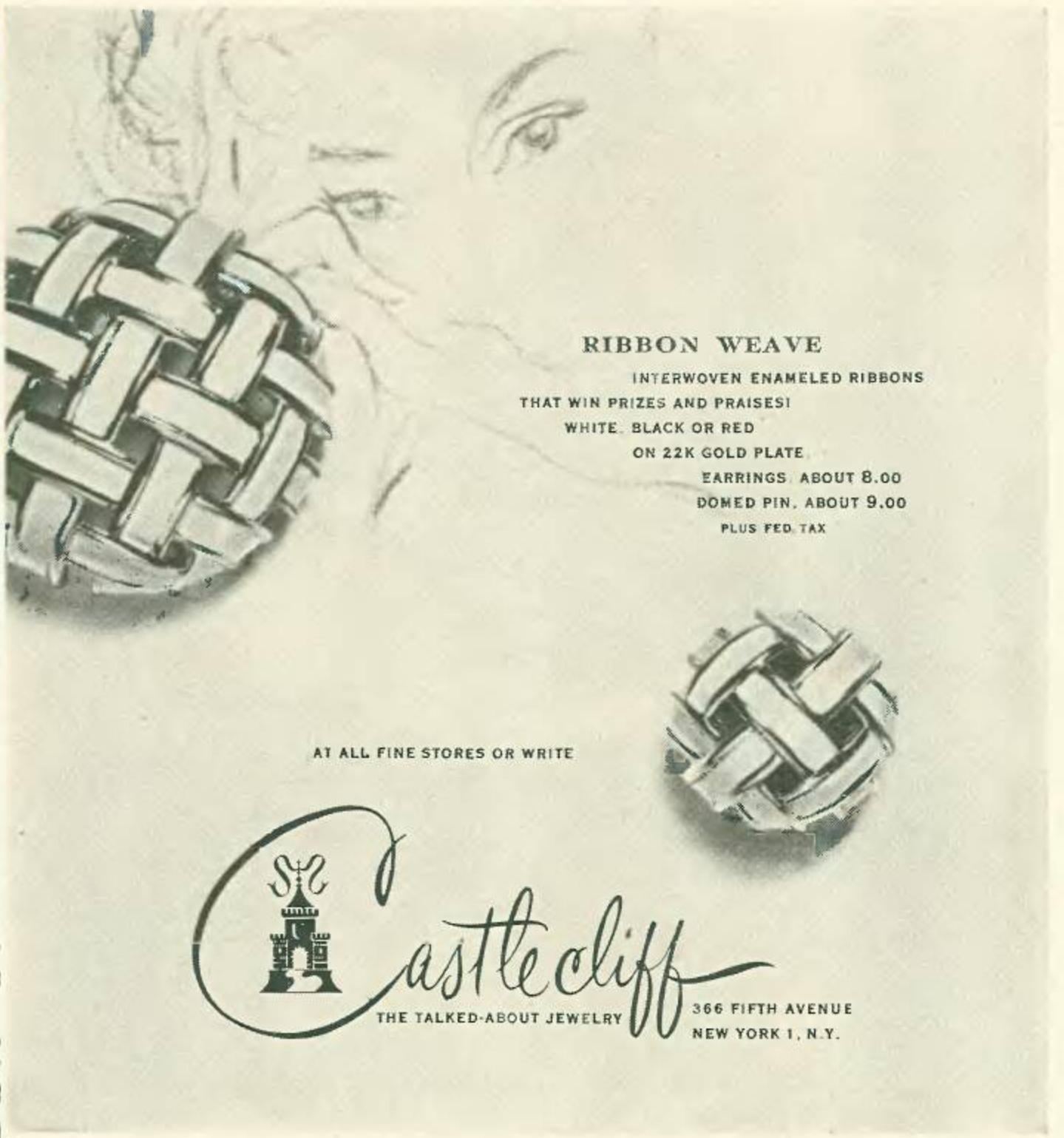


and gave him the latest news. He had some news for me. Indianapolis had called. They had located Pop and his wife and made the usual tests. The results were negative."

"I don't know which was the most discouraging," Dr. Pellitteri said. "Jones, I guess. He meant more work—a whole new string of stores to check. Pop had been ninety per cent hope. He merely aroused suspicion. He ran a popular place, he sold homemade ice cream, and when the epidemic broke, he pulled out. Or so it appeared from where we stood. It hurt to lose him. Unlikely or not, he had been a possibility—the first specific lead of any kind that we had been able to find in a week of mighty hard work. During the next few days, it began to look more and more like the last. Until Friday evening. Friday evening we got a very excited call from the laboratory. It was about a batch of specimens we had submitted that morning for analysis. One of them was positive for *E. typhosa*. The man's name doesn't matter. It didn't even then. What did matter was his occupation. He was the proprietor of a little frozen-custard shop—now extinct—that I'll call the Jupiter. The location was interesting, too. It was a trifle outside our area, but still accessible, and a nice, easy walk from the Joneses'. Food and Drugs put an embargo on the Jupiter that night. The next morning, we began to take it apart."

"I missed that," Dr. Fuerst said. "I spent Saturday at the hospital. It was quite a day. We averaged a case an hour. I'm not exaggerating. When I finally left, the count was nine. Nine brand-new cases. A couple of hours later, one more turned up. That made twenty, all told. Fortunately, that was the end. Twenty was the grand total. But, of course, we didn't know that then. There





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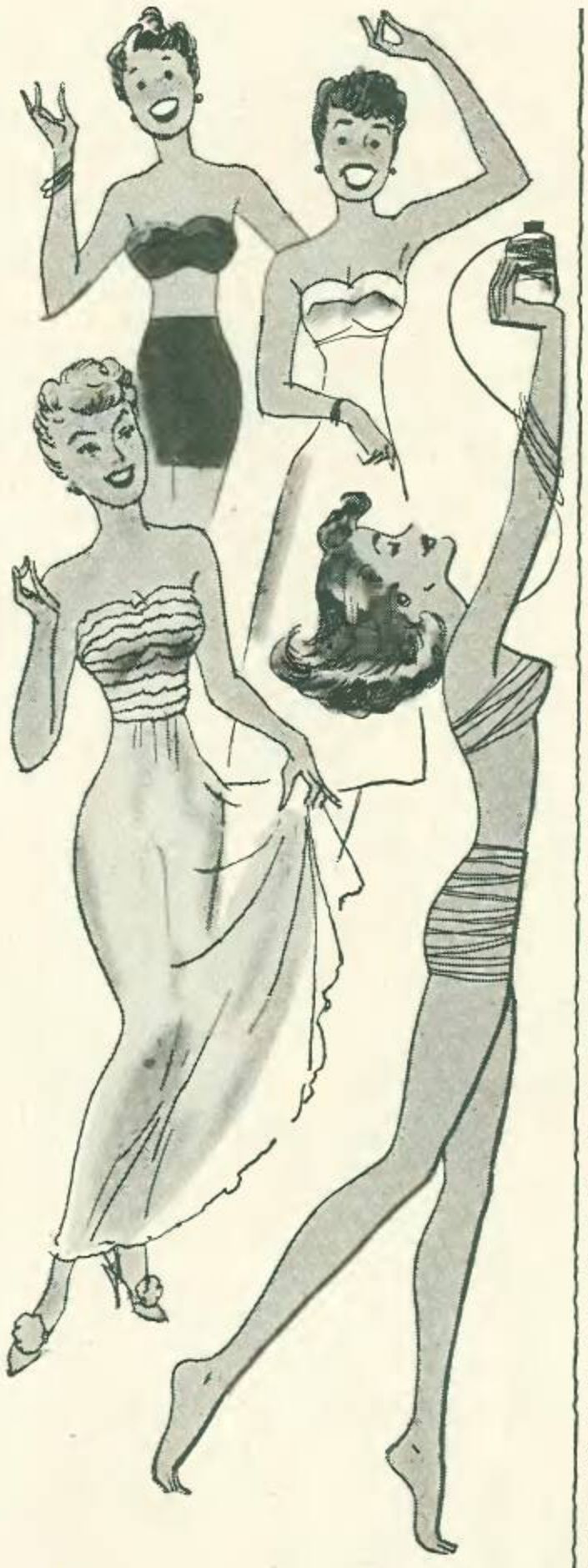


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was no reason to believe they wouldn't just keep coming."

"The rest of us had the same kind of day," Dr. Pellitteri said. "Very disagreeable. There was the owner of the Jupiter—poor devil. You can imagine the state he was in. All of a sudden, he was out of business and a public menace. He didn't even know what a typhoid carrier was. He had to be calmed down and instructed. That was the beginning. It got worse. First of all, the Jupiter was as clean as a whistle. We closed it up—had to, under the circumstances—and embargoed the stock, but we didn't find anything. That was peculiar. I can't explain it even now. He was either just naturally careful or lucky. While that was going on, we went back to the patients and questioned them again. Did they know the Jupiter? Were they customers? Did they ever buy anything there? We got one yes. The rest said no. Emphatically. If there had been a few more yeses—even three or four—we might have wondered. But they couldn't all be mistaken. So the Jupiter lead began to look pretty wobbly. Then the laboratory finished it off. They had a type report on the Jupiter organism. It wasn't the *E. typhosa* we were looking for. It was one of the other strains. That may have been some consolation to Mr. Jupiter. At least, he didn't have an epidemic on his conscience. But it left us uncomfortably close to the end of our rope. We had only a handful of stores still to check. If we didn't find the answer there, we were stumped. We didn't. We crossed off the last possibility on Tuesday morning, August 27th. It was Number Eighty. We'd examined eighty stores and something like a thousand people, and all we had to show for it was a new carrier."

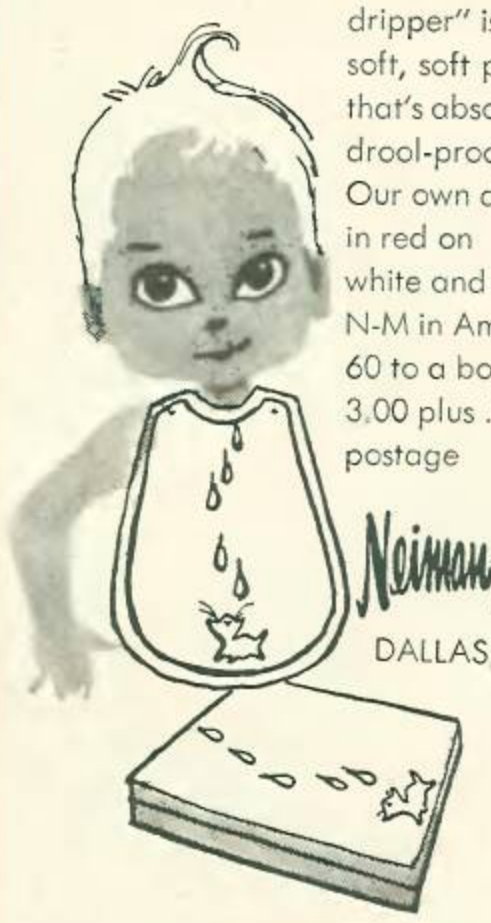
"Well, that was something," Dr. Fuerst said. "Even if it was beside the point. But we also had another consolation. None of the patients had died. None was going to. They were all making excellent progress."

"That's true enough," Dr. Pellitteri said. "But we couldn't claim much credit for that." He paused, and shifted around in his chair. "About all we can take any credit for is Miss Gamso, here." He smiled. "Miss Gamso saved the day. She got inspired."

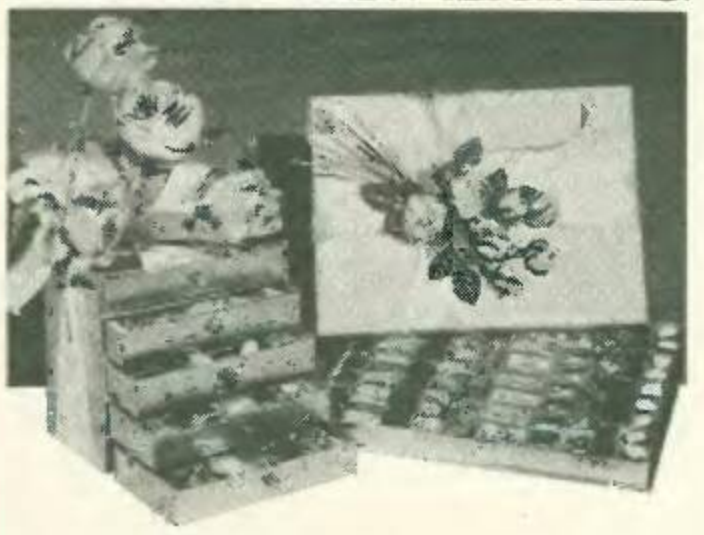
Miss Gamso gave me a placid look. "I don't know about inspired," she said. "It was more like annoyed. I heard them talking—Dr. Birnkrant, and these two, and all the rest of them—and I read the reports, and the days

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went by and they didn't seem to be getting anywhere. That's unusual. So it was irritating. It's hard to explain, but I got to thinking about that carrier Mrs. Christos. There were two things about her. She lived with a son-in-law who was a known food handler. He was a baker by trade. Also, where she lived was right in the middle of everything—519 West 178th Street. That's just off Audubon. And Audubon is the street where practically all our cases did most of their shopping. Well, there was one store in particular—a fruit-and-vegetable market called Tony's—on almost everybody's list. The address was 261 Audubon Avenue. Then I really got a brainstorm. It was right after lunch on Tuesday, August 27th. I picked up the telephone and called the bureau that registers house numbers at the Borough President's office, and I asked them one question. Did 519 West 178th Street and 261 Audubon Avenue happen by any chance to be the same building? They asked me why I wanted to know. I wasn't talking, though. I just said was it, in a nice way, and the man finally said he'd see. When he came back, I was right. They were one and the same. I was so excited I thought I'd burst. Dr. Pellitteri was sitting right where he is now. He was the first person I saw, so I marched straight over and told him. He kind of stared at me. He had the funniest expression." Miss Gamso smiled a gentle smile. "I think he thought I'd gone crazy."

"I wouldn't say that," Dr. Pellitteri said. "I'll admit, however, that I didn't quite see the connection. We'd been all over Tony's—it was almost our first stop—and there was no earthly reason to question Miss Matthews' report on Mrs. Christos. The fact that they occupied the same building was news to me. To all of us, as I recall. But what if they did? Miss Gamso thought it was significant or suspicious or something. The point escaped me. When she mentioned the son-in-law, though, I began to get a little more interested. We knew him, of course—anybody who lives with a carrier is a potential cause of trouble—and checked on him regularly. But it was just possible that since our last check-up he had become infected. That happens. And although we hadn't found him working in any of the stores, he could have come and gone a couple of weeks before we started our investigation. At any rate, it was worth looking into. Almost anything was, by then. I went up that afternoon. I walked past Tony's on the way to 519. There wasn't any doubt about their being in the same



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building. Tony's is gone now, like Mrs. Christos, but the way it was then, his front door was about three steps from the corner, and around the corner about three more steps was the entrance to the apartments above. The Christos flat was on the fifth floor—Apartment 53. Mrs. Christos and her son-in-law were both at home. They let me in and that's about all. I can't say they were either one delighted to see me. Or very helpful. She couldn't add anything to what she had already told Miss Matthews. The son-in-law hardly opened his mouth. His last regular job, he said, had been in January, in a cafeteria over in Astoria. Since then, he'd done nothing but odd jobs. He wouldn't say what, when, or where. I couldn't completely blame him. He was afraid that if we got to questioning any of his former employers, they'd never take him on again. When I saw how it was, I arranged for a specimen and, for the moment, let it go at that. There was no point in getting rough until we knew for sure. I told him to sit tight. If he was positive, I'd be back in a hurry. I got the report the next day. He wasn't. He was as harmless as I am. But by then it didn't matter. By that time, it was all over. To tell the truth, I had the answer before I ever left the building."

Dr. Pellitteri shook his head. "I walked right into it," he said. "It was mostly pure luck. What happened was this. On the way out, I ran into the superintendent—an elderly woman. I was feeling two ways about the son-in-law—half sympathetic and half suspicious. It occurred to me that the superintendent might have some idea where he'd been working the past few weeks. So I stopped and asked. She was a sour old girl. She didn't know and didn't care. She had her own troubles. They were the tenants, mainly. She backed me into a corner and proceeded to unload. The children were the worst, she said—especially the boys. Always thinking up some new devilment. For example, she said, just a few weeks ago, toward the end of July, there was a gang of them up on the roof playing wild Indians. Before she could chase them off, they'd stuffed some sticks down one of the plumbing vent pipes. The result was a stoppage. The soil pipe serving one whole tier of apartments blocked and sprang a leak, and the bathroom of the bottom apartment was a nice mess. I hadn't been paying much attention until then. But at that point— Well, to put it mildly, I was fascinated. Also, I began to ask some questions. I wanted to know just what bathroom had flooded. The



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answer was Apartment 23. What were the other apartments in that tier? They were 33, 43, and 53. What was underneath Apartment 23? A store—Tony's Market, on the corner. Then I asked for a telephone. Birnkrant's reaction was about what you'd expect. Pretty soon, a team from Sanitary Engineering arrived. They supplied the details and the proof. Tony stored his fruits and vegetables in a big wooden walk-in refrigerator at the rear of his store. When Sanitary Engineering pulled off the top, they found the soil pipe straight overhead. The leak had been repaired almost a month before, but the sawdust insulation in the refrigerator roof was still damp from the waste that had soaked through. It wasn't Tony's fault. He hadn't known. It wasn't anybody's fault. It was just one of those things. So that was that."

"Not entirely," Dr. Fuerst said. "There was still Jones to account for. It wasn't necessary. The thing was settled. But I was curious. I had a talk with him the next day. We talked and talked. And in the end, he remembered. He was a night walker. Every evening after dinner, he went out for a walk. He walked all over Washington Heights, and usually, somewhere along the line, he stopped and bought something to eat. It was generally a piece of fruit. As I say, he finally remembered. One night, near the end of July, he was walking down Audubon and he came to a fruit stand and he bought an apple. On the way home, he ate it."

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•

The glee club, directed by Marshall Bartholomew, was first organized in 1813 and has been singing continuously ever since.—*Westport (Conn.) Westporter-Herald.*

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The mayor emphasized that the Philadelphia metropolitan area has a population of 3,800,000 and that "more people live within 100 miles of Philadelphia than any other place in the world."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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THE first touch of spring has come early in England this year, and a fine choir of assorted birds is singing outside my study window in the afternoon sunshine. I like birds as well as the next man and feel flattered when one hops onto the window sill to carry off one of the small chunks of bread my wife and I regularly deposit there. I like to hear their singing, too—it is cheerful and seasonable and suitably birdlike—but I don't like the birds who simply exclaim "Tweet!," as though they were people imitating birds. That sort of unimaginative chirping seems to show a lack of proper effort. Besides, it reminds me of the Early Birds Breakfast Club and the imitation bird sounds made by its members.

It was in 1946, in the course of patriotic duty, that I became involved with the Early Birds Breakfast Club. I was attached to the British Embassy in Washington at the time, and perhaps because I had been teaching in an American university for some years before the war, I was frequently called upon to explain the British attitude on a political or an economic question to an American audience. The war was just over, and we were all talking about Britain's economic plight and wondering what was going to happen in England. Lord Keynes was preparing to lead a mission to the United States to discuss the whole matter with the appropriate American government officials. And the Early Birds Breakfast Club of Washington asked me to talk to them about Britain's postwar economic position.

I was, and am, no economist, but the war brought many of us new and surprising duties, and it taught me, among other things, quite a lot about British economic affairs. It was part of my job to answer any questions concerning Britain that an American audience might want to ask me (with the exception, of course, of questions to which it would have been improper for a mere public-relations man to reply). So when the Early Birds Breakfast Club asked me to speak to them, I accepted their invitation almost as a matter of course. It was only after I had accepted that I realized I had committed myself to joining a hundred Washington businessmen at breakfast at seven-forty-five on a February morning. As I lived seven miles out of town, this meant getting up at an unconscionably early hour. And worse than that, it meant being in-

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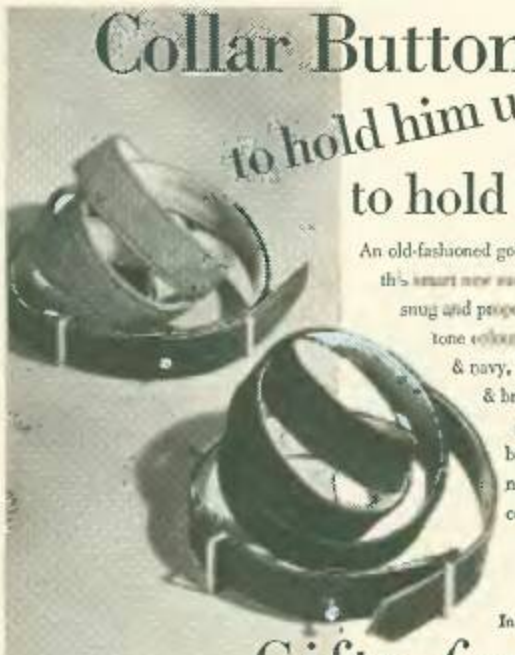
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telligent and witty at an hour when I was normally quite unable to speak at all. I faced the prospect with misgiving, and did some careful homework the evening before the event.

The Early Birds were a group of Washington executives who met every Tuesday morning for a sportive breakfast at the Willard Hotel. They only occasionally invited a speaker, preferring as a rule—or so I was informed by one of the members—to have fun with each other without the constraint imposed by an outsider. I found, however, that my presence did not prove to be much of a constraint. When I arrived at the room in the Willard Hotel where they always met, I found a scene reminiscent of what used to happen in my old high school in Edinburgh when the teacher left the room; men were shouting, whooping, slapping each other on the back, pulling out each other's ties, and overturning chairs. The noise was deafening. I stood at the door quite unnoticed while pandemonium cheerfully reigned. Then, precisely at eight o'clock, the president produced a frying pan, which he struck with a mallet. A brief silence ensued, during which I was recognized and shown to my place at the head table, and then the assembled company broke into the following song (sung to the tune of a once popular song, "Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing"):

This is the way Early Birdies sing,
  Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet!
This is the way Early Birdies sing,
  "Give us something to eat!"
Bring on your ham and your eggs and
    toast
  And coffee, black or sweet,
For hungry are we as the birds in the tree:
  Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet!

This is the way the rest of us sing,
  Oowah, Oowah, Oowah;
O Gosh! O Death, where is thy sting?
  Oowah, Oowah, Oowah;
O waiter, O waiter bring on the food,
  We're dying on our feet.
Let's finish this noise, be good little boys,
  And sit us down to eat.

I was given a copy of the words (from which the above is transcribed), and apparently I was expected to join in, but I hadn't the heart.

The impact of this ditty, sung full-throatedly by a hundred Washington business executives, on the half-awakened mind of my startled self can only be compared to what the sudden appearance of Mickey Mouse would have done to an audience of ancient Athenians watching a play by Aeschylus. The statistics I had carefully memorized

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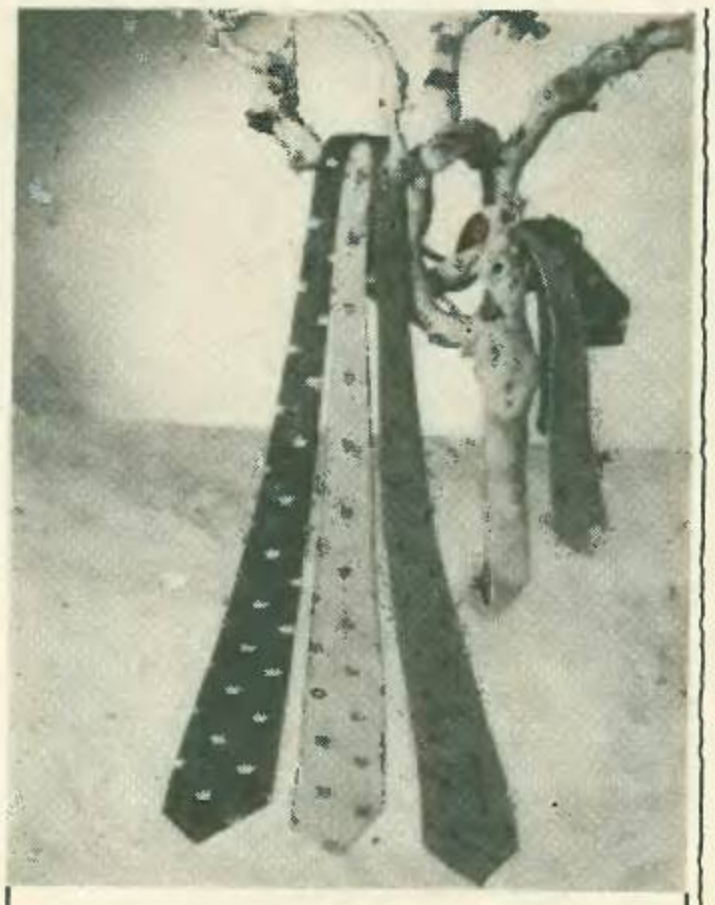
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fell from me; my mind swam; I plunged into the breakfast that was set before me without any full consciousness of where I was or what I was doing.

During breakfast, which was eaten seriously and without undue noise, I slowly collected my faculties. I was feeling almost myself when, breakfast concluded, the secretary rose to read the minutes of the previous week's meeting. As he began the reading, all hell broke loose. Howls, boos, and songs assailed him, and everybody started throwing pieces of bread about. Then somebody turned off all the lights. The secretary seemed to have been forewarned of this, for he immediately produced from under the table a miner's cap with lighted lamp attached, put it on, and finished reading the minutes by this light. This aroused a tremendous uproar, but the secretary went on reading steadily—though no one could hear a word—and after much more bread-throwing and some miscellaneous disturbances the company quieted down and I was introduced.

IN the course of my career as a university teacher and a wartime public-relations officer I have had many difficult speeches to make, but I have never found it harder to deliver an intelligent, coherent, persuasive, and well-informed address than I did on that February morning in 1946, surrounded by frolicking Washington businessmen. I summoned up every inch of will power, reaching down to my very toenails, and by an effort that left me exhausted for days I managed to give a picture of Britain's economy before the war, the changes brought about by the war, and her current position. I *think* I held their attention, but I was so intent on mustering my own resources that I was hardly in a position to judge. At least they didn't throw bread while I was talking. Some of them even asked





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questions afterward, but I cannot remember what I answered.

When the last question had been asked and (I hope) answered, decorum again broke down completely. The sign for this was the removal of the bibs (kids' affairs, but jumbo size) that everybody had donned at the beginning of the meal. While the members were taking these off and preparing to depart, they sang a song officially entitled "Closing Ode." It went to the tune of one of the dwarfs' songs in "Snow White":

Tweet, tweet! Tweet, Tweet!
We're perched upon our feet—
We've had our food, we've had our fun—
Tweet, tweet! Tweet, Tweet!
Now it will be a week
Till once again we meet—
So all together, Birds, let's sing:
Tweet, Tweet! Tweet. Tweet!

Heigh Ho! Heigh Ho!
As off to work we go—
We're all in step and full of pep
Heigh Ho! Heigh Ho!
Are we downhearted? No!
We're off to make the dough—
Now all together, one more cheer:
Heigh Ho! Heigh Ho!

I went home and to bed for an hour, instead of going on to my office at the British Embassy, as I had expected to do. When I finally arrived at the Embassy, one of my colleagues met me as I was going into the building and remarked that I looked pale. I was standing on the steps in a chill February wind, and I could think of no reply to make to his remark except:

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

—David Daiches

•

Freshmen women rushees may attend the frosh dance Feb. 16—only if they have first attended their rush parties—according to Mildred Gunby, Panhellenic president.

Silence for rushees begins today at 4:30. Although rushees may speak to sorority members and men during this period, they must not carry on "long, involved conversations" with them.

"That is the meaning of silence," explained Miss Gunby.—*Arizona Wildcat, University of Arizona.*

Well, it's a *woman's* idea of silence.

•

Once I read where the Arctic explorer V. Steffanson (who can spell Vilhjalmur?) had lived . . .—*Henry Morgan in the Post.*

Or, for that matter, who can spell Stefansson?

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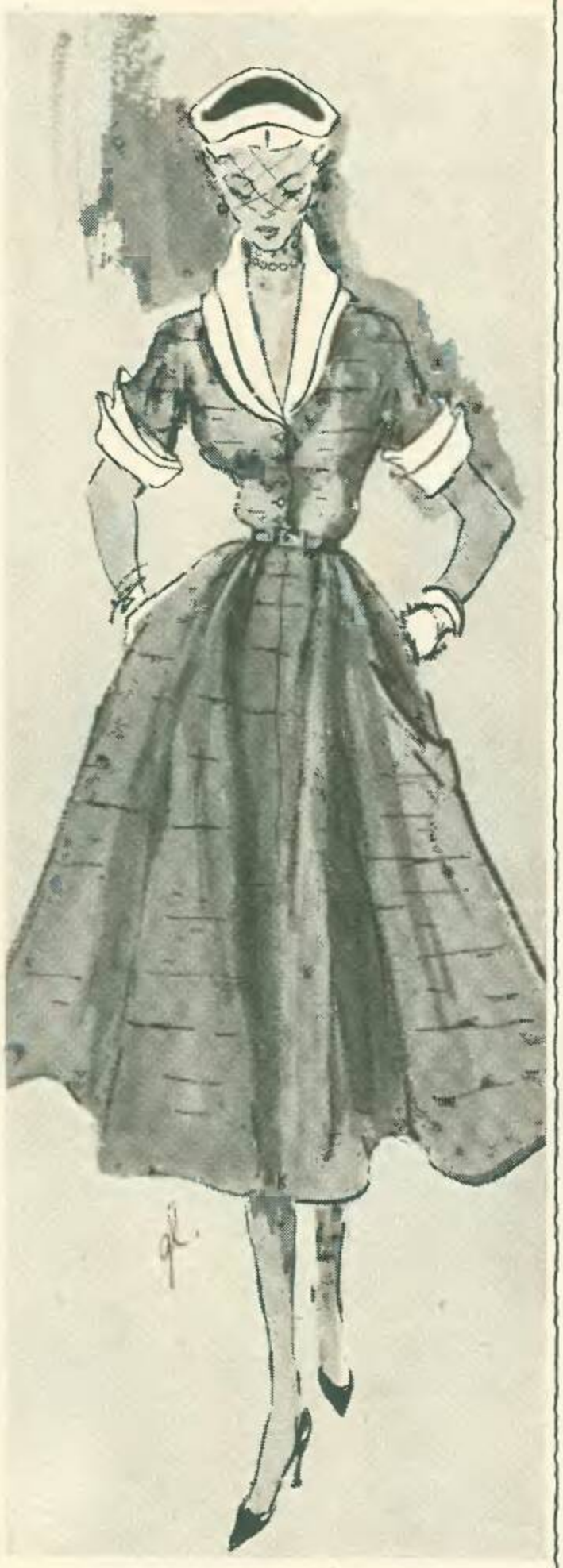


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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

BEFORE reporting on the charming Easter trifles blossoming in the shopwindows these first days of spring, I should perhaps warn you that I am not a wholly reliable guide, for I am, I confess, a pushover for Easter, and I refuse to believe that others do not share my pleasure in giving and receiving Easter greetings. They are usually unexpected (which is what makes them so delightful—nobody ever heard of making a *list* of people to send Easter gifts to), and are exchanged among friends for no better reason than that spring and Easter have gone to their heads.



This sort of amiable intoxication is likely to overtake anybody visiting the new gift shop of Helen Cole, at 963 Lexington Avenue (70th). Right now, the place is burgeoning with Easter gaiety, most of it centering on decorated eggs—surely the most beguiling things ever invented. I am pleased to note, too, there is nary an Easter bunny to lower the tone. To begin with the least expensive of the wares assembled here, there are candles shaped like Easter eggs, in Easter colors—pink, jade, lemon yellow, and violet—and ornamented with exquisite and fanciful patterns of sequins, tiny gold-metal beads, gold lace, and the like. They cost $1.50 apiece, complete with a clear-glass or gilded *bobèche*. Candles of the same sort, colored but otherwise undecorated, turn up in the center of a very striking ornamental metal ring (it looks like a pudding mold) filled with small artificial flowers—English daisies, pansies, pink roses, and so on. This is $7.50. A more ambitious notion is a two-decked stand, about sixteen inches tall, made of brass wire and set on a grass-green straw mat circled with artificial daisies. Marzipan strawberries are piled on the shelves, and fastened at intervals about the stand are either the egg-shaped candles or tight bouquets of artificial flowers stuck in milk-glass cups. If this sounds foolish, it's a happy sort of foolishness, and worth the $25 it costs. The egg candles, each with its *bobèche*, also appear on one of those brass-wire trees that were around at Christmastime strung with tinsel balls. This one has thirteen candles arranged in a pyramid that, with its bright colors and bright candlelight, should be a joy on an Easter supper table; $25. Mrs. Cole has also put the egg candles to many other fetching uses, and has simpler Easter decorations without candles, too. One of them, an oval basket full of colored candy eggs, with a nosegay of unusual artificial flowers stuck in the middle, is $6.50.

Among the more lasting bibelots are some little works, if not of art then certainly of something pretty close to it, that are set, like Victorian parlor ornaments, under glass domes. One combines such disparate objects as a wondrously decorated egg on a low gold-colored pedestal under a pink flowering tree sprinkled with rhinestone dewdrops. A butterfly rests airily on top of the tree, and beneath it are half a bejewelled eggshell, a scattering of artificial pearls, and an occasional interesting-looking mummified insect, green or bronze-colored. No two of these arrangements are alike, but the description of this one will give you an idea of their nature, and, I hope, of their ingenious design and gentle humor. They cost around $35.

The most enduring and, to my mind, some of the most beautiful objects in the shop are sprays of metal flowers of the kind one used to see on the altars of French and Spanish churches. I am told that these sprays are no longer fashionable in ecclesiastical circles, and are becoming increasingly hard to find. Wherever the flowers at the Cole shop were unearthed, they are lovely things, and would add distinction to any mantel. A bouquet of three long-stemmed silvery lilies, a tulip made of some thin pinkish metal, and several sheaves of gold-metal wheat costs $25. Perhaps I should mention that the shop also carries—indeed, specializes in—artificial flowers turned out by its own staff. The fact that these are the most natural-looking artificial flowers I have ever seen doesn't, I am sorry to say, alter my stubborn resistance to flora of this kind. People who aren't similarly intractable will doubtless be interested in the large formal arrangements for halls and foyers, and in some vases full of incredibly lifelike little garnet roses, and I urge them to go and inspect them.

The minor Easter frivolities here include handmade egg-shaped pincushions of colored felt, trimmed with felt roses and with "Happy Easter" spelled out in colored pins ($10); plush pincushions



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that carry the same message and look like long, slim carrots with fuzzy green stems ($1.50); and a natty adornment for a miniature poodle—a wreath of felt flowers attached to a good leather collar (the wreath is detachable), and a perky felt bow for his head ($12.50 for the set).

IF you haven't visited the impressive exhibition of Easter eggs at America House, 32 East 52nd Street, you should by all means do so at once. Even if you're unmoved by most Easter fancies, the chances are that you'll admire these. In addition to a number of valuable eggs borrowed from private collections—for example, a Fabergé enamelled egg that opens to disclose a minute aquamarine rabbit—the show includes a group of hardly less engrossing conceits (these are for sale) by Carl Federer, who makes Easter eggs that have a wide reputation among students of such things. The handsomest of the Federer eggs is an eight-inch Bristol-glass one, with oval medallions of pink watered silk set in windows trimmed with gold leaf; it is draped with a swagged silver chain and surmounted by an amethyst. This trinket, complete with a handmade glass case, costs $150. A less expensive Bristol-glass egg, of the same dimensions and topped with a gold-metal harp, is painted green and banded with alternating stripes of gold and black paper; $50. A four-inch pale-blue glass egg studded with cutout bouquets stands on a gold-colored pedestal and has a turquoise set on top; $22.50.

SOUPÇON, 203 East 61st Street, has acquired the services of Paula Morse, an Easter-egg artist who for imagination and technique will give anybody in the field a run for his money. Her Easter eggs aren't as grand in size or materials as the ones at America House, but they are contrived with a skill and a feeling for form and color that aren't often lavished on such ephemerae. She works with egg-shaped candles, china eggs, or ordinary hens' eggs. Most of the candles are sprayed with powdered glass, which glistens like the snow on an old-fashioned Christmas card and makes an excellent background for the designs; these are done in tiny pearls, sequins that have had their garish shine dulled in some way, and various small stones. Each of these little masterpieces (they cost $10 apiece) is set on a small gold- or silver-colored base that turns out to be a serviceable pillbox, filled for the mo-



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ment with silvery candy pellets. Painted eggs, either real or of china, that are somewhat less elaborately bedecked are $8.50 each, and the shop has some lovely candles, of conventional shape, frosted over with the powdered glass and embellished with spirals of dull sequins or artificial pearls. These candles range from $8, for a seven-inch one, to $15, for an eighteen-inch one.

NO discussion of Easter eggs would be complete without a reminder of the more modestly decorated ones to be found, at a more modest address and at much more modest prices, in the little Ukrainian shop named Surma, at 11 East 7th Street, a couple of doors west of McSorley's Old Ale House. This unpretentious place specializes in Ukrainian books, phonograph recordings of those heartbreaking songs that no Slav seems able to have a really gay time without, Ukrainian-type honey (produced, surprisingly, in Saratoga), and canvas for working needle point, and at this season of the year it also bursts out with triumphant Easter eggs. They are made in this country by Ukrainian ladies who use an involved and traditionally Ukrainian process, akin to batik, that was exhaustively described in this publication a few years back. Since the patterns are done by hand, no two are the same, but they all include one or more of the symbols that have decorated Ukrainian Easter eggs for hundreds of years. The prettiest eggs, finished in jewellike colors, cost from $1.75 to $3 apiece; and there are others, with simpler designs and considerably less arresting colors, that cost only sixty-nine cents. I might mention, too, that the shop sells the best Easter-egg dyes (fifteen cents a packet) that I have ever found; these, however, are not the nonpoisonous vegetable colors that careful people hold out for.

INSPIRED by these contemporary specimens, I had a look the other day at an imposing collection of Russian Easter eggs, some of them nearly a century old, for sale at La Vieille Russie, 785 Fifth Avenue (60th). Among these traditional bibelots, the ones made by the Imperial Russian porcelain factory for the family of Nicholas II seemed to me the least inspired; the best of them are absolutely plain except for a royal "N," and most of the others are given over to rather banal floral patterns. (The prices start at $45.) On the other hand, some papier-mâché eggs which date back to the beginning of the reign of Alexander II,



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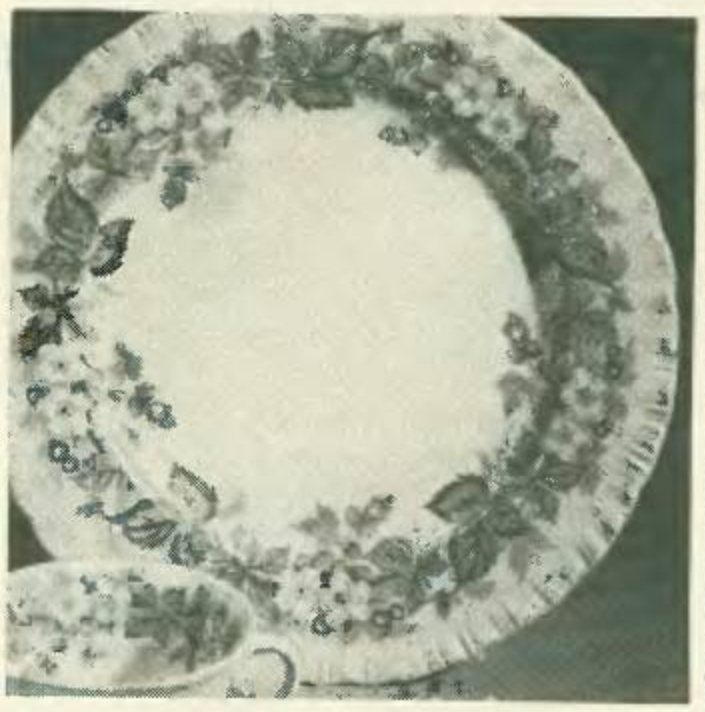
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are of almost unbelievably fine workmanship, depicting the Resurrection and the Ascension. Most of these cost around $125. There is one egg, made of sandalwood and priced at $600, that shows the Ascension in intricate carving on the outside and opens up to reveal a beautifully carved Pietà within. Besides these important pieces, the shop has a practically endless variety of Russian Easter trinkets for bracelet charms—eggs set with jewels, enamelled gold or silver eggs, eggs of jade or malachite, and so on—at from $15 to $150.

IF you have friends who eat their morning eggs out of the shell, in the tidy European manner, you couldn't hit on a more engaging Easter present than some prim little egg saucers, recently imported from Holland, at the Finnish Art Shop, 41 East 50th Street. The egg saucer—slightly smaller than the saucer that accompanies an ordinary teacup, and priced at sixty cents—has an indentation in the middle that is just deep enough to hold the egg securely, and the surrounding ledge provides a place to put the cut-off top of the shell, an accommodation lacking in the conventional eggcup. The pattern is similar to the popular Ribbon design the shop has carried right along, but the earthenware seems to be of better quality and the band that encircles each piece is an entrancing sunlit yellow, a shade that is rarely found even in fine porcelain. I can't imagine an egg-eater who wouldn't be cheered by a gift of this decorative utensil (perhaps complete with eggs—newly laid or painted), or, for that matter, a whole breakfast-tray setting of this sunny ware. A service consisting of cup and saucer, an egg saucer, plate, bread-and-butter plate, cereal bowl, sugar bowl, cream jug, and an enchanting little filter coffeepot costs around $12.

EASTER seems to bring out the best in everybody. This year, even the manufacturers of guest towels—articles I have long been resigned to finding either depressingly commonplace or stuffily elegant—have apparently felt spring in their bones, and the results are gratifying. Mosse, 659 Fifth Avenue (52nd), has sprightly guest towels the like of which, I am sure, have never hung on a towel rack before. These frivolous little objects, which would make lovely presents, are of fine white linen with a narrow green border; printed on the outer fold there is a



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life-size flower—a pansy, a wild rose with a few green leaves, a daisy in clear yellow, or a spray of forget-me-nots. They are as pretty as can be, and cost $1.50 each. To go with them are some white bath towels of generous size and thickness, with a corresponding flower on each, and some matching washcloths. Of course, the design can't be printed on the thick towelling material but must be embroidered, and so loses a good deal of its charm; even so, a set of the three pieces would do wonders for a stodgy bathroom. The bath towels are $6.95 each and the washcloths $1.95.

In the same lighthearted vein, Mosse has revived a tablecloth in a demure nosegay pattern that, I am told, hasn't been manufactured for twenty-five years. The linen is printed with small, sparsely strewn bouquets of cornflowers, poppies, and daisies, which are complemented by a green border. A cloth fifty-two inches square, with four napkins, is $14.25, and one seventy inches long and fifty-two wide, with six napkins, is $16.75. A round cloth, seventy-two inches in diameter, with eight napkins, is $27.50, and a great big rectangular one—sixty-three by a hundred and eight inches—with a dozen napkins, is $33.50.

I DON'T know whether the psychiatrists would admit that there is such a thing as a Red Riding Hood fixation, but I think something of the sort—or perhaps a subconscious nostalgia for the neatly packed lunch basket of childhood, with its red apple and clean napkin—must be what gives rise to the apparently universal weakness for lunch baskets. Since this is the moment when baskets are needed to carry eggs or other Easter offerings to friends, I hasten to report that the Basket Bazaar, 133 West 3rd Street (an incomparable shop, which I have mentioned before in these columns), has a new assortment, perfectly suited to Easter transport. There are oval baskets, long-handled baskets, and round, flat, traylike baskets—almost every kind, indeed, that may be required to convey your wishes for a happy Easter. —S. H.

•

A rather earnest and demure woman offstage, Dorothy, 29, is modest about her talents. "I have a nice voice and it's pleasing. It's got a lot of soul in it. Besides, people just seem to like to look at me." —*Time.*

Even her modesty has quite a *bit* of soul in it.



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THE ART GALLERIES

In the Clouds



THERE is seldom anything very lively or lighthearted about a National Academy of Design Annual, and the one now on—the hundred and twenty-seventh in the series—adheres closely to the traditional pattern. The point of view of the typical Academician anywhere, as well as that of many of the guest artists who are likely to be included in his sort of show, is apparently in general a sombre one. He loves nature, to be sure, but rarely in its gentler aspects; he likes it best when it is at its most grandiose and threatening. Raging seas, beetling cliffs, snows so cold they've turned blue themselves, sharp, steep peaks, their harshness only slightly softened by one last rosy ray of sunlight—these are the things that attract him. His favorite trees are sentinel pines, and if he does depict a peaceful valley it is done on a scale so majestic as to defeat any feeling of intimacy; one gets peace only until one is stunned by it, as by a too heavy, too insistent silence. It could be thought that all this springs from a philosophy of humility, designed to drive home the smallness and pettiness of man as compared with the awesomeness and might of the universe, if it were not that in his treatment of people the Academician adopts pretty much the same heroic and melodramatic pattern. People hardly ever do anything spur-of-the-moment or inconsequential in his canvases; they are never petty. Instead, they are always carefully "in character," and because they are types to begin with (Young Girls, Mothers and Children, Cape Cod Fishermen, and so on) they acquire that odd mixture of the imposing and the meaningless that all types seem to possess. They look larger than life, and emptier—fit denizens of the lofty but two-dimensional world they inhabit—and one frequently is surprised, stepping out into the real world after such an exhibition, to see how small in scale, whimsical, unpretentious, and yet solid that world actually is.

There are no Cape Cod Fishermen that I recall in the current Annual, but there are enough paintings of the sort I've been talking about to make the good pieces in the collection hard to find. One fault of the Academician is a tendency to let his primary conception be-

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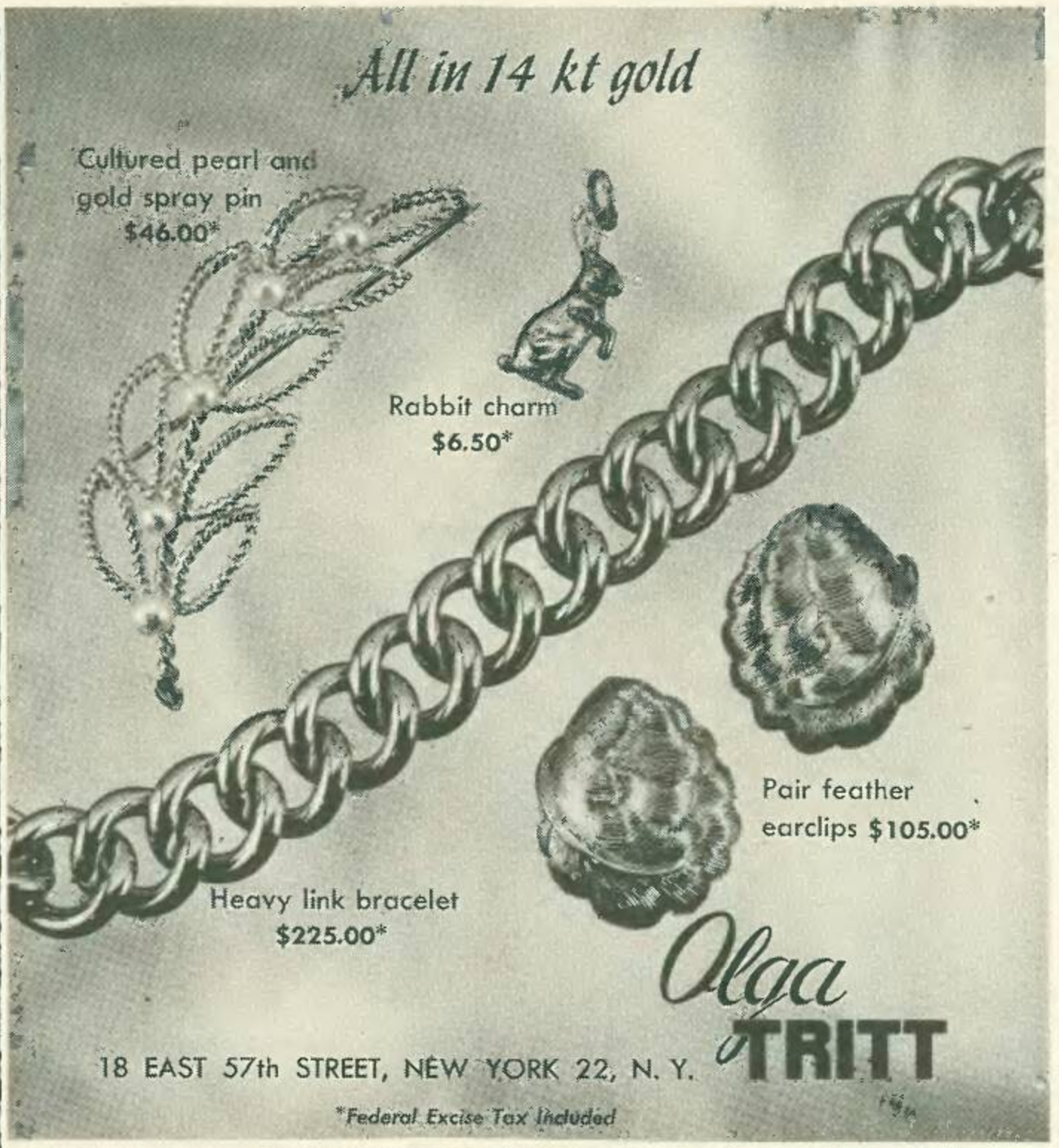
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come lost in a mechanical accumulation of details all through the picture—with, of course, a reduction of the entire effort to the level of the merely illustrative—and a number of the pieces suffer in this regard. I'd cite Martin Jackson's "Night Fair," principally because, pleasant as it is, it would have been so much better if it hadn't tried to be so panoramic, and there's a revealing comparison to be made between the contiguously hung and similarly designed "The Shore," by Alexander Brook, and "Bonny Heather," by Albert L. Groll—the first highly successful because it has a focus as a picture, to the pointing up of which both details and composition have been carefully directed, the second sprawling and rather uninteresting because it hasn't one.

By now, though, I had better be getting on to the pieces I liked. Albert B. Serwazi's fluent still life called "Yellow Table Cover" is one, and I include, too, Maurice Sterne's crisp, breezy "Provincetown Afternoon," Carl Gaertner's dark "Bargemen," Joseph De Martini's nicely stylized "Bike Race No. 2," and the study of an ancient barn called "Sleeping Giant," by John Wheat. The two Soyer brothers who are present come through well—Moses with his trickily designed "Three Dancers" and Raphael with a blue, brooding study of two women called "The Window." "Vanity," by William Auerbach-Levy, is an affectionately playful portrayal of a man admiring himself in a pier glass; along with Louis Bosa's "Golden Palace" and John Carroll's dreamy fantasy called "Christmas," it provides one of the rare light touches in the show. Hobson Pittman's "Summer Pleasures," another picture that focusses its details to advantage, is especially remarkable for its adroit use of semi-Surrealist overtones to create an atmosphere of summery somnolence and repose.

The sculpture section, though nothing to brag about, contains a few nice pieces, among them Vincent Glinsky's small, smooth "Walking Torso," Ruth Vodicka's "Giraffe," and Herbert Lewis Kammerer's touching yet restrained "Young Man Acquainted with Grief." Of the water colors, drawings, and prints, I liked best Warren Baumgartner's "Yorktown Heights," Clarence H. Carter's "Descending Night," Doel Reed's "The Canyon," and the immaculate study of a Colonial church interior called "Serenity," by Stow Wengenroth. Altogether, there are two hundred and ninety-seven items in the collection, a hundred of them by guest





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artists, and my chief wish for the majority of the contributors is that they'd come down once in a while from their mountains and cliff tops and take a look at the real world.

AT the Fine Arts Associates there is a loan showing of some fifty oils, water colors, and drawings by the early German Expressionist August Macke, probably his first exhibition of any consequence in this country. Macke, who was born in 1887, was a friend and contemporary of Klee and Kandinsky and was, like them, among the founders of the Blue Rider group in Munich. But he was killed almost at the outset of the First World War, at the age of twenty-seven, before he had had much chance to develop his talents, and his work is for the most part more remarkable for its promise than its achievement. As the collection reveals, however, he had great sensitivity and a lively and fertile imagination, and for all the occasional hesitancy about style (the range of influences apparent extends from Gauguin and van Gogh to Klee) there are several pieces that are completely charming. I admired most of all his calm, fairly early "Girl Reading," the Renoirish "Little Red House," and the small but elaborately patterned "Landscape with Cows and Camels."

THE A.C.A. has an exhibition of new paintings by Elizabeth Olds, an artist who, after making a considerable reputation for herself as a lithographer, unfortunately absented herself from the galleries for some years. The paintings, except for a few oils, are in a combination of water color and casein, and they reveal that at least she developed a respectable feeling for color and pigment during her hegira. Mostly, they are studies of life in the Indian hill towns of Mexico, and though a great many of them are small and unpretentious, they are done with a warmth and sincerity of observation that I found extremely enjoyable. I noted particularly her dark, strongly patterned "Dusk at Huauchinango" and the sunnily bright "Morning at Ocotlán," both oils, as well as "Stream at Mitla," "School Children and Sugar Cane," and the rhythmic and fluent "Market at Tepoztlán," among the water colors.

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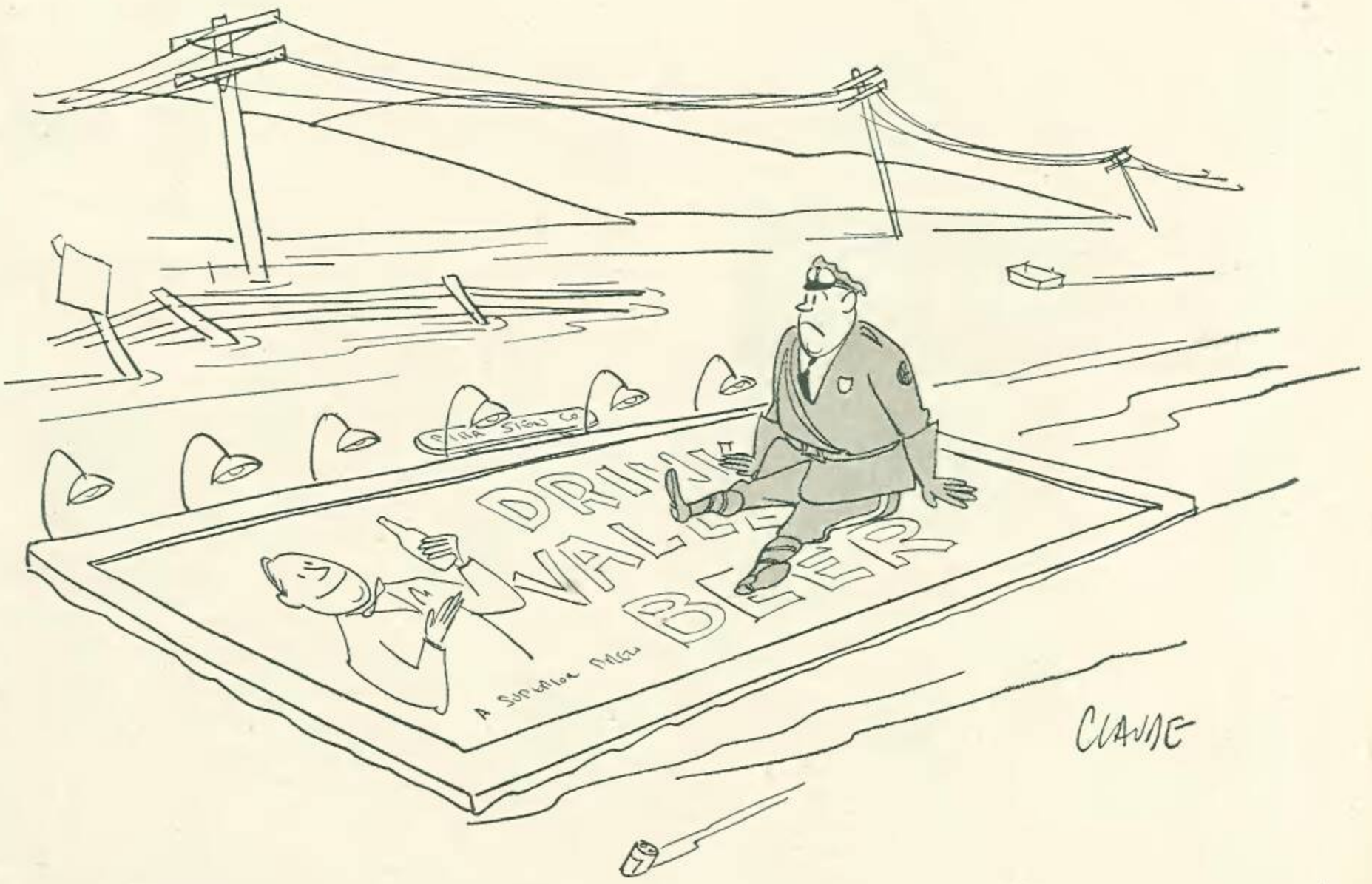
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TWILIGHT IN SOUK EL GIUMA

EVERY Friday is market day in Souk el Giuma, an Arab town on the Mediterranean in the Libyan province of Tripolitania, halfway between the port of Tripoli and Wheelus Field, which is the only active United States Air Force installation in Africa. For the American airmen and their dependents stationed at Wheelus Field, visiting the public market of Souk el Giuma makes a welcome interruption in the dull routine of life on a semitropical outpost. Unfortunately, the Americans, most of whom are enthusiastic shoppers and souvenir hunters, can find little of interest to buy in the town. The goods displayed for sale in the dusty, white-walled, teeming market square reflect Libya's pitifully low standard of living; empty ketchup bottles without caps (the caps are sold separately), empty battered baked-bean cans, rusty screws and bent nails, and short lengths of rope and wire are typical items of merchandise. A few enterprising merchants spread their wares out on filthy pieces of cloth, but most just place them on the fine sand of the square and then settle themselves behind their "stores," where they sit for hours, cross-legged and half asleep. During a visit to Wheelus Field a while ago, I drove in to Souk el Giuma one Friday morning with a couple of American fliers and their wives. The big attraction that day was a merchant selling saffron, dried rose leaves, incense, aromatic water, and other offerings of the kind referred to by optimistic writers of travel books as the perfumes of Arabia. The local Brooks Brothers was proudly displaying a much-worn G.I. fatigue jacket, with "PW" stamped on the back, that must have arrived there by way of a former Italian prisoner. We strolled around for a while in the hot sun and the fliers took a few snapshots of camels and veiled women, and then, the magic having worn off, the rest of the party told me they were going back to the Field, where they could enjoy a glass of cold beer and the alluring smell of DDT.

Since I was planning to pay a call on William M. Macdonald, the local District Commissioner, who represented the British administration of Libya, I said goodbye to them, and, when they had left, walked over to the building housing his office. I had made Macdonald's acquaintance out at Wheelus Field, where he is quite popular with the Americans. Since the airfield was in his district, he went there almost daily on business. He had asked me to come and see how he and the Arabs worked together if I was ever in town, and I had assured him that I would very much like to. In front of the building entrance was a shouting, shoving, fighting crowd of old Arab beggars and young Berber women, some of whom held filthy babies in their arms; as I drew near, I saw that they were trying to get bits of used clothing that were being distributed in what I took to be some sort of municipal handout. I made my way through the throng and walked down a hall and into Macdonald's office, where I found myself surrounded by another shouting crowd, this one made up of men who were evidently more prosperous members of the community. Each of them seemed to be arguing violently with all the others in the room, but Macdonald told me later that they had been simply indulging in a friendly debate. A telephone was ringing, an assistant was calling somebody's name, from outside came the raucous noises of the beggars and the women, and in the middle of the pandemonium Macdonald sat calmly at his desk smoking a pipe and having a cup of tea.

On catching sight of me, Macdonald came out from behind his desk and we shook hands. He is a slight, slim, unpretentious man of thirty-eight, with a philosophical twinkle in his eyes, a low, pleasant voice, and a habit of using Americanisms he picked up from our troops during the war. His manner quietly conveys the same impression of competence that one frequently gets from successful surgeons and Army motor-pool sergeants. He comes from Dunedin, New Zealand, and he once remarked to me that he was "a member of that vanishing species of man, the British foreign-service or colonial-administration officer, which is already attracting the interest of historians and anthropologists." Macdonald's desk was cluttered with papers; on the wall behind it hung a big map of the district and several graphs of the sort that business executives often display on the walls of their offices. These, however, were concerned not with sales or production figures (the district's entire commercial activity is limited to a handful of soap factories, oil refineries, and quarries) but with the local tax plan. Macdonald told me that the residents—



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thirty-three thousand Arabs and Berbers, fifteen hundred Italians, and five hundred Jews—paid tithes and farm, livestock, and tree taxes, in addition to an income tax. The owner of a palm tree annually paid a tax amounting to twelve per cent of its estimated value, the owner of a goat two per cent. Despite constant complaints from the Arabs about being overtaxed, Macdonald's graphs showed that in Souk el Giuma government revenues for the last fiscal year had been smaller than expenditures.

After settling me in a chair near his desk, Macdonald signed some papers and then, putting them aside, told me it was a quiet day, but then most days were around there. I said that was quite all right with me. Reports of swarms of locusts had come in, which meant that immediate measures must be taken, but that was all. I asked him what the shouting that was going on around us was about. Oh, that? A few landowners had come in to protest about something—it wasn't clear what. "This is the aftermath of our big land operation," he said, filling his pipe. "When the Americans decided to build a new runway on Wheelus Field, individual contracts had to be drawn up with over seventy Arab farmers to lease approximately thirty acres of their land and to pay for whatever physical facilities they stood to lose. The negotiations took more than five months. Each farmer's holdings had to be assessed separately, and not only accurately but generously. We had to check the titles—a far from easy task, since the land here is never owned outright by an individual but by clans and even whole tribes, and the inheritance and tribal laws are quite complicated. A man may own just a one-sixth or a one-sixteenth share in a piece of land, but that doesn't keep him from acting as though he owned it all by himself, and you've got to listen to him. Even when a man owned only a single date palm, a separate file had to be kept for him and a contract had to be drawn up for the sale of that one tree. Furthermore, no tree can be cut down without a written O.K. from the Director of Agriculture. Gives you an idea of the paperwork involved."

The noise was getting worse, and I had to move my chair closer to catch Macdonald's subdued voice. "A commission consisting of three senior officials of the British administration and four representatives of the landowners was set up to assess the land and explain to the farmers about rental terms and purchase prices," he said. "Farmers who



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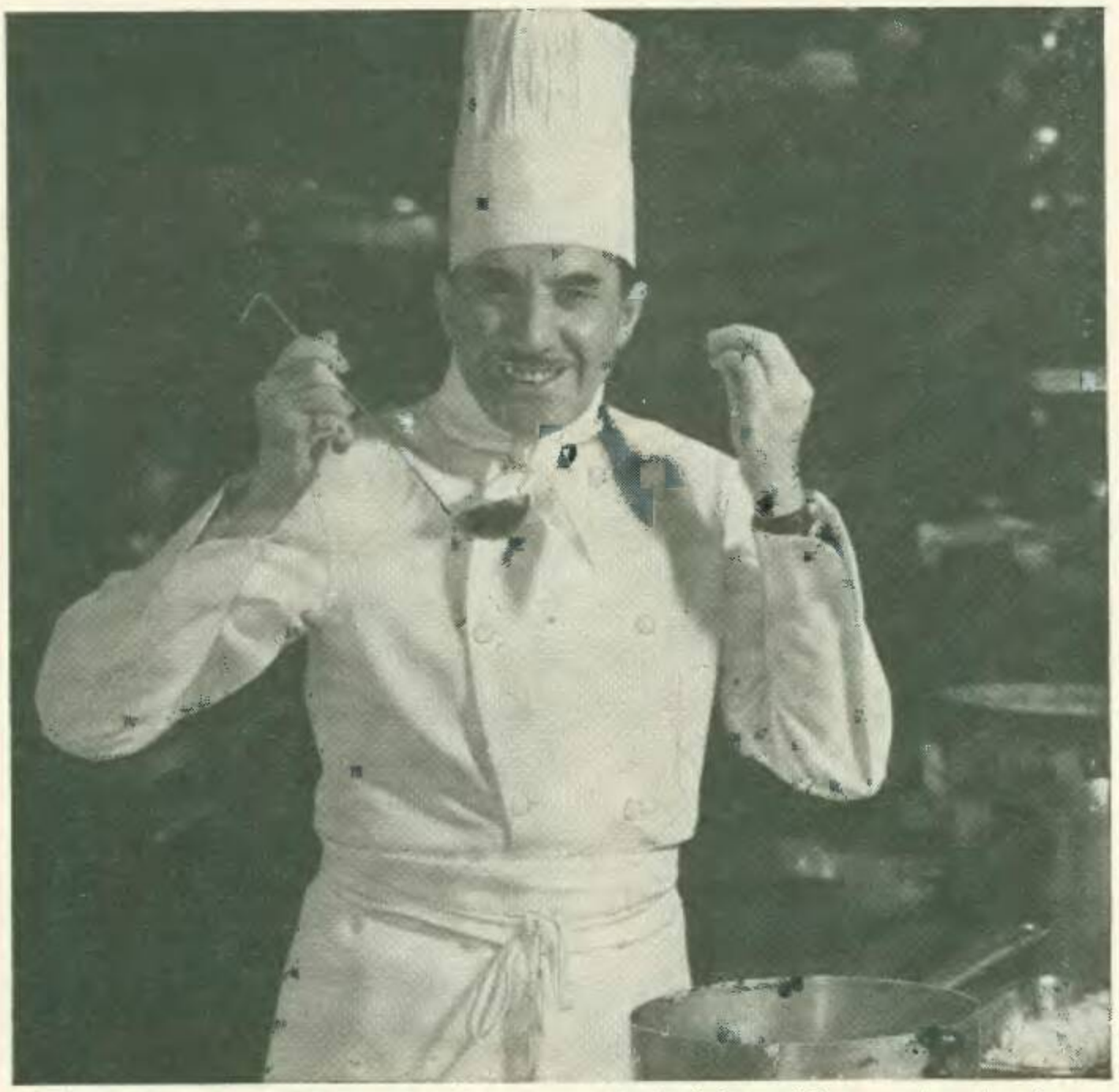
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actually lived on the land and had to move were given a disturbance indemnity. I was the chairman of the commission. We visited each farm and talked to the owners and, in their presence, went over the farm's physical facilities—buildings, wells, palms, olive trees. Well, after a lot of talk, a price would be arrived at and a contract prepared for the owner to sign. Before the American chaps start to build their new airbases over in Morocco, they'll have to draw up one hell of a lot of contracts." Macdonald pointed to two big filing cabinets. Each contract, he said, was printed in both Arabic and English and bore the signatures of all the members of the commission and either the signature or—more frequently—the thumbprint of the owner.

The assistant brought Macdonald a letter and said the writer was waiting outside. Macdonald looked the letter over and then showed it to me. It was neatly typed in English and read, "Sir, may I, the undersigned Bescir ben Mohammed ben Ali, aged 18 years, born at Seloma, submit this application and beg that you will be so kind to take in consideration my bad and poor condition and will recommend me for a job anywhere in the USA unit to help my position and give me the possibility to live, being a stranger from this town. I have the honour, Sir, to be your obedient servant." At the end of the letter, Bescir ben Mohammed had affixed his thumbprint. Macdonald sent word to Bescir ben Mohammed that he would turn the application over to the authorities at Wheelus Field, and told me that more than seven hundred and fifty Tripolitanians were employed there, adding that the one and a quarter million dollars the Americans had spent on and around the Field during the preceding year was a lot of money for that part of the world.

An aged, dignified Arab, dressed in Western style except for a fez, came in and bowed deeply, touching his forehead and mouth with the palm of his right hand. Macdonald introduced him to me as "the richest man in town." The richest man in town offered us American cigarettes, sat down, and smiled, and Macdonald summoned Mohammed, his Arab interpreter. The assistant brought coffee in small glasses for all of us. Most of the debaters had left the room and were now milling around in the hall outside, still shouting. The richest man in town had come to make a complaint. It seemed that the illegal importation of tea from Egypt was hurting the local tea



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merchants. Macdonald said he would take the matter up with the authorities, and the richest man in town thanked him elaborately, bowed, and went out.

The phone on Macdonald's desk rang. It was a representative in Al 'Azizia, a town in Macdonald's jurisdiction, calling to report that Locust-Spotting Patrol No. 9 had found two new breeding areas. After hanging up, Macdonald stepped over to the wall map of the district and drew two circles on it, indicating the danger areas. The district's locust patrols, making their rounds on horseback or by camel or jeep, worked on a twenty-four-hour-a-day basis, he told me. "We're up against a terrible species of locust here," Macdonald said. "The species we've got to fight is the migratory locust, the locust of the Biblical plague." He walked over to a table and came back with an old tin can covered with a piece of cardboard. When he removed the cardboard, a two-and-a-half-inch-long grasshopperlike creature sprang up the side. Macdonald caught it and dropped it back in. "I got this sample by messenger an hour ago," he said. "It's a grown female, with a wing-spread of about five inches. The males are smaller."

The locust was poised to jump again, and Macdonald covered the can. "Ordinarily, locusts lead a solitary life, but once in a while they become gregarious and start a cycle of swarming," he said, sitting down at his desk again. "Very strange animals. The swarms come out of the blue, stay here for one or two seasons, and then disappear as mysteriously as they came. What guides them as they fly hundreds of miles to fertile country? Where do they disappear to when they fly away? We don't know. I've seen locusts in India, Arabia, Egypt, and the Sudan, but ours are the most vicious. They tell me there was nothing left here in 1932 after the locusts came through—not a plant, not a square foot of grass, not a leaf of any kind. The country was invaded by locusts in 1906, 1926, 1927, 1928, and 1930—years when heavy, protracted rains created favorable conditions for them in the so-called outbreak centers, along the Arabian coast and in the Sudan. You've got to keep close watch on those areas. We get regular reports from the Anti-Locust Research Center, in London; all information on locust movements is channelled through it. I've called a meeting of all district officers and councilmen for tomorrow to issue instructions about reporting locust



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movements in their regions and to organize a campaign for destroying hoppers—the immature locusts. Once the locusts grow up, there is little you can do except try to prevent them from settling on the crops. The Arabs bang empty tin cans, wave branches, and light smudge fires, and in some communities they collect the adult locusts by hand—shake them down from trees at night and sweep them into bags. They're prized for eating, it seems. My wife is French and we both like good food, but so far, I must admit, we haven't got around to making locusts *à la provençale*."

Macdonald smiled, refilled his pipe, lighted it, and went on. "Control measures against the immature hoppers are much more important than fighting the adults, though. We dig trenches, or put up barriers, or herd and drive them into a pit, where they can be destroyed. The most effective method of killing hoppers is a poisoned bran bait, called Gammexine, which is sodium arsenite. Of course, even with the poison it's never certain you'll succeed in killing off a whole swarm. But we've had evidence that the descendants of isolated survivors sometimes change their living habits and become solitary again, leading the quiet, innocent life of grasshoppers. As I said, it's all very mysterious."

An Arab deputation led by a sheik came in to discuss an automobile accident. A vehicle driven by an American stationed at Wheelus Field had killed a member of their tribe. The sheik, speaking for the assembled relatives of the dead man, demanded an indemnity of six hundred dollars. Macdonald promised to discuss the matter with the au-



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thorities at the Field. When the Arabs had gone, he said, "I guess they'll get it. This happened three months ago and they've been after me every week since. I'm glad to say they've instituted a fifteen-mile speed limit at the Field and it's being rigorously enforced. It's a question of security and good will."

Next came a young Arab whom Macdonald greeted cordially. The man, it developed, was a district officer and had worked under Macdonald for two years. He had just returned from a Unesco-sponsored trip to Europe, and was awaiting assignment to duty. "They want to send me to one of the outlying districts, but I would much rather stay near Tripoli," he said, in slow, precise English.

Macdonald laughed and said, "Who wouldn't? I was out in one of those districts myself for two months and I hated every minute of it—isolated and cut off, and those long, lonely evenings, and people always coming by for lunch and you have to lay out meals for them. Well, they shouldn't have any trouble finding a place for you. Now that Libya is about to become independent, it's fellows like you who will be running the administration."

Turning to me, Macdonald said he supposed I knew that under the terms of a resolution adopted by the United Nations General Assembly in 1949, Libya was on the verge of being transformed into an independent state. Once this was done, the British administration was expected to move out, but some British officials would probably stay on as contract employees until enough Libyan officials had been trained to take over. No one could tell how long that would be. At present, there were not nearly enough Arabs sufficiently well educated to take care of the country's administration. I asked Macdonald whether he would be one of the officials staying on. He shrugged and said he thought he would. "I hope you do stay, sir," said the young Arab. "Libya needs you." He added, to me, "Mr. Macdonald was the best teacher I ever had," and then bade us goodbye.

Macdonald looked pleased and again got busy with his pipe. "I guess one grows attached to a place," he said. "Since 1947, when I took over here, we've had only one case of serious trouble. That was during the anti-Jewish riots that flared up throughout the Moslem world over the problem of Israel. Thirty-seven Jews were killed here within twenty minutes by an Arab mob.

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Since then, though, we haven't had any racial troubles in Souk el Giuma. In fact, the Arabs and Jews here get along better now than the Arabs and Italians."

A pretty Arab girl came to the doorway and said, "May I have File No. 297, please?" Macdonald winked at me and asked her, "What do you want it for?" The girl was thrown into confusion and started to stammer. Macdonald didn't press her but dug out the file, and she went away with it, blushing. "There you are," he said to me. "That girl can show you a beautiful certificate stating that she has passed her intermediate English examinations, both oral and written. As long as everything goes smoothly—as long as she is called upon for nothing but routine office conversation—she's all right. But the slightest deviation from that routine stumps her. My Arab office workers are all like that."

There was a sound of heavy footsteps in the hall, and in walked a swarthy man in the uniform of an American lieutenant colonel. It was Philip J. John, a Texan of Syrian immigrant stock, who is indispensable at Wheelus Field because he is the only American there who speaks perfect Arabic. He apologized for being later than he had expected. "I had the usual trouble getting away," he said. "Two guys had been sitting under the tree in front of my house for the better part of the night so they could catch me the first thing in the morning. Since the Arabs have found out where I live, I have no more privacy. Seems as though everybody in this district wants to apply for a job or has some kind of petition to make." Taking a chair, he consulted some papers he had brought with him. "Colonel Easley asked me to remind you that those Arab school children are supposed to come out to the Field tomorrow at three," he said. He was referring, I knew, to the commanding officer at Wheelus, Colonel Fred O. Easley, Jr., of Fordyce, Arkansas. "We'll give them coffee and cake and entertain them as well as possible."

"They'll be there," said Macdonald.

"And next Thursday we'll throw a party for those Tripolitanian officials," Colonel John said. "Maybe we can take them up in the air for a short flight in a C-54."

"Swell," said Macdonald, and went on, to me, "These Air Force boys have become accomplished experts in good will and diplomacy. When I think how many centuries it took us British to learn the basic principles of how to deal with



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the natives, I must confess that the American fellows are certainly learning fast."

"We don't have as much time as you did, Mac," Colonel John said, and added, without enthusiasm, "Personally, I wouldn't mind going back to Texas and forgetting all about Libya."

"You will, you will," Macdonald assured him. "All of us will be going home soon. The other night, I was reading Kipling. What a break for the chap that he didn't live to see the twilight of the Colonial Office!"

A sheik with a splendid white beard and wearing a white burnous strode in and greeted us ceremoniously. Macdonald and Colonel John rose and bowed to him, and Macdonald got him a chair. Colonel John offered him a cigarette. The sheik accepted it, and then settled back and took some documents out of his wallet. They had been folded and unfolded so many times that they were practically falling apart. He spoke rapidly in Arabic to Colonel John, who translated for us. It seemed that a sergeant from Wheelus Field had rented one of the sheik's houses, in town. The plumbing had been defective, so the sergeant had had it fixed and had deducted the plumber's bill from the rent. The sheik had come to complain that he couldn't allow the deduction. The plumbing had been available to the sergeant, hadn't it? Maybe it hadn't worked too well, but that was certainly no reason to spend money on it. After all, the sheik's brother-in-law owned an electric refrigerator that didn't work at all, and *he* didn't spend money to have it fixed; as a matter of fact, he didn't have electricity in his house. Colonel John promised to have a talk with the sergeant, and after commending all of us to the good graces of Allah, the sheik left.

Then came a very old, dark-skinned Arab, who grabbed Colonel John's hand, kissed it, and muttered a stream of guttural words. "He wants a settlement for a piece of land we needed at Wheelus Field when we built the wall around it," Colonel John told Macdonald.

"But that was settled two years ago," the District Commissioner reminded him. "He was fully paid for it."

Colonel John relayed this to the Arab, who started shouting and pleading. "He says the money's gone and he wants a job at the base," Colonel John said.

"Everybody wants a job there," Macdonald said. "This chap lives in Tripoli. We have to give preference to local job seekers. And, come to think

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of it, he had a job for some time at the Field and quit. Wanted more money. Tell him to run along."

When the old man, still protesting, had shuffled out, Macdonald explained to me that unskilled workers at the Field get the equivalent of fifty cents a day. "The Americans think that's too little," he said. "They're always wanting to carry out a private Point Four program. The fact is that this guy would dog it even if you paid him three dollars a day."

Colonel John left to go back to the Field. Macdonald said he was going out to Al 'Azizia to look things over, and asked me to go along. We got into his small British car, and on the way to our destination, we drove past Wheelus Field, a magnificent array of runways, white buildings, lawns, and palm trees, bordering on the blue Mediterranean. A few men in shorts were playing golf, and some girls in two-piece bathing suits were lying on the beach in the sun. "I hope they don't take to showing up in those bathing suits on the streets of Souk el Giuma," said Macdonald. "This isn't southern California. You can't tell what the Arabs might do. The women hereabouts aren't very emancipated. I know Arabs who have been married over twenty years without ever seeing their wives eat. The wives wait on their husbands at table and eat later, with the other women of the house. You may know an Arab for years and he will never introduce you to his wife. You aren't even supposed to ask how she is. In all the time we've been here, my wife has been invited to the house of an Arab family only once. The men come to our parties, but their wives and daughters never do. The men can be quite charming—dancing with our wives and having lots of fun. They're not supposed to touch alcohol,



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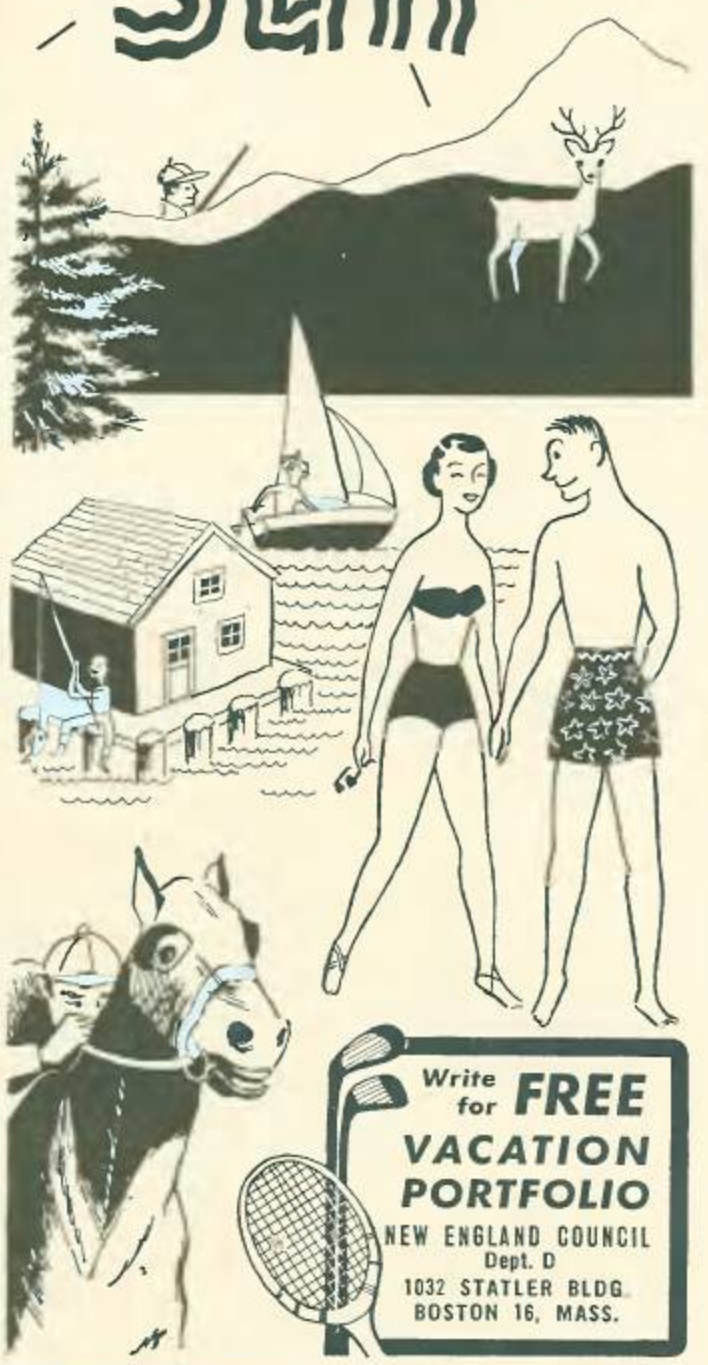
but sometimes we give what we call a pre-party for them half an hour before the regular party starts. At the pre-party, we serve whiskey and gin. Later, at the regular party, there's only orange juice, but by that time everybody is in a very good mood."

Beyond Wheelus Field, we drove past some large, fertile farms. They had modern irrigation systems and were being worked with the latest in tractors and other machinery. Macdonald said that most of them belonged to Italian concessionaires or were operated by Arabs as collectives, and that they were the finest farms in Libya, producing vegetables and citrus fruits and going in for selective sheep breeding. He obviously felt a personal pride in them.

We rode for a while in silence, and then I asked Macdonald if he had spent his whole adult life in the British colonial service. "Good heavens, no!" he replied. "Most of the time, I've been mixed up in adventure of one sort or another. I love it. During the Spanish civil war I was in Spain with the International Brigade. I had no business being there, but I wanted to fly, and that seemed a good way of going about it. I got in by way of Barcelona, where I was immediately arrested and thrown into jail. I finally got out and joined up with the Brigade, but I never flew a plane. I was no success there. They said I was immature. Actually, I was so immature that I didn't even understand what they meant by the word. I met a lot of well-known characters—that bullfighter chap Sidney Franklin, for one, and Hemingway, who once gave me the use of his bathtub. Even served me a drink while I was soaking. There were plenty of fellows around in blue serge suits and leather coats who pretended to be Mexicans but spoke only Russian. In spite of my immaturity, I had a good idea who *they* were. Their bosses, the commissars, were always talking of ideals when they addressed the troops, but then they would go back to Madrid, where they ran around with women and I don't imagine had much time to worry about ideals. Some of those jokers came here with a United Nations commission a few years ago, when Russia wanted trusteeship of Tripolitania. Most distrustful chaps I've ever met. Kept telling me I was trying to mislead them."

Macdonald's love of adventure was amply satisfied during the war, when he became a member of a British commando outfit specializing in desert patrols and in raids into German-held territory in North Africa. "Our operations

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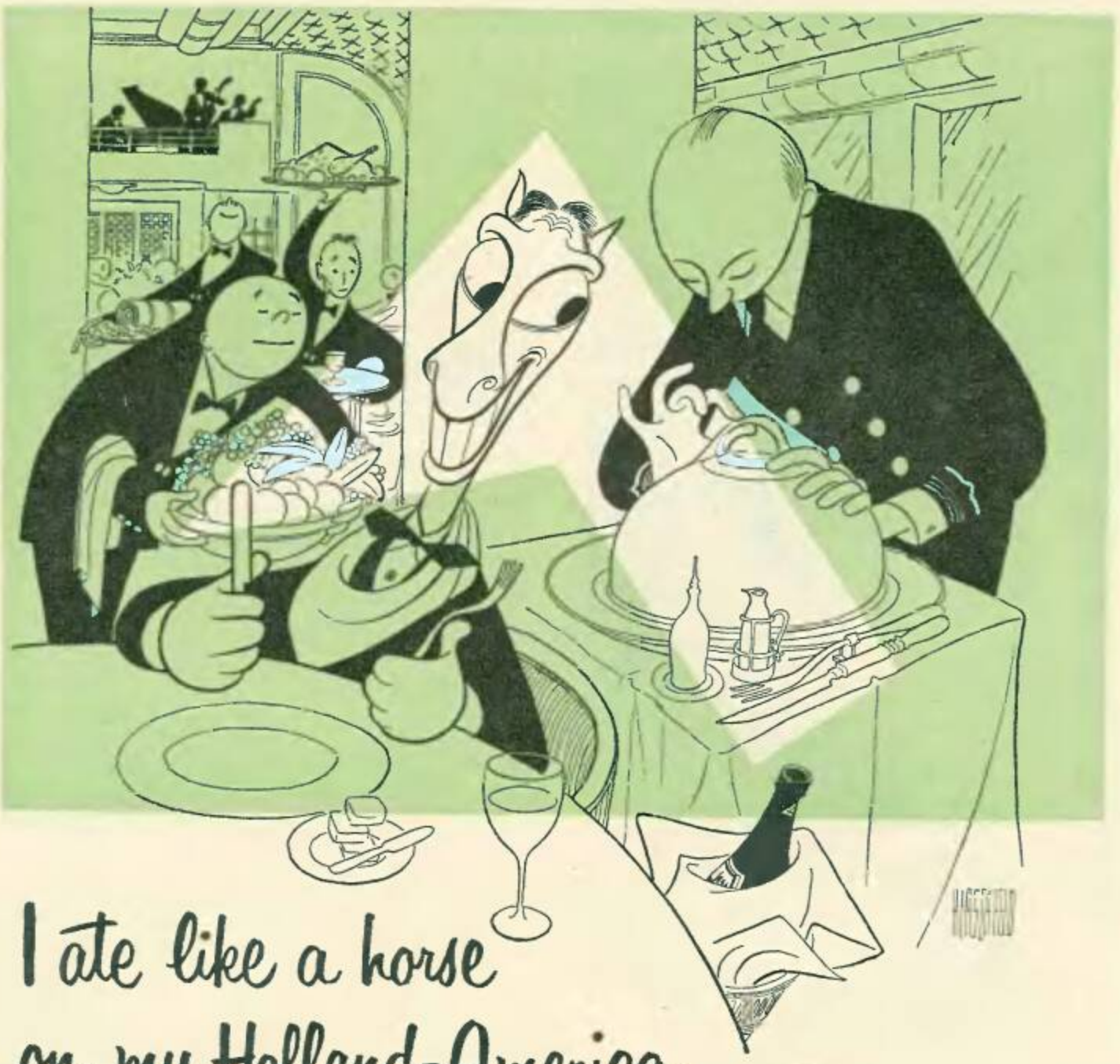
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were highly unorthodox," he told me. "Once, I remember, we got hold of some German uniforms and trucks. A few of our Palestinian Jewish chaps masqueraded as German truck drivers, and the rest of us were supposed to be British prisoners of war they were bringing into Tobruk. We got into Tobruk all right, past the German sentries, and started to raise hell. Blew up supply stores and set barracks afire. Almost got Rommel." He added, almost as an afterthought, "Half of our men never got back, though."

Macdonald had to stop the car to avoid running into a couple of sleepy camels idling across the road in front of us. "A couple of years later," he continued as we started up again, "I really was a prisoner, in Germany. They were going to send me to a camp at Luckenwalde, but on the trip through Austria, at night, I jumped off the train. It was summer. I was wearing only a nondescript pair of pants and a civilian shirt, but I spoke no German, so I had trouble getting food. My worst trouble, though, was a psychological one. I got into a state of mind where I thought everybody on the street was looking for me. Everyone knew me, I felt—me, the escaped prisoner of war. Of course, no one knew me, and no one knew I'd escaped. But it was this fear, rather than hunger, that made me give myself up after ten days. In Luckenwalde, I was always in trouble. Couldn't keep my mouth shut. I was forever complaining about the lousy food. Once, I told the German officer in charge that German prisoners in American camps were getting meat and ice cream, and look what we were getting, and he said, 'Of course! Why, those Americans should feel honored to serve ice cream to German prisoners.' They beat me up one time because I told them Germany would be *kaput* in six months. Actually, it took over a year. Anyway, after the war I was demobbed as a major and started looking around London for a job. There was an opening in Eritrea, a former Italian colony. I speak Italian, and somebody in the Colonial Office figured they could use me there. I went by way of Cairo, where I was stopped by our medical authorities. They said there was a yellow-fever epidemic in Eritrea, and I would have to be inoculated and then wait in Cairo three weeks. I asked them to give me something to do to kill time. It happened there had just been some riots in Souk el Giuma, so they sent me here to help out. I've been here ever since, except for vacations—a couple of



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ARRIVING in the small town of Al 'Azizia, we drew up in front of a white-walled fort that might have been a set for a Foreign Legion movie. A group of local dignitaries were on hand to greet the District Commissioner. Mayor Hadj Mohammed Sejf en Nasser, an extremely earnest man wearing Western clothes and a fez, and Police Sergeant Mohammed Ali escorted us across a sun-scorched terrace and into a large, cool office, where we met several *mudirs*—members of the Town Council. The municipal cashier brought out his books, and Macdonald checked over the columns of expenses (wages, uniforms, social insurance, and maintenance) and revenues (market licenses, water charges, rents, fines, and trading licenses). The Mayor reported on current Al 'Azizian affairs. He'd ordered the town crier to proclaim that free rat poison was available and that all garbage must be speedily disposed of. There was trouble about a young Arab who had eloped with a girl and was living with her in "semi-matrimony." The Town Council was awaiting a shipment of new winter uniforms for its employees. Macdonald listened to it all closely. "The mayor's term is one year," he said to me afterward. "He's elected from among the councilmen, and by them. Hadj Mohammed is a good man and I hope he gets a bigger job under the new setup. Let's see, in your money his monthly salary is about thirty-eight dollars. He's rolling in dough, really. The town crier makes all of a dollar seventy-five."

A servant brought a tray and served us sweet mint tea in glasses, with peanuts on the side. He poured the tea expertly, holding the pitcher high. The Police Sergeant reported that he had several members of his force on the lookout for new deposits of locust eggs. The Mayor said that nature was helping exterminate the pests; in some places, the wind had blown the sand off the egg pods and they would now dry up. The Police Sergeant was confident that the plague could be kept under control in the 'Azizia area.

Macdonald and I next visited the office of the Cadi, the town's religious authority. He was a small, shrewd-looking bearded man in a long black coat and a round white hat. The Cadi was worried about an Italian girl who had married an Arab from Al 'Azizia a few months before, in Sicily. The Arab



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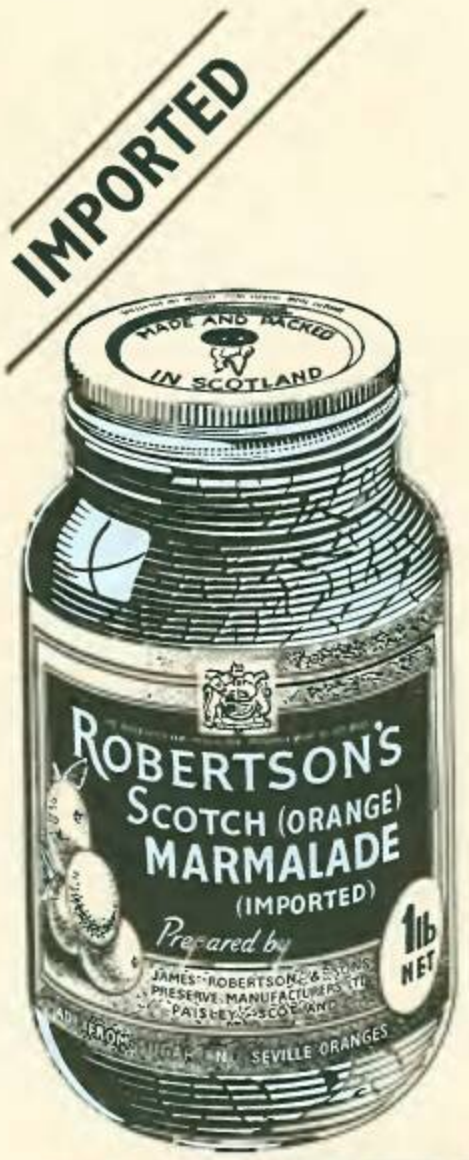
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had won her by representing himself as a man of high social position and great wealth, but upon arriving in Al 'Azizia with him she had discovered that he had neither. Her husband's relatives hated her and the local Italians despised her, and now her husband had run away and she was going to have a baby. Macdonald said he would look into the possibility of removing the girl to some less hostile environment, and the Cadi agreed that that would be the best solution.

The Cadi accompanied us to the town's schoolhouse, where the first-graders broke into a shrieking school song as we entered their classroom. "Only a small percentage of Al 'Azizia's children go to school," Macdonald said to me after the excitement had died down and normal operations had resumed. "There aren't facilities for all of them. The people would willingly build a larger school if we could provide the desks and get them another teacher, but we have no funds." Macdonald exchanged a few words with the teacher, and then, as we left, the pupils broke into their shrieking song again.

Several of the officials who had met us were waiting in the square to see us off. Macdonald said a smiling goodbye to them, and they looked pleased and honored. As our car got under way, two barefoot Arabs shouted, "Cheerio!" Macdonald grinned and settled himself behind the wheel. "Al 'Azizia is in pretty good shape now," he said. "At one time, we had to arrest several Arabs for trying to incite riots and spreading anti-British propaganda. I sent them to jail for five months. There's been no trouble since. Looks as though they were beginning to appreciate us—or maybe they're just





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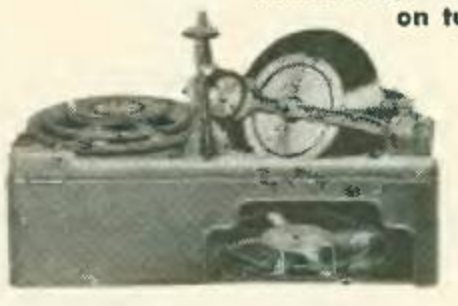
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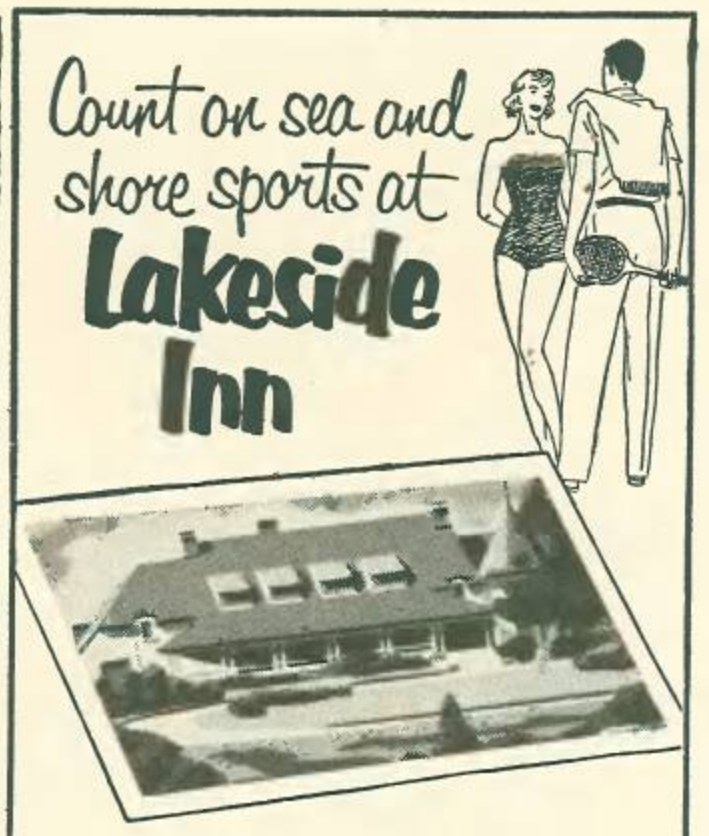


damn glad we're leaving." He called my attention to some mimosa on either side of the road. "We've done a lot of work here," he said. "Three years ago, this road would disappear under sand dunes every time the *gibleh* was blowing. [The *gibleh* is Libya's hot desert wind.] The desert never stands still. It's always moving. So we started on this fixation project. The idea is to square off the dunes and tie them down, first by sowing grass on them and later by planting shrubs and trees."

We passed a British Army installation, and Macdonald waved to two Coldstream Guards officers who were standing at its entrance. "The secret of this job is never to make a snap decision," he went on. "Most of the daily work is routine anyway—boundary disputes, medical problems, education, taxation—but once in a while an emergency arises, and then quick action is necessary. Two years ago, for instance, we had a terrific hailstorm—pieces of ice as big as small apples. Well, we evacuated the inhabitants of the worst-hit sections in buses and moved their cattle to safe places. They're still talking about it. You met a few good officials back there in Al 'Azizia, but, good as they are, I have to check up on them all the time. Their main weakness is lack of foresight. They send out questionnaires and don't follow them up. Everybody's worried now about the locusts, but have they got Gammexine stored up and ready for them? Certainly not. You've got to do all their thinking and planning for them. And you've got to beat it into their heads that public office means responsibility as well as dignity. The machine politicians in Tripoli are all for independence, but these chaps out here who do the actual job of trying to run the villages and towns know damn well that they're not ready for it."

THE market square of Souk el Giuma was still thronged. Two staff cars from Wheelus Field were slowly honking their way through crowds of people, donkeys, and camels. In the corridor outside Macdonald's office, several of the same Arabs were carrying on their interminable debate. Inside, the Mayor of Souk el Giuma, Hadj Mohammed Sciaag, was waiting to make his daily report to the District Commissioner. A deputy came in to inform Macdonald that new concentrations of locust eggs had been discovered in the villages of Collina Verde and Corradini. A British officer, a friend

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of Macdonald's, telephoned to invite him to desert maneuvers that night in the Bir el-Ghnem area.

"Why don't you join us?" Macdonald said when he had hung up and told me of the invitation. Regretfully, I said I couldn't make it. "Too bad," he said. "Should be damned interesting. Called Exercise Nightjar. Over three thousand troops of the First Infantry Division take part—units from the Cyrenaica 16th/5th Lancers, Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, and the Camerons. Reminds me of my younger days—adventure, and so on. I'll be going out there around ten—can't make it any earlier. Tonight is Bingo night at the club, and my wife and I wouldn't miss *that* for anything."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.
(RABBIT HUNTERS DIVISION)

[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. WATKINS. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

MR. CONNALLY. I yield.

MR. WATKINS. The Senator from Texas heard the Senator from Georgia say what had caused the trouble.

MR. CONNALLY. I am talking about the reservation of the Senator from Utah.

MR. WATKINS. I am talking about the words—

MR. CONNALLY. That is what is the matter now. We have spent 2 days chasing rabbits, and the fox is trying to escape us. What is it the Senator wants?

MR. WATKINS. I want to know if the statement of the Senator from Georgia is acquiesced in by the Senator from Texas, namely, that this treaty and all its provisions must be implemented by the action of the Congress?

MR. CONNALLY. If the Senator can read—

MR. WATKINS. The Senator can answer that "Yes" or "No."

MR. CONNALLY. I do not propose to be catechized and heckled by the Senator from Utah.

MR. WATKINS. I am not trying to do that.

MR. CONNALLY. I decline to yield further. The Senator from Utah has taken up nearly all the time in this debate, without saying very much.

MR. WATKINS. I am not going to retort to that statement, as I could do.

MR. CONNALLY. The Senator may retort if he desires to do so.

MR. WATKINS. The Senator stated that he would not yield further.

MR. CONNALLY. Let the Senator from Utah go ahead. I am yielding to him now.

MR. WATKINS. Very well.

MR. CONNALLY. I do not yield endlessly. I yield for the moment.

MR. WATKINS. The Senator does not yield because he does not like what I am saying.

MR. CONNALLY. I want to go home sometime tonight.

MR. WATKINS. I am the moving party



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with respect to a reservation which is proposed. It was my duty and responsibility to present it to the Senate. In my direct speech, exclusive of colloquy, I took not more than 20 minutes. I have been involved in colloquies because I wanted to make the reservation clear. This is a treaty to bind the people of the United States for 20 years.

MR. CONNALLY. I am not yielding for another speech. Let the Senator ask a question, if he wishes to do so.

MR. WATKINS. I want to know if Article 11 means that the provisions of this treaty are to be implemented by the Congress.

MR. CONNALLY. How does the Senator think they are to be implemented? Does he think they are to be implemented by the bootblack in the barbershop? Of course, they are to be implemented by the Congress, within its constitutional powers.

MR. WATKINS. That was the understanding as to what the treaty meant.

MR. CONNALLY. Has the Senator concluded?

MR. WATKINS. I have concluded, if the Senator has made a clear-cut answer. Does he agree with the Senator from Georgia?

MR. CONNALLY. I will tell the Senator that before I get through. I will say that I do.

MR. WATKINS. That is all I want to know.

MR. CONNALLY. Anyone who would not want to agree with the Senator from Georgia as against the Senator from Utah can neither read nor write nor understand.

•

THE HALFHEARTED

I am not wholly one with you;
  We total nearly two.
I am not wholly done with you;
  I may be halfway through.

At evening, when I part from you,
  I neither laugh nor grieve;
I must take half my heart from you,
  The other half I leave.

Would you have all? I'd give it you
  With unrestrained delight
If I could only rivet you
  Securely in my sight.

Sometimes I think I sigh for you;
  My sighs are fugitive.
I do not long to die for you,
  I much prefer to live.

I would not lay a snare for you,
  My love, for fear it held;
I do not wholly care for you,
  I am not quite repelled.

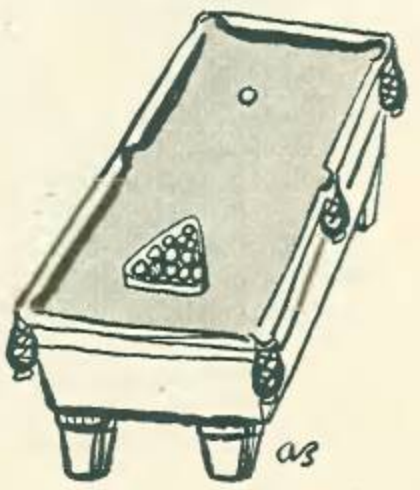
Is it a sad surprise to you
  That I am sometimes cool?
I am not wholly wise to you,
  I am not wholly fool.

—R. P. LISTER

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

IN 1919, my parents and I returned from Portland, Oregon, to Japan; I had been born there but had not been back since I was a baby. My father, who had been a United States consul in Nagasaki, now had an import-export business, and for the first two years after our return his buying-and-selling trips caused us to be pretty much on the go, from Tokyo to Kobe to Yokohama and back to Tokyo, and we lived mostly in hotels and trains. In March, 1921, when I was six years old, we settled in Tokyo, and Mother, tired, no doubt, of having a rowdy boy underfoot, wanted to start me right off to school. She was dismayed to learn that the American School, which was near our home, wouldn't admit me that late in the academic year, and at once she scouted around for some other nearby institution that had a curriculum in English. The only such school, it turned out, was one for girls, the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Mother was about resigned to being stuck with me when she heard that the convent had a few boys among its students. She then went to see the mother superior, and persuaded her to take me in for the rest of the term. My parents were Protestants, but if Mother felt uneasy about sending me to a Catholic school, and especially one for girls, she must have felt more uneasy still about having me around all day. Father sternly announced that he had grave doubts about the wisdom of Mother's action, but let it go at that.



The enrollment at the Convent of the Sacred Heart was about a thousand, made up largely of girls from well-to-do Japanese families; there were also a number of girls of mixed ancestry, plus a few White Russian, German, and Portuguese girls, and several of other nationalities—all ranging in age from six to eighteen. The nuns who taught the classes were mostly Irish and Japanese. Scholastically, the student body was divided into two groups: a large one, which had its curriculum in Japanese, and a small one, known as the *Go-gakko*, which had an English curriculum. The majority of the non-Japanese and those of mixed ancestry were enrolled in the *Go-gakko*, along with quite a few Japanese girls. In the lowest grade of the *Go-gakko* were the boys: three White Russians, a German-Japanese, an Indian (a Parsi), and a South American, whose exact nationality I've forgotten. They were all brothers of girls attending the school, and it was understood that they wouldn't stay on beyond the first year.

AT lunch hour my first day at the convent, I left the classroom with my six male comrades, and we trooped out onto the campus, a fairly large one surrounded by high walls. As it was spring, the girls were scattered about on the grass, and many were already eating their lunch. To my surprise, the other boys darted off in different directions. Feeling neglected, I walked over to a tree and sat down by myself. I had a paper bag of sandwiches with me, and I took out one of them and, with head bowed cheerlessly, began munching away.

Presently I heard a voice ask me, in Japanese, if I could speak the language. I looked up and saw standing in front of me almost a dozen Japanese girls, dressed in the white blouse and dark-blue pleated skirt that were the convent uniform. They were all about sixteen or seventeen years old, and very much alike, as all were *ojosan*, or "young ladies of breeding." Each of them carried a lunchbox.

I said I spoke Japanese, for I did, after a fashion. The fashion was a conglomerate Kobe-and-Tokyo gutter Japanese, picked up from train porters, hotel bellboys, horse-cart drivers, and the like.

The girls giggled. "You are new here, aren't you?" one of them asked. "What nationality are you?"

When I said, with pride, that I was an American, they seemed pleased. They sat down on the grass, forming a half circle around me. I went on eating my sandwich. After a minute or two, one of them pushed her lunchbox toward me.

"Do you like *norimaki*?" she asked.

I was very fond of *norimaki*, which is cold rice wrapped in dried seaweed. That may sound unappetizing, but it isn't, once you develop a taste for it. At that time, I was seldom permitted to eat *norimaki*, my mother contending that other things, such as a cheese sandwich, contained more nourishment. I took the *norimaki* and thanked the girl. More lunchboxes were pushed my way,

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and I was soon gorging myself not only on *norimaki* but also on *inari*, which is cold rice wrapped in fried soybean-curd cake, and on other delicacies that I didn't get at home. Somewhere in the course of the lunch, I remembered my manners and passed around my sandwiches. The girls shook their heads.

"Oh, no," one of them said. "We mustn't take your sandwiches. You might get hungry later on."

Considering all I had eaten, I doubted this, but at that first lunch hour I did keep my sandwiches. I disposed of them to a stray cur on my way home from school.

The next day, the same group of girls met me at noon under the same tree and feasted me again. That afternoon, I told the Parsi about them, and from what he said I gathered that the girls had adopted me. He added, with a blasé shrug, that he and the other boys had each been adopted by a group of older girls.

I soon learned that the groups that had us under their wings were regarded as the élite of the school, and that consequently the other girls—that is, the older ones; the youngsters didn't have a chance—were quite jealous. One day, after I'd been at the convent for about a week, I left the classroom at the lunch hour and was greeted just outside the building by a new coterie of girls, all smiling or giggling. I felt sure they wanted to kidnap me, and although I was flattered, I was by that time quite smitten with two or three girls in the first group, and so, after a short chat, I walked over to my original patrons, who were waiting for me under our tree. My loyalty made them more attentive to me than ever.

Day after day, they pestered their households to put my favorite foods in their lunchboxes, and they filled my pockets with presents. I had to take at least half a dozen holy medals, which I didn't really care for, and various other articles, such as lacquer pencil boxes, fountain pens, automatic pencils, pocket knives, and patented pencil sharpeners. Aside from my presence, all I gave them was my sandwiches, which they seemed to find a novelty.

ABOUT a month after I'd started school, trouble began at home. By then, my group of girls not only was stuffing me at lunch with tasty Japanese food but was also taking me after school to a shop near the campus and glutting me with sweetmeats. Mother didn't know any of this, of course, and became

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worried by my lack of appetite for dinner. In answer to her questions, I merely insisted I wasn't hungry. She thereupon hauled me off to our doctor, an American. When he told her I was gaining weight, she grew even more concerned, figuring, I suppose, that I was suffering from some mysterious Oriental malady.

A day or two later, Mother found out the truth. She visited the convent at lunchtime to have a talk with my teachers and discovered me in the midst of my harem at the moment I was popping a Japanese pickle into my mouth. She got the whole story from me later that afternoon, and from then on I had to eat my sandwiches in the classroom before I could join the girls. I also had to go directly home from school. A maid was sent to fetch me—an old amah, wise in the ways of small boys and not at all sympathetic.

Father hadn't worried much about my appetite, assuming that I was probably eating away from home. He was bothered by other matters. One was my habit of reciting at the dinner table some of the things I had learned in school, particularly the Ten Commandments.

"You never know when he'll spout out the seventh or tenth," I heard him tell my mother. "That might not be so good when we have guests. Some of them might be a little sensitive."

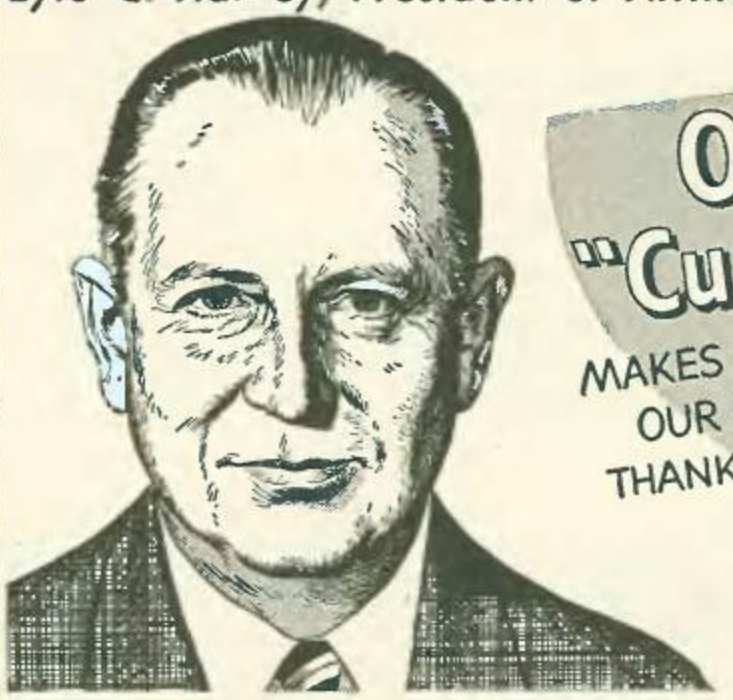
Another matter upset him still more. Two of my White Russian classmates were altar boys, and I was so impressed by the magnificent robes they wore at a Mass I attended one day that on returning home I announced *I* was going to be an altar boy. The fact that I couldn't become one without first becoming a Catholic never seemed to occur to Father. He was all for yanking me out of school then and there, and would have except for Mother, who remonstrated strongly with him.

"It's only another month, anyway," she concluded.

"A damn good thing, too," Father said. "He'll be wanting to wear a skirt next!"

As I was to learn later, Father was actually more disturbed by the femininity of my convent training than by the Catholicity, and although he didn't know it, his fear that I might come to prefer wearing a skirt wasn't altogether groundless. At least, I did grow somewhat dissatisfied with my clothes. It was the custom at the school for the girls to curtsy to the nuns—simply or elaborately, depending on the occasion. The nuns never got around to telling the

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other boys and me that such a salutation was only for girls, and so we tried to curtsy, too, but soon gave up because we didn't do very well; we wore the English shorts that were fashionable for the little boys of that day.

ONE night at home, a couple of weeks before the school year ended, my father had guests for dinner, two business associates who had recently come out from the United States. It was the rule at home for me to have my bath after dinner. I was then permitted to loll around in a Japanese kimono, a comfortable and pleasant garment, until my parents decided it was my bedtime. On the evening Father's business associates came, I had dinner in my room upstairs. Then I bathed and put on a kimono. Shortly afterward, Mother appeared at the door of my room and told me to come down to meet the guests. She said she didn't think it necessary for me to change from the kimono to more conventional wear. Together, we went downstairs to the sitting room, where Father and his two friends were alternately sipping their after-dinner brandies and puffing at their cigars. Mother stood in the doorway. As soon as I walked into the room, Father introduced me to his colleagues. This seemed to me a chance to display my best manners. Holding out the kimono in both hands, I slid my left foot backward, bent my right knee, and dipped low in an extra-special, sweeping curtsy.

There was a moment of heavy silence. Then my father, his face red, roared, "God damn it, that does it! From tomorrow, he stays home. Let him play in the street with the Japanese kids. The *boys!*"

I retreated upstairs in confusion. Mother never urged Father to let me return to the convent, and I never went back. I missed the girls for a while; eventually, I took up with a group of Japanese boys. We used to have samurai sword fights. Being an American, and therefore different, I was at a great disadvantage. They would gang up on me.

—FRANK B. HUGGINS

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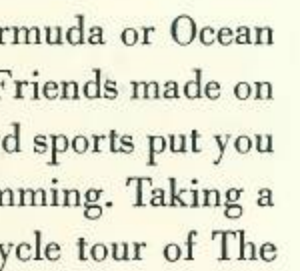
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STILTON is perhaps the greatest of the great English cheeses. They eat it with Guinness "that noble liquor—the comeliest of black malts." Guinness Stout is now brewed here, with yeast which is descended from the yeast used in Dublin in 1759.



CHEDDAR is the most popular cheese in America, and it was of Cheddar—"toasted mostly"—that Ben Gunn used to dream while he was marooned on Treasure Island. Robert Louis Stevenson was an inveterate lover of Guinness Stout.



ROMANO comes from Southern Italy Have you noticed that all *black* victuals ar delicious—pickled walnuts, truffles, caviar Romano, Guinness? Hold a glass o Guinness up to the light and you will see a *ruby gleam!*



GORGONZOLA comes from a village near Milan. Among Long Islanders, a pleasant custom has recently grown up of giving intimate supper parties in the kitchen on Sunday nights—Gorgonzola and Guinness. The rich, hearty flavor of Guinness is the perfect complement for strong cheese.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Little Sister



THE Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, a London company that came in off the road last week to wind up its first American tour with a brief engagement right on Broadway, at the Warner Theatre, turned out to be a youthful and ingratiating dance troupe but one scarcely to be compared with the illustrious Sadler's Wells Ballet, which the program refers to as a "sister company." (Both ballets are under the direction of Dame Ninette de Valois and are supplied with talent by the Sadler's Wells School.) The relationship had the natural effect of arousing great expectations of the newcomers, and the première turned into an event almost as fashionable as the opening of a musical comedy. All this was unfortunate for the dancers, because they were unable to live up to such a glittering occasion. They might have been better off if they had been presented at, say, the City Center, perhaps as guests of the home team, the New York City Ballet, another young and appealing company, and in my estimation a more stimulating one.

The visiting troupe's opening program was made up of choreographic materials as light as those in an average Broadway show. In fact, the similarity went even further. The first number, Frederick Ashton's "Les Rendezvous," was very much like a show's opening chorus, with nineteen fresh-faced boys and girls, dressed in white, smirking at each other and clapping their hands now and then, and smiling at the audience as they danced. Their routines were set to an overlong collection of hurdy-gurdy pieces by Daniel François Auber. Next, we got John Cranko's "Beauty and the Beast," to the filmy measures of Ravel's "Mother Goose Suite." This one employed a boy dancer and a girl dancer, of course, and it was the equivalent of the customary torch song. Two big production numbers completed the evening. The first was a somewhat scatterbrained rendering of the second act of Tchaikovsky's "The Nutcracker," which brought out the most bilious-looking costumes—the work of Cecil Beaton—that I have ever seen. This part of "The Nutcracker" takes place



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in the Kingdom of Sweets, you know, and the chartreuse satin garments on the two "Chinese" comedy dancers (one of the best vaudeville turns of the evening, by the way), together with the sugary rainbow effect of the ladies dressed to represent crystallized flowers, were enough to make me swear off candy. However, the number introduced three pleasant girl dancers: Stella Claire, who appeared with three male partners in the "Coffee from Arabia" sequence and exhibited a gentle talent for what is known elsewhere on Broadway as the "grind;" Maryon Lane, an incredibly soft-looking little thing, who was the leader of the crystallized flowers; and Elaine Fifield, one of the troupe's principal ballerinas, who danced the role of the Sugar Plum Fairy with practiced certainty.

In "Pineapple Poll," the last and sprightliest offering on the program, Miss Fifield proved she is a pert comedienne as well as an able dancer. This long ballet, by John Cranko, consists almost entirely of bright pantomimic bits and vigorous horseplay, and is a free adaptation of Sir William Gilbert's "The Bumboat Woman's Story." Its music, sparklingly arranged by Charles Mackerras, is taken from a number of scores by Sir Arthur Sullivan. "Pineapple Poll" has three scenes—a square in Portsmouth, a quayside, and the deck of H.M.S. Hot Cross Bun; it tells the jaunty story of a young ship's captain whose charm devastates all the ladies, and especially the fetching bumboat woman (Miss Fifield), who is, in turn, loved by the potboy in a Portsmouth pub. After many complications, the captain is married to a simpering young thing, the members of his crew regain the affections of their women (all of them had been trying to land the captain), and potboy gets bumboat girl. David Blair was excellent as the captain, dancing with just the right balance of boredom and *élan*, and David Poole contributed an awkward elegance to the part of the potboy. In fact, all the roles were exceedingly well cast, and Osbert Lancaster's bright décor and costumes were exactly right. An orchestra under the direction of John Lanchbery played the music for the four ballets with routine competence.

WITH the beginning of spring and the melting of the coldly professional season at the Metropolitan, the New York City Opera Company opens shop at the City Center, as it did a couple of weeks ago, with "Der Rosenkavalier." It was a responsible, well-

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planned production, but it was far more mature in conception than in execution. In the pivotal role of the Marschallin, that world-weary voluptuary whose humors provoked Strauss to his schmalzy best, the company presented, in her operatic début, a stunning brunette, composed and sweet-voiced but—happily for her—not nearly such a jaded character as the part demands. She bears the delightful name of Mariquita Moll. The music was as lovely as sin, and the sets and the direction showed a knowledge of the wordly passions of the people of this opera. The cast, however, was incurably youthful—attractive, eager, and unspoiled—and this "Der Rosenkavalier" had everything except the air of decadence that should go with it.

A week later, the company went through the superficially Chasidic measures of "The Dybbuk," a big, imposing bust that managed to get into the repertoire last fall. Every effort was made to do the thing properly—to get scenery with the right feeling, authentic costumes, and stage movement that belonged—and visually it was a thoroughgoing success. Musically, though, it was the same bore it was last season. David Tamkin, the composer, simply wasn't up to the job of transforming S. Ansky's celebrated play into a musical work that could stand on its own. Nothing could be more indicative of the composer's shortcomings than the third, and final, act, in which the ancient rabbi, holding a fantastic court in an attempt to exorcise the evil spirit (the dybbuk), talks as much as he sings, and the drama reaches its highest pitch of excitement and interest when there is the least musical accompaniment. No matter. "The Dybbuk" is only one arrow in the company's quiver. It can still count on "La Bohème" and "La Traviata."

—Douglas Watt

•

These are the animals city kids long to see . . . This may be zoological heresy, but it would be refreshing and more instructive than a dozen monkeys.

Should our youngsters grow up to be delinquents without ever having seen a cow?—*Letter to the Herald Tribune.*

It *doesn't* seem fair, but on the other hand they can't have everything.

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Mr. Soderstrom, who recently toured England, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Italy, France and Greece, will speak on "Israel."—*The Journal-American.*

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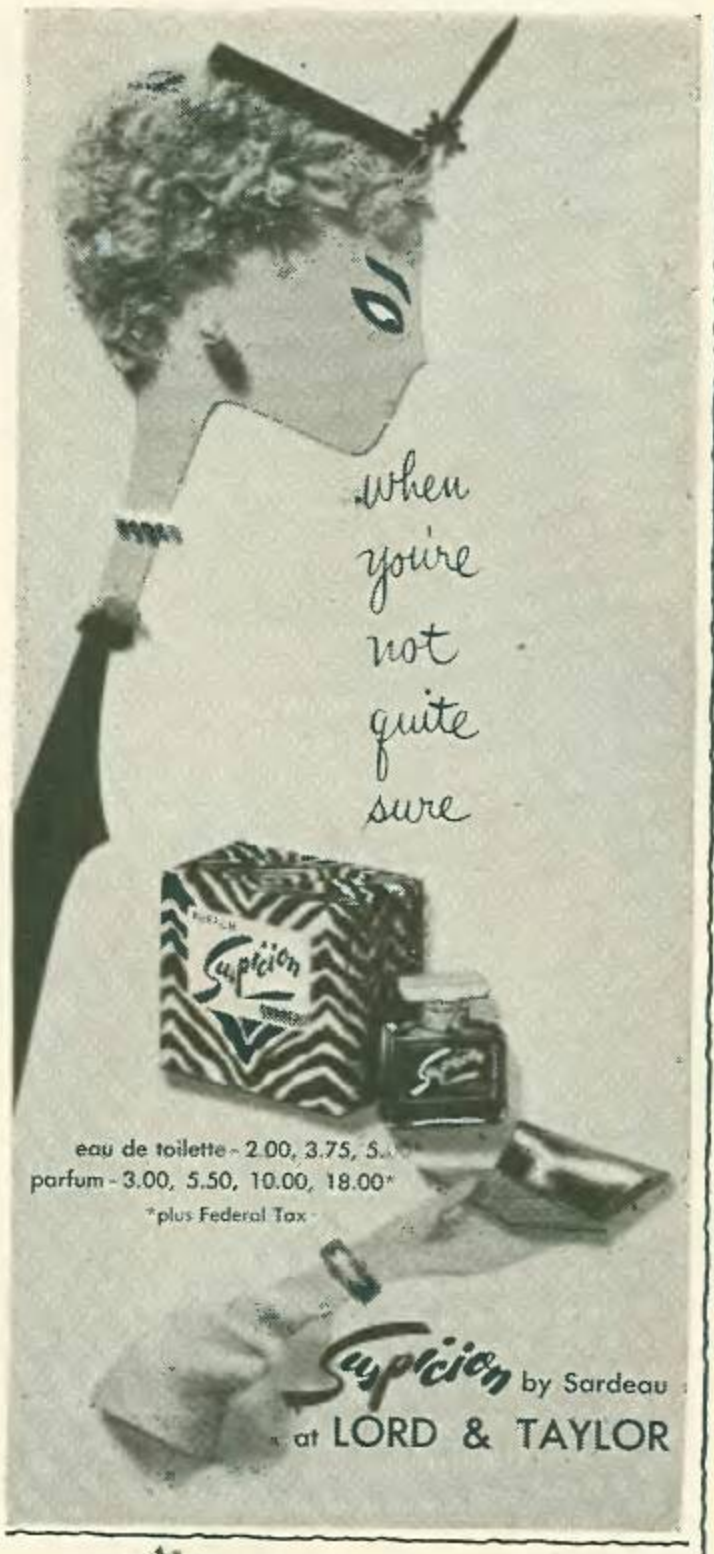
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Death in Slow Motion



AN Anglican divine named Father John Groser plays Thomas à Becket in the English movie version of T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," and Mr. Eliot, who is not without sacerdotal aspects himself, functions offscreen as the voice of a tempter. With at least one real and one potential dominie in the cast, it is perhaps no wonder that the setting of the film is confined to a representation of the interior of Canterbury Cathedral, where the camera performs an unconscionably detailed scrutiny of the pious decorations that help take the chill off an ecclesiastical edifice. Nor should we be surprised, I guess, that during long and sometimes windy stretches of "Murder in the Cathedral" the action, to use the word generously, stops altogether, to permit Father Groser and his fellow-players to deliver Mr. Eliot's verses without being inconvenienced by the camera's restlessness. No matter how tolerant of Mr. Eliot's high-toned discussion of martyrdom we may be, the fact remains that this is no movie at all but a series of tableaux. Some of them are not without interest, but a persistent procession of them for two and a half hours is hardly designed to keep the sandman at bay.

It seems to be Mr. Eliot's notion that the four knights who dispatched Archbishop Becket in 1170 were really Fascists. He points up the theory by having one of the actors step out of character to address an ironic apologia for violence to the audience. This is what might be called a premature analogy, and it is the only unorthodox note in Eliot's song of Becket. There is a good deal of chanting by sad ladies in the picture, and now and then authentic Latin hymns are introduced, which add a ceremonial air to the proceedings but do nothing to banish the nagging thought that what we have here is an illustrated sermon, more literate, and at times more lyrical, than most but pretty tedious for all that. Father Groser has a slight speech impediment that made some of his lines incomprehensible to me, but he certainly resembles the portraits of Thomas à Becket that I used to come upon in religious works



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during my childhood. The others in the cast intone Eliot fervently, obviously determined, against ferocious odds, to remove the smell of the lamp from the drama.

"My Six Convicts" is a frequently funny, sometimes pontifical, and always quite unbelievable account of the manner in which a young psychologist wins the esteem and confidence of some very tough criminals in a prison that is a lot like San Quentin. Though the cast, and in particular Millard Mitchell, as a safe-cracker, occasionally work just a little too hard at being lovable rascals, the piece is entertaining. As a matter of fact, Mr. Mitchell redeems the archness of his performance by cutting a fine caper when he is released from prison for a day in order to open a jammed safe. There is the usual flurry of violence in the film, and love looks in for a moment when the prisoners smuggle in the wife of a convict who has been mighty lonesome for her for six dreary years. The musical score that accompanies all this is a peculiar mélange of big, solemn, kettledrum stuff and tinkly novelty numbers. Presumably, the composer, like the director, wasn't entirely sure whether the picture was to be a scholarly penological study or just a pleasant romance about convicts and psychology. Besides Mr. Mitchell, the cast includes John Beal, as the psychologist, and Gilbert Roland, Marshall Thompson, Alf Kjellin, Henry Morgan, and Jay Adler, as Mr. Mitchell's associate badmen.

An Italian version of "Les Misérables" has turned up with a sound track in English. This makes it odder than the nine hundred other versions of the work I have seen, but no better—no better at all. —John McCarten

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*From "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," by T. E. Lawrence, 1935*]	[*From "Tents and Towers of Arabia," by Robert Shaffer, 1952*]
Arabs of means rode none but she-camels, since they went smoother under the saddle than males, and were better tempered and less noisy: also, they were patient and would endure to march long after they were worn out, indeed until they tottered with exhaustion and fell in their tracks and died: whereas the coarser males grew angry, flung themselves down when tired, and from sheer rage would die there unnecessarily.	Arabs of means ride none but she-camels since they move more smoothly under the saddle than males, are better tempered and less noisy. . . . They are also more patient and will endure to march long after they are worn out, indeed, until they totter with exhaustion and fall in their tracks to die. The coarser males will grow angry, fling themselves down when overly tired and from sheer rage or spite die there unnecessarily.

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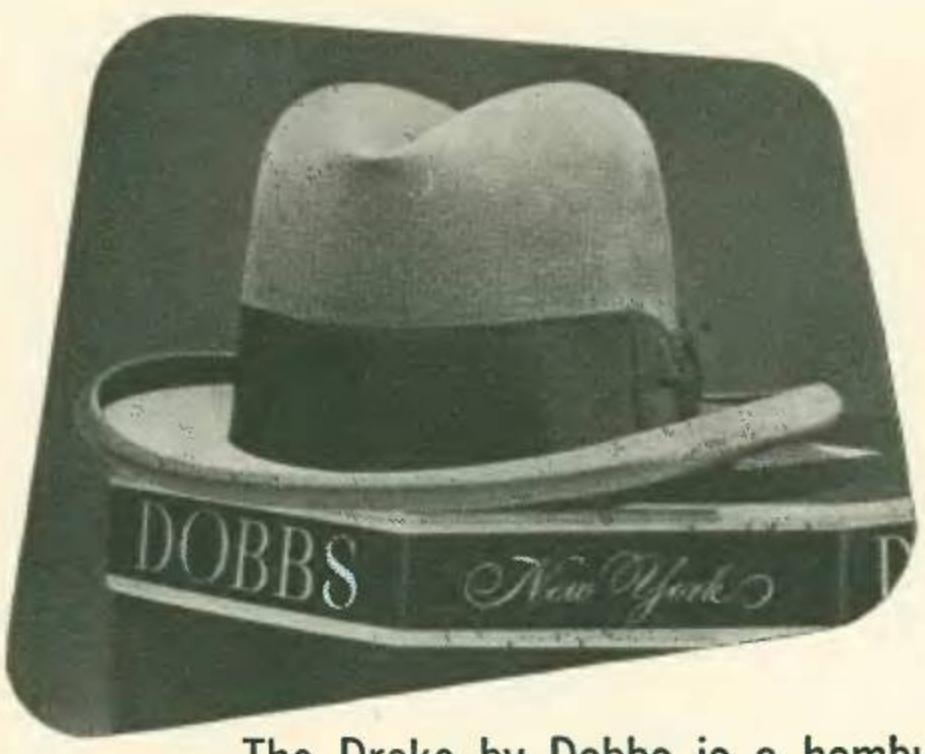




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BOOKS

Battlefront in Burma, Holiday in Rome



WALTER BAXTER'S first novel, "Look Down in Mercy" (Putnam), is a grimly depressing affair, of very considerable literary merit, which describes the wartime experiences of a British officer involved in the initial defeat, in 1942, in the Burma theatre. The hero is the conventional war-novel hero, weak, oversensitive, and more harried by his conscience than by the enemy. He worries before he gets into action about the possibility of failing in action. He seduces a nurse and doesn't get much fun out of it. He fails in action. As a prisoner of the Japanese, he breaks under torture and gives away the dispositions and battle plans of the brigade to which he was attached. He is rescued by a private who sees a chance to escape, and drifts into a homosexual relationship with his rescuer. They take part in the great retreat through the Burma jungles to Imphal, in Assam, and at the end of the road, when military good form makes it necessary, he tears himself away from his rescuer. This would all be quite intolerable if there were any hint of self-pity or special pleading about it, but there is not. It is a remarkably acute study of disintegration under pressure, and an unusually effective piece of realistic writing about what war can do to people. The affair with the nurse is part of the stereotype situation that one can count on in the average war novel, but it breaks away from convention by being truthful about the circumstances. Most such romances on paper begin with an uprush of intense emotion that is violently satisfied and dramatically broken off. Mr. Baxter gives a wonderful picture of the real flatness of such an affair, of the involuntary drift into a personal relationship that can happen just by force of propinquity—it is not that the parties to it are drawn together so much as that they have difficulty getting away from each other. It is not their will but a species of automatism that brings them into sexual contact. Entertainments put on to break the monotony of camp life produce parodies of peacetime social occasions that have romantic associations, and these induce romantic behavior. Mr. Baxter's hero seduces his girl because he is a little drunk and because he feels it is more or less expected that he will make a pass at any reasonably pretty girl at a dance. Before he realizes it, he is saddled with her love and devotion. He feels bad because he wasn't serious, she feels bad because she knows it, and they are cooped up together with their tepid and unresolved emotions underfoot. What troubles the hero is a sense of inadequacy; he is worrying about living up to his responsibilities as an officer, and he is worrying about the nurse because the act of love, seemingly complete in itself, has created responsibilities he can't deal with. As a result, he dreads the crisis of battle even more, and is certain that he won't be able to stand up to it, and yet at the same time he welcomes it as a means of escaping the nurse. The battalion moves out so quickly when the Japanese attack that there is no time for explanations, excuses, or an exchange of promises. The affair can just be dropped.

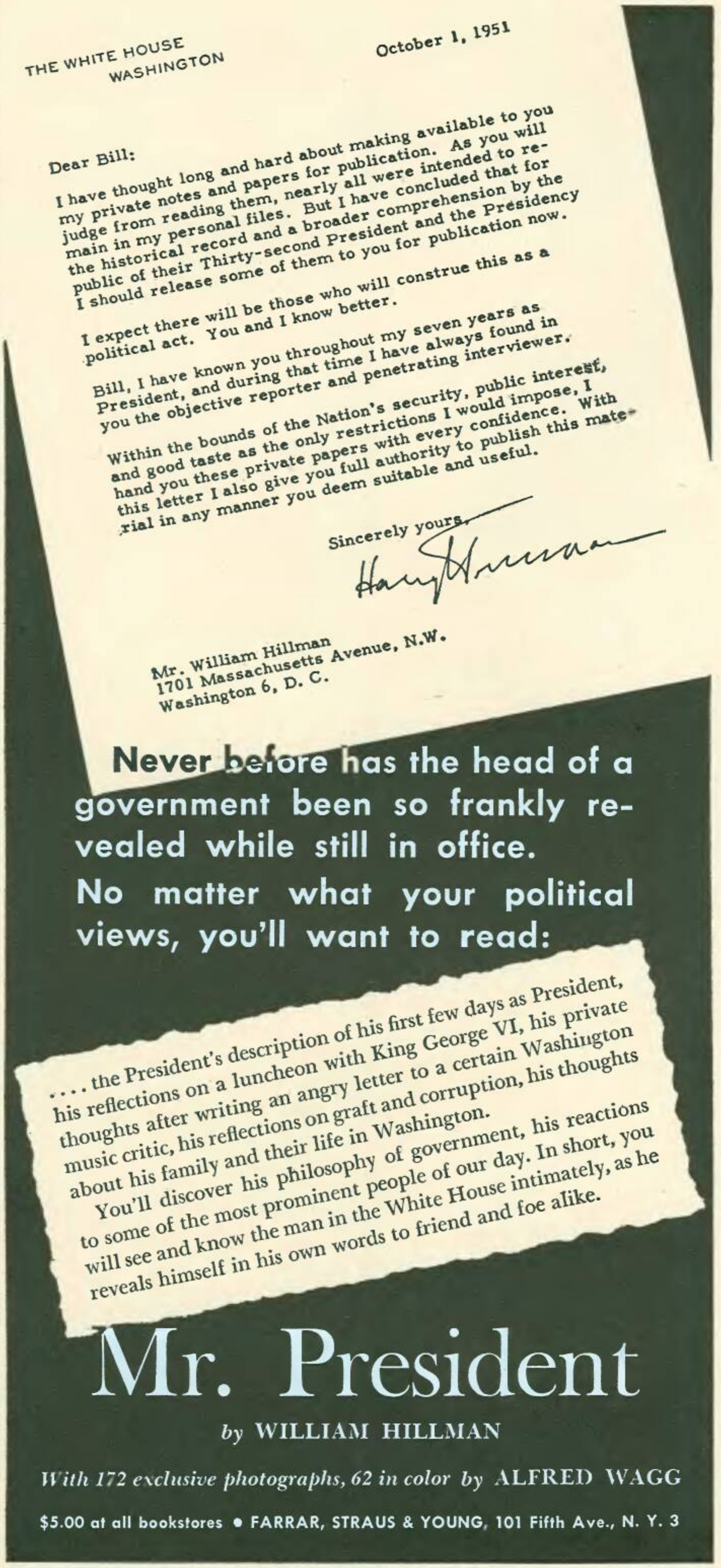
Mr. Baxter achieves the same astonishing and affecting realism when he describes the hero's combat experience. In place of the sharply defined crisis he has been dreading there is confusion drawn out over several days. It is not clear where the enemy are, it is not clear what the orders are, there is a sound of firing where it is not expected, and columns of smoke from burning buildings rise disquietingly from a supposedly secure rear area. Rapid moves that seem full of purpose turn out to be entirely pointless, and they alternate with long intervals of nerve-racking inactivity under sporadic shellfire. The poisons released in the blood by fear produce lethargy and boredom. And then suddenly the enemy are briefly there, visible for a few seconds, and the crisis is simply a series of reflex actions, conditioned responses that need no conscious thought. As in love, it is not the act that counts but what goes before and what comes after. When Mr. Baxter's hero recovers consciousness and finds himself wounded and a prisoner of the Japanese, his real crisis comes: he realizes what his incompetent handling of his men has meant to them and to himself. There follows an extraordinarily moving and an extremely powerful and effective piece of writing. The thing that makes it so much better than most stories of the same order is that the crisis is shown as a battle inside the man himself, between what he is and what he knows he ought to be. No excuses are made for him, and it is not suggested that he has been asked to take too much and so can be pardoned. What is said is that this is the sort of unpleasantness life as often as not provides, this is the sort of added misery weakness can make for a man, and this is how men learn to face the necessity of living with what they are. At his low point of weakness, the hero slides into his homosexual affair, because the soldier who helps him to escape seems to offer him a complete protection from the world and relieves him of all obligation to do anything for himself. When military etiquette and social pressure make it wise for them to



part, his discovery of his dependence on the man fills him with a tremendous self-contempt, but in the end he discovers, convincingly, a way to recover a grip on life on his own account. It is an almost unbearably sad story, but it has the powerful attraction of a book that deals with realities in a very honest way. Some of its precise descriptions of things seen and of emotions felt have real beauty, and the book recreates the feeling of a tragic time.

"SPQR" (Scribner), by Paul Hyde Bonner, is something else again. It is not a good or even a serious novel, but it has the great virtue of being amusing. It describes life in contemporary Roman society and Italo-American diplomatic circles with an innocent pleasure that is disarming and agreeable. Most of Mr. Bonner's characters are well-heeled in a country in which most people are extremely poor. Many writers would find this a disturbing state of affairs and the situation would nag at their finer feelings. Social injustice, however, provided you are not on the receiving end of it, has abundant compensations. It produces loyal and devoted servants, one can entertain, one can have a place in the country as well as in town, one can have breakfast in bed while one telephones to one's friends. One can deliciously satisfy every appetite.

Mr. Bonner's hero, an employee of the American State Department, enters this charming world of make-believe with the usual doubts about its moral propriety. He is attached to the Embassy and his concerns are with realities—the Communist threat, the effective use of E.C.A. funds, and the maintenance of American influence and prestige. He looks down, as from a great height, on the corruptions of Roman society. He is introduced to it by an American girl who married an Italian Fascist in the days when Mussolini was the savior of Italy and all ran sweetly on Morgan loans. She remained with her husband when the war broke out, and she is having difficulty getting back home on that account. The hero pities her but is amused and interested by her circle and beguiled by their way of life. Without quite knowing how it has happened, he finds one day that he is in Roman society, that he is the *cavaliere servente* of a lady who is married to an impotent nobleman, and that everyone knows the child she is about to have is his. On top of that, he is deeply involved in an elaborate and entirely un-American intrigue against


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October 1, 1951

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a former lover of his mistress. The way in which he is imperceptibly drawn out of his own habit of mind and Italianized is convincing, but the intrigue is somewhat absurd. When it ends with a poisoning (the mortal draught is delivered at a banquet and downed in a toast, in Borgia style), and the poisoning of a lovely Communist agent at that, the reader may well feel an irresistible temptation to ask Mr. Bonner to give over. But then, it is a rococo story about a rococo world that is wholly unreal, and Mr. Bonner is indulging and aiming to satisfy an appetite for fantasy. As such, it is not at all bad, and it has the extravagant flavor of Roman gossip, which has always been as good as gossip can be.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE AGE OF LIGHT, by Donald Wetzel (Crown). Mr. Wetzel is a good writer who thinks before he starts to work, but he has developed an unfortunate tendency to drown in his own prose. Here he sets down a slow, methodical account of a rather ordinary family, and it is proof of his talent that he manages to make the members of this family seem out of the ordinary. He writes about a kind, fat man named Rolland, who likes to grow flowers, about his wife, Lorraine, who enjoys parties and despises her husband, and about their three children, all of whom have pressing private problems, which are revealed to us at much too much length, with never a bit of humor, never a hint that the characters might, once in a while, be capable of laughing at themselves.

DOWN ALL YOUR STREETS, by Leonard Bishop (Dial). This is one of those teeming-city books, written with vigor and enthusiasm, and sometimes with anger, but it misses because in trying to encompass all humanity it fails to encompass, or even to cast a shrewd sidelight on, just one minute in the life of just one human being. We read about the Lewis family—a mother, a father, and two half-grown sons—who live in poverty and resentment on the lower East Side and who never, in spite of Mr. Bishop's herculean efforts, so much as begin to rise out of their rut of pettiness, mean ambition, and dreary desperation.

THE TUNNEL, by Eric Williams (Coward-McCann). The events narrated in this thinly fictionized ac-

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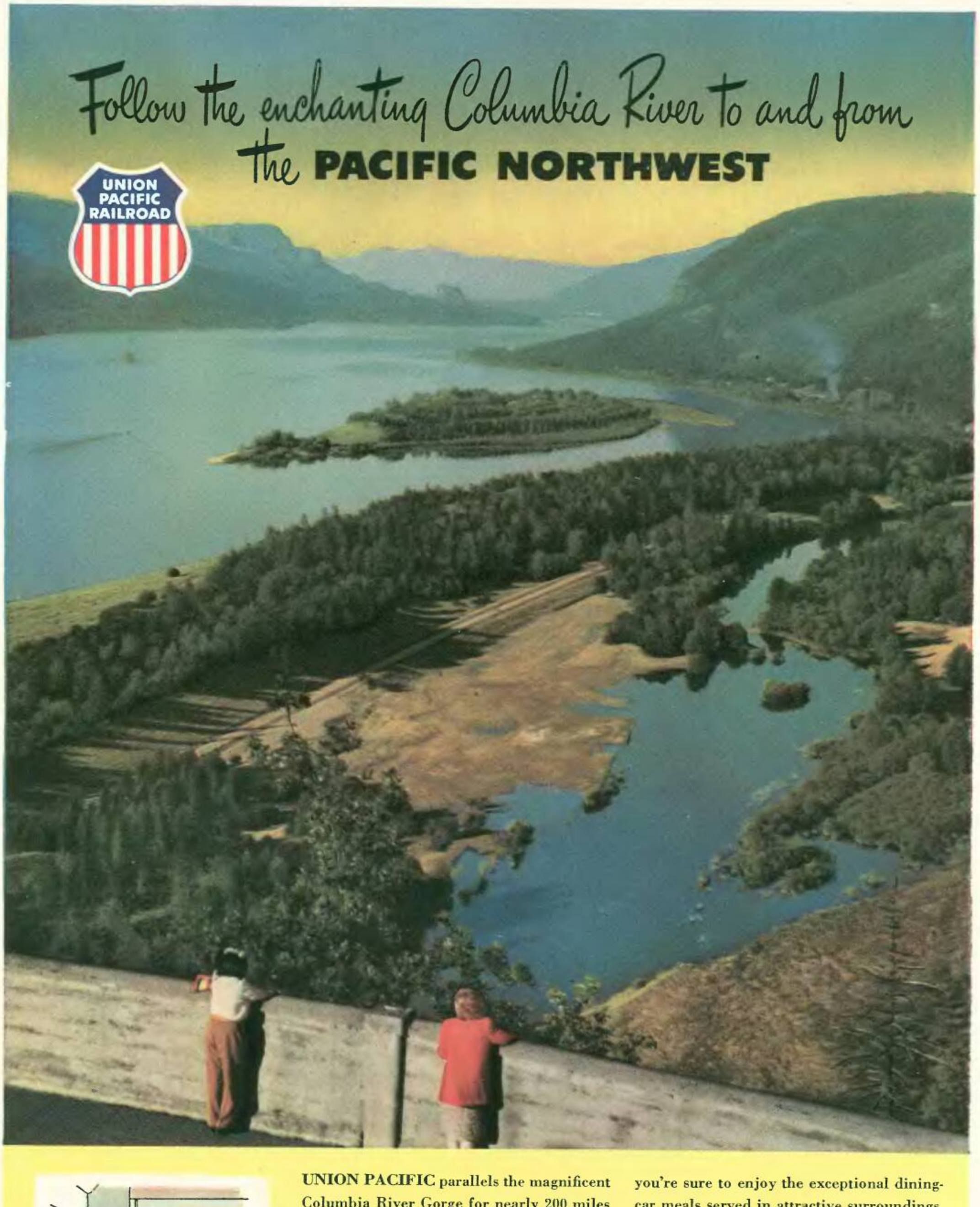
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count of life in a German prison camp during the last war antedate those in the author's previous book, "The Wooden Horse." Several of the British airmen whose ingenious method of escape formed the basis of that very successful thriller appear here again, but their experiences—chiefly their preliminary, abortive attempts to escape—give the impression of having been rather hastily run up out of Mr. Williams' leftover literary yardage. In employing the jaunty, or chins-up-fellows, approach to his material, the author dampens a good deal of the sympathy that the plight of his characters might normally arouse.

GENERAL

MR. PRESIDENT, by William Hillman (Farrar, Straus & Young). Mr. Hillman has compiled a sort of intimate scrapbook that is really a running autobiography of Harry S. Truman. The President gave the editor access to his diaries, letters, and random notes, and of the eighty thousand words in the book, sixty-five thousand are his, quoted directly. There are numerous illustrations, and the subject matter is of an almost infinite variety; Mr. Truman discusses his early life, his parents and grandparents, his First World War years, his political beginnings under the aegis of Tom Pendergast, farming, Alexander the Great (and why he came a cropper), Margaret, the art of equestrian sculpture, Shakespeare, the President's job, and the problem of world peace. It is one of the most uninhibited books ever to see print, and interspersed throughout it are little notes the President wrote to himself, like the one dated January 6, 1948, which reads: "Congress meets—too bad, too . . . I am to address them soon. They won't like the address, either."

ELIZABETH THE QUEEN, by Marion Crawford (Prentice-Hall). A doggedly sustained paean to the perfections of the current sovereign of Great Britain. In a previous book, "The Little Princesses," Miss Crawford, who was for many years the royal governess, depicted the early development of her two young charges with a certain amount of roguish informality, so that both Elizabeth and Margaret Rose seemed—on occasion, at least—as lively as the Bobbsey Twins. In bringing the elder sister's record up to date, however, the author has sternly

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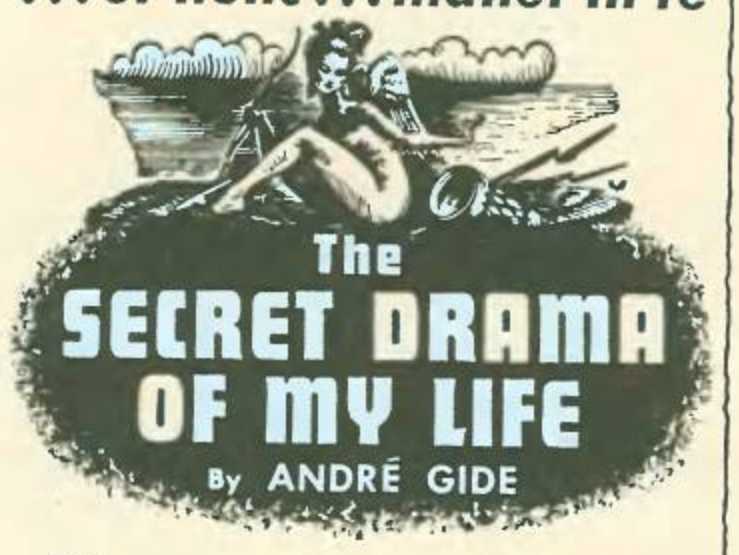


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"The opening pages of this 120-page volume exposes with startling detail what Gide calls 'the secret drama of my life,' namely, the story of his marriage to Madeleine, his first cousin (referred to as Emmanuéle in his Journal). It was written immediately after her death in 1938 and serves as a long preface for the section titled, 'Journal Intime,' which contains passages concerning her previously withheld from the Journal, an omission, Gide admits, that 'blinded' current editions of that life-long essay in self-understanding.

"In what some here call shocking taste and others a non-restraint necessary for one trying to make literate the whole of his inverted life, Gide relates the fantastic tale of his honeymoon in Italy, where he often abandoned his bride for local *ragazzi*, and his adventures on a train to Algiers, which provoked from his wife the remark, 'You had the air of a criminal or a madman.' And when, he recounts, twenty-two years later he went off on a similar adventure to England and Madeleine burnt all his letters to her, he wept for eight days — not, he is careful to make clear, because of what he had slowly made of his wife, but because of such a precious loss to his writing.

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denied herself even the slightest twinkle of the eye, with the result that it is practically impossible to distinguish the young Queen's character and conduct from Elsie Dinsmore's. Illustrated.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF HUNGER, by Josué de Castro (Little, Brown). An inquiry into the causes of the chronic hunger that blights the lives of two-thirds of the earth's people. The author, one of the leading scientists of Brazil, is now chairman of the Executive Council of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization. In this book, he takes sharp issue with "neo-Malthusians," like William Vogt ("Road to Survival"), who blame overpopulation for the world's hunger, and says he is not alarmed by the cries of those who hold that the planet's topsoil is being washed into the sea. He points out that of the fifty per cent of the world's land that is arable, only ten per cent is now utilized, and says that the real problem is not soil erosion but the erosion of humanity itself, by the "hidden hungers" that come from the lack of one or another of the forty-odd elements of a proper diet. He makes many arresting statements and seems able to back them up: Starvation, he says, causes an increase in human fertility; the cure for hunger isn't so much a matter of production as of distribution, and the problem is above all a political one; hunger is a phenomenon of organized society, unknown in prehistoric times and developed when man began to build up food reserves and take measures to protect them. A clear and reasoned book, and obviously an important one.

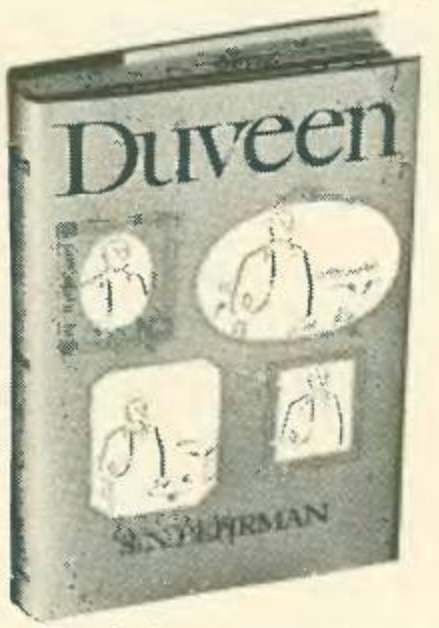
AFTER ALL, by Sir Norman Angell (Farrar, Straus & Young). Sir Norman's autobiography is the story of one of the finest and most active careers of our century. It begins with the hero in England, seventeen years old and so disgusted with the decaying culture of Europe that he decides to emigrate to America in search of a new, clean, and unencumbered life; it goes on to recount his adventures in the New World, his years as farmhand, prospector, and cowboy in the West, and his subsequent career as an itinerant newspaperman, first in San Francisco, St. Louis, and Chicago, and later in Paris, where he became the general manager of the Paris *Daily Mail*. Naturally, the book is also concerned

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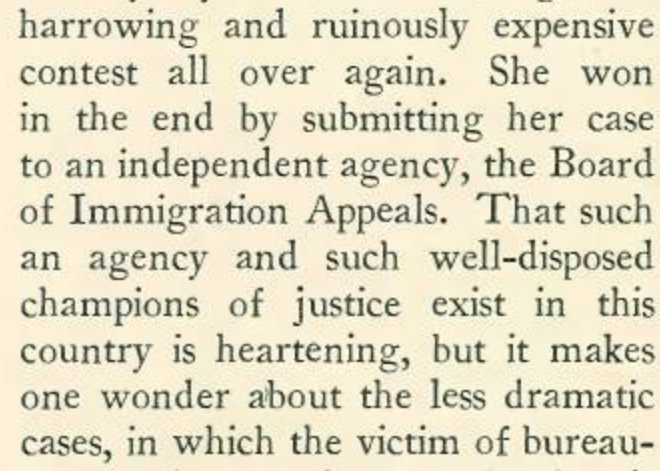
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with the author's lifelong struggle against the warmakers, which brought him the Nobel Peace Prize in 1933, and also brought him a lot of abuse. Now, at close to eighty, he says he would do it all over again if he had the chance. Sir Norman is a reformer who has never lost his sense of humor, and his book is a delightful memoir.

THE ELLEN KNAUFF STORY, by Ellen Raphael Knauff (Norton). The general outline of the author's experiences while trying to enter the United States as the war bride of an American soldier are pretty well known, thanks to some American newspapers and some members of Congress who took up her cause. The details, as revealed here, have a quality of phantasmagoria like that of Franz Kafka's "The Trial," except that in Mrs. Knauff's case not only was she never told of the charges against her but there was no trial. There was, finally, a hearing, but only after she had spent a total of two and a third years on Ellis Island and only after the Immigration and Naturalization Service had been embarrassed by her defenders into giving her one. At that hearing, it turned out there was no consequential evidence against her, but the Service decided to deport her anyway and she had to begin the harrowing and ruinously expensive contest all over again. She won in the end by submitting her case to an independent agency, the Board of Immigration Appeals. That such an agency and such well-disposed champions of justice exist in this country is heartening, but it makes one wonder about the less dramatic cases, in which the victim of bureaucratic phlegm and face-saving hasn't the will or the strength to fight back. The book is written as it should be—in a factual, chapter-and-verse manner.

CAESAR, by Gérard Walter (Scribner). A monumental biography, translated from the French by Emma Craufurd. A work primarily for scholars, it is heavily documented, and the background it presents is tremen-





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dously detailed. The portrait of the Roman dictator that emerges is decidedly unflattering: He is pictured as a haughty, covetous, scheming, go-getting, crafty, double-crossing malefactor, who in the early years of his rise to power did not hesitate to act as "the vilest of informers," always with his eye on the main chance. He made free with other men's wives, even though he demanded that his own wife be above suspicion. On the other hand, his gifts are admitted: If he was calculating, he was also farsighted, resourceful, self-controlled, and audacious. He had a genius for reaching the public and winning its favor. The author builds up his portrait stroke by stroke and misses nothing. When there are two contradictory records of an incident, he examines both and, with the aid of logic and collateral facts, renders his own judgment. His chapter on Caesar's assassination is a superb piece of graphic writing.

A CATHOLIC SPEAKS HIS MIND, by Thomas Sugrue (Harper). The author, a devout Catholic all his life, here invites his fellow-Catholics to a session of self-criticism; he doesn't expect the invitation to be very well received. Mr. Sugrue believes that in America the Church has lost sight of its first duty and its raison d'être—the cultivation of the things of the spirit—and has become too much concerned with materialistic benefits for itself and its members, and with stifling opposition and criticism. (In support of this, he cites the present Pope's expression of anxiety for those American Catholics who "have become so engulfed in the vortex of external activity that they neglect the chief duty [of the Christian]: his own sanctification.") He accuses the Church of refusing to coöperate with other sects in matters of the common good (the exceptions are so well publicized, he says, that everyone supposes they are the general rule), of snobbery, and of arrogance in everything that has to do with religion. Mr. Sugrue writes out of sadness at what he feels has happened to a religion he loves and that means everything to him.

I LIVE AGAIN, by Ileana, Princess of Rumania (Rinehart). An autobiography that undertakes, with considerable vehemence, to dispel the notion that it is, or ever has been, a lark to be royalty. The author, who is the wife of a former Austrian archduke and the daughter of the late

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Queen Marie of Rumania, is currently cooking for and picking up after her brood of six in a Boston suburb, an existence on which she reports in glowing terms before launching into an account of the Spartan, pre-exile phase of her life, when, to judge by the evidence offered here, she was by far the most industrious princess on the Continent, where she spent much of her time, during and just after the Second World War, working in various hospitals. An extremely impressive record of piety, industry, and rectitude, presented with rather more heaving of the chest than is really necessary.

GOLDEN AGES OF THE GREAT CITIES (Thames & Hudson). Twelve historical sketches of cities, each pictured at the time—or supposed time—of its flowering. The cities are Athens during the Periclean Age, Rome in the second century, Constantinople in the tenth and eleventh centuries, Paris in the Middle Ages, Florence under the Medicis, the Venice of the Republic, Madrid in the days of the Hapsburg kings, Vienna at the time of Metternich, London during the late nineteen-hundreds, and New York at present. Rome is again depicted under the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century popes, and Paris at the time of Louis XIV. The authors, all of them Europeans and most of them English historians and writers, maintain a consistently high level in these essays, each of which is illustrated with photographs of the architectural or other artistic glories of the epoch under discussion. The piece on New York, by Robert Waithman, Washington correspondent for the London *News Chronicle*, is thoughtful and temperately critical. After the succession of cathedrals, *palazzi*, and basilicas, though, it makes one a little uneasy to come upon a picture of the Port Authority's new bus terminal as an example of our architecture.

THE WHITE LADY, by Leonard Dubkin (Putnam). A city-bound tale of nature. A colony of bats is found by the author in a tangle of creepers and vines on a Chicago vacant lot, apparently unnoticed by anybody but their surprised Boswell, an amateur naturalist, who often spends the night with them. For two summers, until construction routs him, he watches them regularly and during that time an albino, the heroine of the title, is born into the group, giving him



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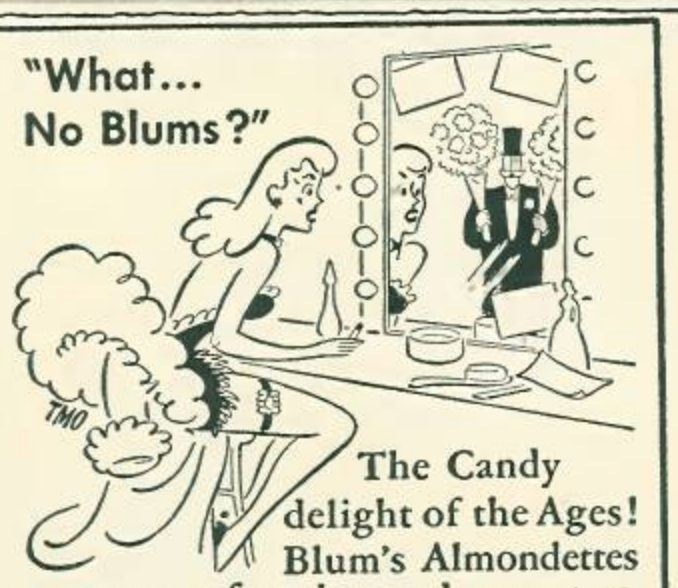
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an individual animal to focus on. Comings and goings, births, matings, flying feats, and other daily minutiae are recorded. The author tries not only to put down faithfully all he saw but to think as much as possible like one of these relatively little-known mammals, an anthropomorphism that gives his narrative a special and not unpleasant flavor.

UNDER THE SEA-WIND, by Rachel L. Carson (Oxford). A reissue of the author's first book (published eleven years ago) for the benefit of the readers of her second, "The Sea Around Us." This earlier effort consists of glimpses into the lives of animals, mostly of the sea, and unmistakably shows the mark of a powerful chronicler of nature.

A COMPOSER'S WORLD, by Paul Hindemith (Harvard). This is a wide-ranging book, as its title suggests. It deals with broad questions of aesthetics, with the elements of musical raw material (the tones of the scale, various instruments and combinations of instruments, and so on), and with the difficulty a composer faces in getting to be any good, let alone rich. When Hindemith takes some of the unfortunate aspects of the music business apart, the book is very funny, in a serious way. It is also moderately technical at times, as in the discussion of the tempered scale. As a whole, it is noble and full of wisdom. Hindemith's writing, like his music, shows sincerity, an urge to communicate, and much learning. The ultimate value of music is ethical, he believes, and a composer must be not only an all-round craftsman but a man of integrity, a message-bringer to humanity. He makes suggestions for improving the training of composers, and he has ideas about jacking up audiences, too; he recommends that they become performing amateurs, who can receive the composer's message directly and, instead of just sitting, do something with it.

HUGO WOLF, by Frank Walker (Knopf). In many respects, Hugo Wolf conformed to the romantic pattern of a genius. He did badly at an assortment of schools, had boundless faith in himself, and starved in rooming houses all over Vienna. He had a great deal of charm, which won him devoted friends and patrons, but he was egotistical, temperamental, suspicious, and often ungrateful. He died insane at the age of forty-two. His work was by no means

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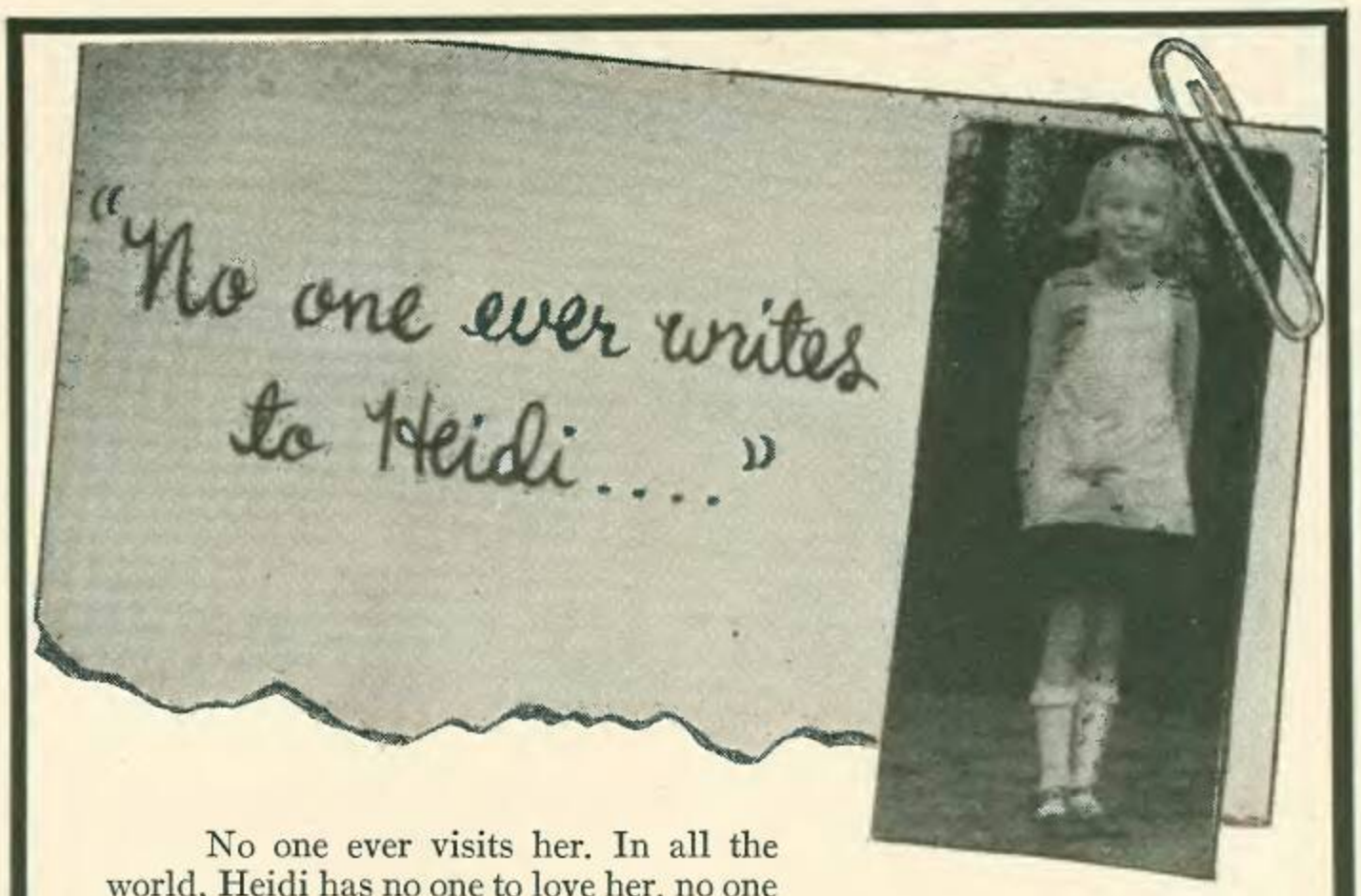


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finished—there is every reason to believe he could have written a first-rate opera if he had ever found a decent libretto—but he had produced enough original, sensitive songs to win him durable, if minor, rank. Mr. Walker, a devoted Wolfian, spent years collecting new material for this biography, and he has written, with sympathy and scholarship, what is likely to become the standard volume on Wolf. He works over the contemporary musical scene as carefully as he does Wolf's life, and this gives the book solidity as well as the extra attraction of glimpses of Brahms, Wagner, Mahler, Bruckner, Humperdinck, Richard Strauss, Hanslick, and Weingartner.

MY THEATER, by André Gide (Knopf). A collection of five plays by the French master, along with an essay in which he pleads for a restoration of the classical hero who dominated the stage before realism stepped in with its petty preoccupations. There are plenty of classical heroes—and plenty of Gide's swirling ideas—in these dramas, which seem intended more for the study than for the stage. The plays are "King Candaules," based on Herodotus' story of the king who was so proud of his wife's beauty that he showed her naked to a bodyguard and then paid for the indiscretion with his throne and his life; "Saul," a portrayal of the Hebrew King's madness and of the relations between David and the frail Jonathan; "Bathsheba," which follows the Biblical narrative closely; "Philoctetes; or, The Treatise on Three Ethics," a sort of Socratic dialogue; and "Persephone," an "opera" recreating the ancient myth. The translations are by Jackson Mathews.

ITALIAN PAINTING: THE RENAISSANCE, by Lionello Venturi and Rosabianca Skira-Venturi (Skira). Continuing their researches into the history of Italian art (begun in "Creators of the Renaissance," which was published about a year ago), the Venturis, father and daughter, now turn their attention to what was perhaps its greatest, and certainly its most productive, period—the high Renaissance, of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. With so many great figures to consider, it's perhaps inevitable that some should be scamped a little; the tendency here is to concentrate on the key artists—Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto, and so on—somewhat to the



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detriment of slighter but still significant men. But though the result is thus less a history than a recapitulation of the period's great achievements, it is a handsome and authoritative book, and the illustrations, of which there are over a hundred—including nineteen of the Michelangelo frescoes in the Sistine Chapel, photographed for the first time in full color and at close range—have been done with unusual care and exactitude.

As You Pass By, by Kenneth Holcomb Dunshee (Hastings House). A literary and pictorial excavation of old Manhattan, compiled by the curator of the H. V. Smith Museum of the Home Insurance Company, which houses, in Maiden Lane, a notable collection of early firefighting equipment. The book focusses on the doughty volunteer fire laddies who stood guard over the city in its early years, but the innumerable illustrations, old and new (often juxtaposed with maps that give present-day readers their bearings), provide, together with the text, an excellent general picture of the period from the late seventeenth century, when it was a gentleman's prerogative to play with fire, to 1865, when the volunteers gave way to what was called the Paid Fire Department. The amateur firefighters of old New York, we find, were not only a colorful and spirited bunch who took a fierce pride in their work (rival companies used to fight for hydrants at the scene of a fire) but a potent political force that practically elected nine mayors. All in all, a lively book.

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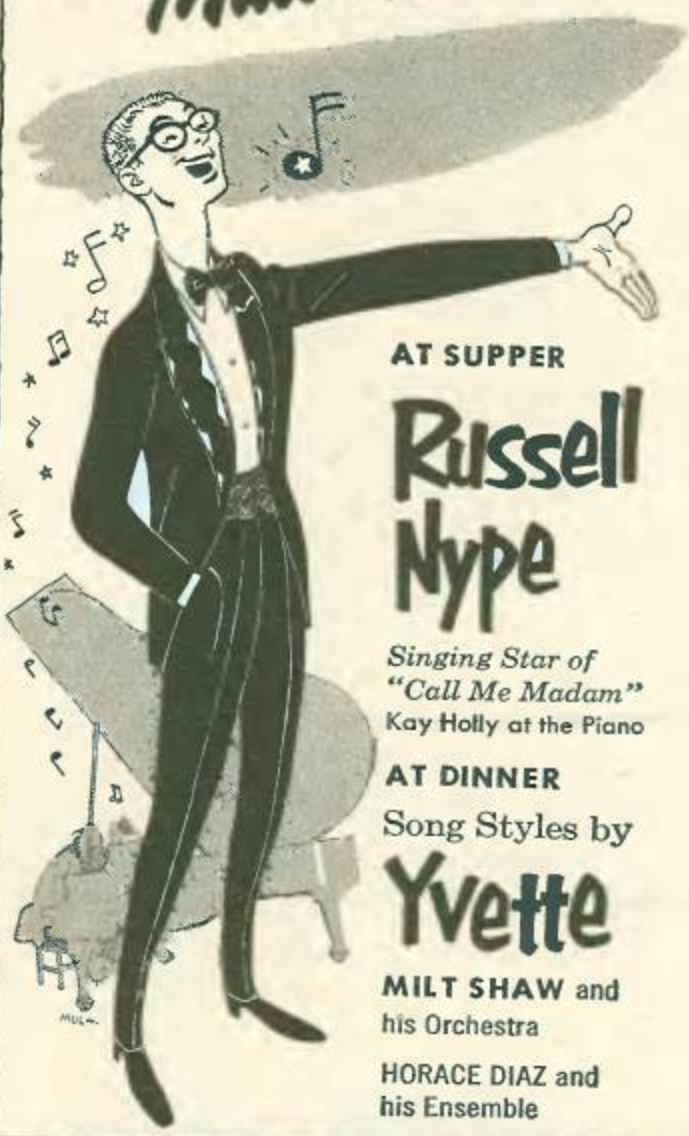
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